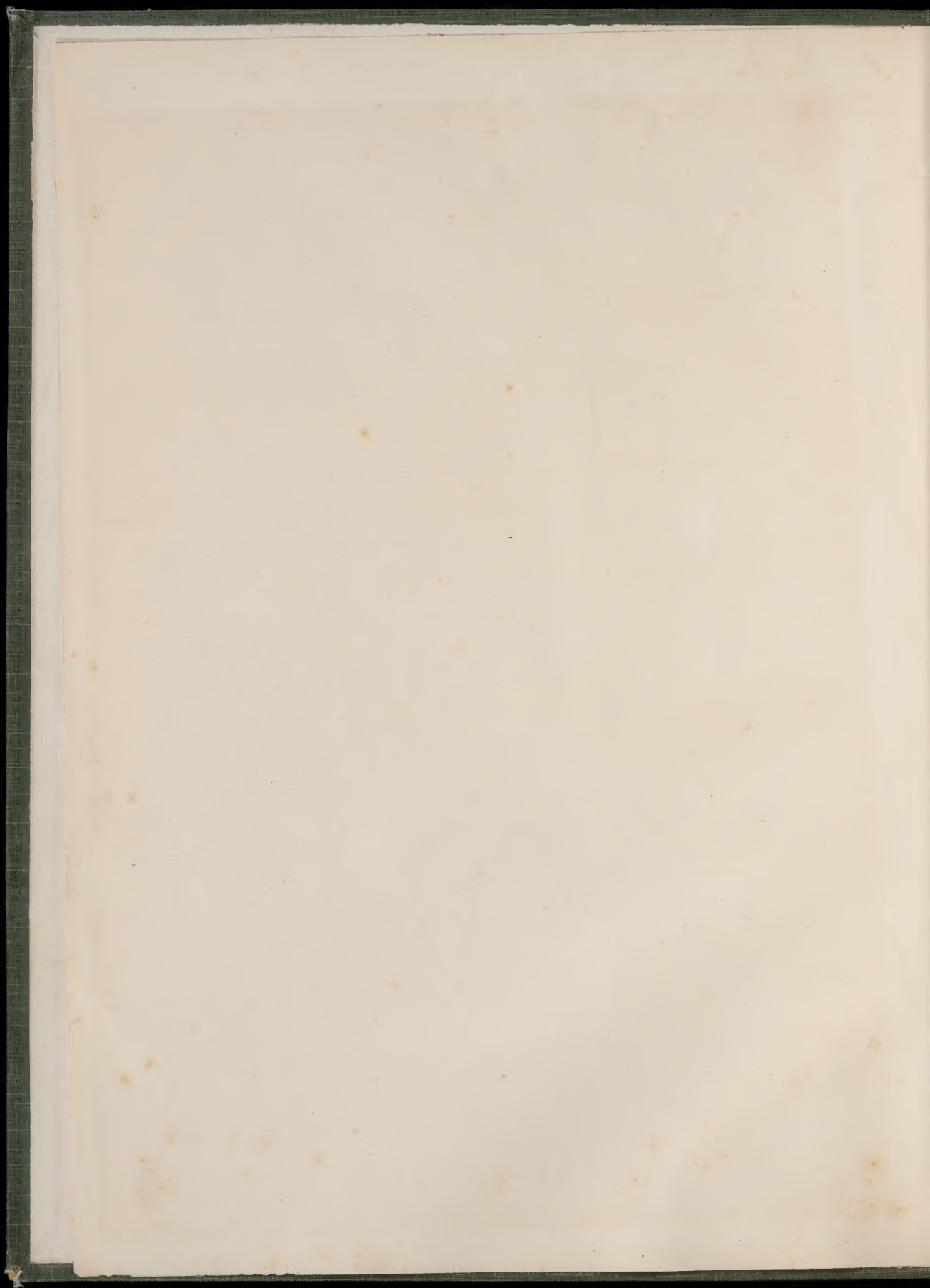


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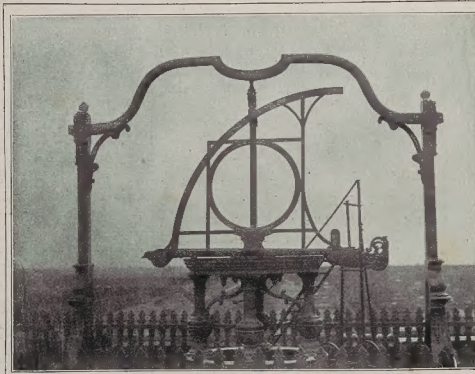
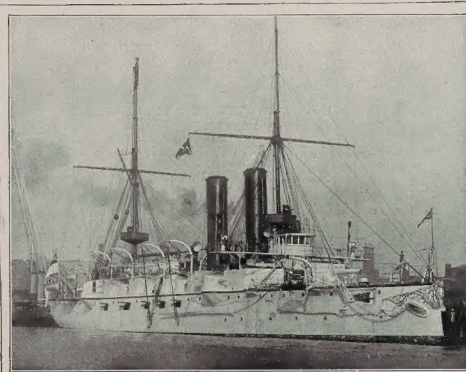
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The Crisis in China.



THE TAKU FORTS, BOMBARDED AND CAPTURED BY THE POWERS ON JUNE 17.

Drawn by the late William Simpson, R.I.

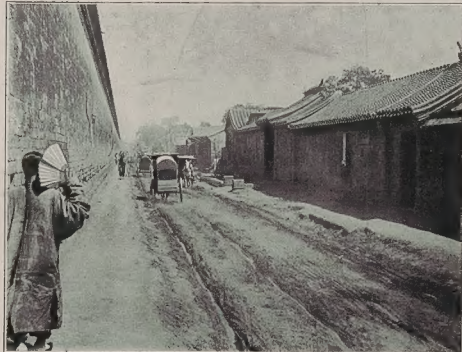
H.M.S. "ORLANDO," 1ST CLASS CRUISER IN CHINESE WATERS.

Photograph by Grubb, Southern.

ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS AT PEKING MADE WHEN THE JESUITS WERE IN POWER, ABOUT 1670.

ANCIENT BRONZE ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS ON THE WALL AT PEKING.

The Crisis in China.



TIAN ROAD DURING A FLOOD: SHOWING HOSPITAL BUILDING OF LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FRONT VIEW OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S HOSPITAL, TIENTSIN.

THE BRIGGS'S BUILDING, PEKING.

Photograph by T. Child, Peking.

A STREET IN PEKING, NEAR THE FOREIGN LEGATION.

Photograph by M. Gledhill, Sandbach.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA.

The Gaiikwar of Baroda, who is paying his fourth visit to this country, is known in India as "a model prince," and in Europe as an enlightened advocate of progress. Born in 1862, he has now ruled the important State of Baroda



Photo. Courtl. Sindh.

OUR INDIAN VISITOR: THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA.

with conspicuous success and advantage to his subjects during twenty years. In that period he has devoted his chief attention to works calculated to benefit his people, and to improve their condition from the moral as well as the material standpoint. The Gaiikwar is a great patron of education, having founded many schools and colleges, and specially interested himself in the thorny question, in India, of female education. He is now giving further proof of his zeal in educational matters by the decision he has formed of sending his eldest son to Oxford, and some of his younger sons to schools in England. This is a startling decision on the part of a Prince of high caste and royal rank. His Highness has shown himself in another respect quite above the practice of most Orientals in being a strict monogamist. The present Maharani, mother of all his children except the eldest, was a Princess of Devas, and accompanies her husband on his tour. The Maharaja deserves, for the example he has set other Indian Princes in matters of



VICTORIAN WOMEN IN WESTMINSTER:

LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY, BURIED IN THE ABBEY 1878.

education, and inherited prejudice—to say nothing of his remarkable loyalty, expressed on every occasion of seeming danger—some special mark of Royal and Imperial recognition, such as one of our ancient Orders, which are freely bestowed on foreign Asiatics, but withheld from our loyal Indian feudatories of the highest rank like the Gaiikwar.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT AT CAPE TOWN.

Cabinet-making, never a simple process, naturally presents some very unusual difficulties at this crisis in the history of Cape Colony. Even the demolition of a Cabinet has been a rather desperate affair, one effort after another being made to induce Mr. Schreiner to retain his portfolio and to keep together his colleagues. That task, having been fairly attempted, finally proved to be impossible, the cleavage-line between Ministers as to the proper treatment of rebels being too clearly defined to admit of even temporary adjustment. Mr. Schreiner's portrait, published to-day, recalls the fact that when he was over here in attendance on the Janssen Enid Commission he was remarked for his resemblance to Mr. George Wyndham, with a certain added reminiscence in the lower part of his face and in his figure of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, now Premier for the fourth time, is of English birth, being the son of a Baptist minister at Ipswich. His early career was made in England as a reporter in the House of Commons Gallery—an experience which has doubtless proved of service to him during his thirty years' membership of the Cape Parliament and his three tenures of office as Premier. Mr. Rosa-Innes, the new Attorney-General, is a nephew by marriage of Sir J. Gordon Sprigg; but nobody will whisper accusations of nepotism. He may be described as an Imperialist, and yet an opponent of Mr. Rhodes—in whose Ministry, however, were three of his present colleagues, Sir P. H. Faure, Mr. Froot, and, of course, the Premier himself. Mr. John Xavier Meriman is another name round which a special interest gathers at this juncture in South African politics. He went to South Africa when he was eight years of age, and entered politics in 1869, taking office for the first time in 1875, under Sir J. Molteno.

OUR WAR PICTURES.

A very large and particularly interesting mail from Mr. Melton Prior appears in our pages this week. Speaking generally, the pictures take us back to the operations during the first half of May, just previous to the fall of Kroonstad. Mr. Prior has sent us a vivid portrayal of Lord Roberts's column crossing the Sand River Drift, a movement which was executed on May 9. The railway crossing the Sand River was at a place known as Virginia Siding, to which the advance was by an almost waterless region, across open, undulating, treeless country, intersected by deep depressions or spruits. At the point where the Sand River was traversed, the stream flowed between high banks and was crossed by a 200-ft. span steel girder bridge about 60 ft. in height. The bridge, as our illustration shows, had been rendered a complete wreck by the enemy. Several of the piers were in ruins, and two of the main girders lay helplessly tilted at an angle of about forty-five degrees. On the south bank of the river were a few tumbledown shanties, one of them a store, which, as we mentioned last week, had been looted by the Boers. During the crossing of the stream a desultory rear-guard action was fought. Lord Kitchener directed the operations in person. Our other double-page picture shows Lord Roberts and his Staff starting out for a reconnaissance from his headquarters at Smaldeal. The Commander-in-Chief, as is well known, is an early man, who makes it his invariable custom to start out at the peep of day, a rule to which there was no exception during his halt at Smaldeal. Very dramatic is the incident at Kroonstad when Mr. Steyn, exulting, unconsciously perhaps, the Persian commanders at Thermopylae, actually scoured his unwilling burghers back to the fighting line. The destruction of correspondents' baggage at Sand River seems to have been due to the blunder of some subordinate officer, as Lords Roberts and Kitchener have denied all knowledge of such a regulation. Our other War Pictures include the rejoicings throughout South Africa over the relief of Mafeking, some campaigning scenes from the enemy's side, and an exciting incident of the capture of a Boer despatch-rider at Brandfort.

DOVER TO HELIGOLAND YACHT RACE.

On Saturday, June 16, eleven of the thirteen yachts entered started from Dover for the race to Heligoland for the German Emperor's Cup. The race is open to all cruising yachts belonging to any royal or recognised British yacht club in the United Kingdom, competing vessels of seventy tons or upwards, and owned by a British subject. The course was from Dover to Heligoland. The race was won by *Fiona*, *Julianar* taking the second prize, and *Columbine* the third.

THE SLOUGH RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A railway accident, resulting fatally in five cases and inflicting serious injuries on ten times that number of others, took place at Slough on Saturday. The simplicity of the cause of the disaster only intensifies its horrors. In the broad afternoon, within shelter of an important and courtier-frequented station like Slough, a crowded train from Paddington, bound for the Windsor races, was dashed into by the West of England express, although, as it is said, the danger-signal barred its onward rush. The impact was frightful, several carriages were telescoped, and serious injury was inflicted on the occupants where death itself did not ensue. Very narrow escapes were common. Public sympathy with the sufferers included that of the Queen and other members of the royal family, the Duke of York calling in person at the hospital on the following morning to inquire after their progress through the night.

THE KHEDIVÉ'S VISIT.

The visit of the Khedive of Egypt to London must be taken as some consolation for the abandonment of the Emperor Menelik's plan to be one of our guests of this season. Abbas Hilmi, the seventh ruler of his dynasty, is just twenty-five years of age, and he succeeded to the throne of Egypt on the death of his father, Mohamed Tewfik, at the beginning of 1892. The history of Egypt ever

since Mehemet Ali was appointed Governor of Egypt in 1806, and made himself its master by force of arms, becoming the first ruler of the present dynasty, is a familiar one. The important part played in it by England, especially when our Government and that of France forced Ismail I., the grandfather of our visitor, to resign, gives a special interest, on one side and the other, to the sojourn among us of Abbas, a sojourn which the Queen, the Prince of



Photo. Bland, Cairo.

OUR EGYPTIAN VISITOR: THE KHEDIVÉ, ABBAS HILMI.

Wales, and the people at large are determined to make as agreeable as possible. The Khedive married the Princess Ikbal Hanem, by whom he has issued a young Prince, born early last year, and three daughters.

VICTORIAN WOMEN IN WESTMINSTER.

The burial of Mrs. Gladstone in Westminster Abbey Mr. Herbert Gladstone has announced to be due to the courtesy of the Dean and in accordance with an agreement come to when Mr. Gladstone died. Mrs. Gladstone has been recorded the national distinction in death granted in recent times to only two others of her sex, Lady Palmerston and Lady Augusta Stanley. Each of these women, in her own way, was a wife who could claim close kinship with Mrs. Gladstone as one who had been in a particular way the helpmate of her husband. Lady Palmerston's talents were chiefly social. As the hostess of Cambridge House, Piccadilly, she held a sway that nobody nor cipher



VICTORIAN WOMEN IN WESTMINSTER:

LADY PALMERSTON, BURIED IN THE ABBEY 1860.

After the Picture by Seisler.

does or could exert. Lady Augusta Stanley was a woman of different stuff, as became the wife of a Dean, and of that Dean in particular. A great favourite at Court in her earlier life, Lady Augusta Stanley made Westminster a centre of many clever and interesting and charitable undertakings; and it was not unfitting that, being the wife of a famous Dean of Westminster, she should rest at last where

PERSONAL.

"I deplore the death of that gallant soldier, the Earl of Arlue." The simple words in which Lord Roberts records the chief casualty of Monday last week, during the attack on Botha at Middelburg, are also the most sufficing. Born in 1836, the head of the fighting House of Ogilvy, and the eighth Earl of his line, has made for his country the sacrifice of his life while at its very prime. Leaving Eton, he entered the Army in 1854; and shortly afterwards, while serving with the 10th Hussars in the Afghan War, he distinguished himself on more than one occasion. His services, ten years later, in the Nile Expedition brought him into high repute in his profession; a little more than two years ago he became Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the 12th Lancers, and when he went out to South Africa the prediction was that he would greatly distinguish himself—a prediction that was only too completely fulfilled. The late Earl, who was a Scottish Representative Peer, and whose acreage was enormous, married in 1856—a year after his succession to the family title—Lady Mabel Gore, oldest daughter of the Earl of Arran. He leaves, besides a widow, several young children, of whom Lord Ogilvy, his son and heir, was born in 1893.

On Captain Hall has fallen a great deal of the hard and anxious work accomplished during the last few weeks in Ashanti. There has been a kind of which Lord Wolsey's expedition made Englishmen familiar: difficulties of forest, of fever, and of a strong, Prahon has been the base of the Relief Expedition; and Captain Hall proceeded thence to Kwisa, on the side of the Moni Hills, subsequently marching northwards, having signed a treaty with the King of Adansi, who swore allegiance to the Queen. That was on May 21, and tidings are naturally slow in transit. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to hear that the Governor, on June 8, reported by runner that the Kumasi garrison was in good health, and that the fort was in no fear of falling. Less encouraging is the news from Colonel Willocks, commanding the relief force, of a fight halfway between Kwisa and Brafu Ebru, in which Captain Wilson, 1st Irish Fusiliers, and seven men were killed.

Captain Lambton is talked of as an Opposition candidate for a northern constituency. He has pretty decided views as to the necessity of maintaining British supremacy in South Africa, views that will not commend themselves to such an Opposition leader as Mr. Morley.

The Senior Wrangler, Mr. Joseph Edmund Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was born in Manchester a little more than twenty-two years ago. From that city his family early removed to Liverpool, where the future mathematician received his earlier training at the Liverpool Institute. Besides being a scholar and prizeman of Trinity, Mr. Wright, like many another mathematician, is a chessplayer of repute. Among the names of Wranglers following in his own the prize-list is that of Miss W. M. Hudson, of Newham, of whom it is interesting to note that her brother, Mr. R. Hudson, was Senior Wrangler in 1898, and that their father was Third Wrangler in 1861.

There is a story that Lord Roberts has promised Mr. Kruger not to send him out of the Transvaal if he will surrender. The President is believed to have a great

horror of the idea of being deported to St. Helena. As escape to Holland is still open to him, that is the best guarantee against a sojourn at St. Helena, unless Mr. Kruger wishes to remain in the Transvaal at any hazard.

Mr. Kipling has rendered such services to healthy Imperialistic literature that we are reluctant to find fault with him on any score. Imperialism, however, is one thing, literature another; and it is out of regard for the latter that some gentle word of remonstrance must be spoken to the Wizard of the East for the pointless parody on Bishop Heber with which he opens his latest story in a morning contemporary. The times and seasons are hopelessly jumbled, syntax is absent, and meaning obscure. The message of the elegant verses seems to be that "in dust and horse-dung smothered, there lies a cursed kraal," the direction being vaguely indicated by the preceding six lines. Localities as distant from each other as Stornberg, Sanna's Post, Magensfontein, D'Urban Road, and Paarl are indicated as bearings. It is really time that Mr. Kipling had outgrown the young barbarian all at play.

In the Prince de Joinville passes away one of the last representatives of the great French world, that world

which produced, in the true sense of the word, the finest and noblest gentlemen in Europe; the chivalry of France seemed to live again in the sons of Louis Philippe and of his saintly Queen, Marie Amélie. He was born at Neuilly, in the pretty country-house where the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, as they were then styled, lived during the earlier half of their married life. He was approaching manhood when his father became King of the French, and he was one of the group of French Princes and Princesses who entertained during the forties such close and cordial relations with the English Court. Like his brother, the Duc d'Aumale, the Prince de Joinville was a Frenchman first and a Prince afterwards. It is known that he looked with deep sorrow on the recent examples of bad taste and ingratitude displayed by his great-nephew, the Duc d'Orléans, not only to our venerable Sovereign, but also to the country which has sheltered him and his for upwards of fifty years.

The Prince de Joinville, who lost his wife, a Princess of Braganza, only two years ago, leaves two children: the Duchesse de Chartres, whose marriage to her cousin, the Duc de Chartres, took place at Kingston-on-Thames twenty-seven years ago; and Prince Pierre, Duc de Penthièvre, who is unmarried. The late Prince was the last survivor of Louis Philippe's group of sons.

Major the Hon. Lionel H. D. Fortescue, killed while fighting against Botha at Middelburg on Monday of last week, was the third son of Earl Fortescue. Born in 1837, and educated at Harrow, he entered the Army when he was nineteen, serving first with the 5th Dragoon Guards and afterwards with the 17th Lancers. His first fighting was against the Zulus, and his first important battle was Ulundi. After holding with credit several military posts at home, he proceeded two years ago to Halifax to be Military Secretary to Lord William Seymour, in command of the troops in Canada. Then the war in South Africa presented the opportunity which Major Fortescue could not allow to pass, and he proceeded with high spirits to the campaign that was to be his last. Five years ago Major Fortescue married a daughter of the late Right Hon. Patrick Adam, M.P., of Blair Adam, Kinross-shire.

Mr. Theron, President of the Bond Congress at Paarl, declared that all Afrikaners were "loyal to the Queen and the Union Jack." Some members of the Bond have actually taken up arms against the Queen, and the object of the majority is to prevent any punishment for this offence. Mr. Theron's idea of loyalty differs from that of Mr. Schreiner, who is reported to have said that he would never work with the Bond again.

The Shah is at Contreuxville for his health, and has won golden opinions by his simplicity, courtesy, and kindly feeling. He is described as the friend of all the babies in the place, and his playthings of skill at the shooting-gallery have excited general admiration. A greater contrast to his father's character and manners it is not easy to imagine. The Shah is said to be anxious to return to Persia, where the political situation is not reassuring. It is a pity that the Dowager-Empress of

China cannot be induced to visit Contreuxville, and remain there.

The Hon. Charles William Hugh Cavendish lost his life in the fighting at Middelburg. Lord Chesham, who gave

so much energy to the raising of the Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry, and who is now giving his personal service at the front as the senior officer commanding the Imperial Yeomanry battalions, has been called upon to make the sacrifice also of his eldest son. Born in September 1878, Mr. Cavendish was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, joined the Royal Bucks Hussar Yeomanry in 1895, and three years later was gazetted a Second Lieutenant in the 17th Lancers. Mr. Cavendish was a grandson, on his mother's side, of the first Duke of Westminster.

The Paris Nationalists celebrated their success in the municipal elections by a banquet at the Salle Wagram. There were 1200 enthusiasts, and they forgot all about the object of the gathering in the badness of the dinner. When champagne was demanded, M. Drumont explained that it had been "drunk by the police." Then the company pelted the waiters with plates and glasses. Such are the men who propose to be the saviours of society in France.

The rising of the Ashantis after Governor Sir Francis Hodgson's attempt to seize the symbol of sovereignty, the famous Golden Stool, has already cost us some valuable lives, and probably will cost many more before the inevitable end comes. One of the first to fall was Lieutenant Cyril Slater, of the 3rd Battalion East Lancashire Regiment, who was killed, together with a number of Hausas of the Gold Coast Constabulary, at Kwisa, Lieutenant Slater at the time being in command of a scouting party of the Kumasi Relief Force.

Lieutenant Slater received his commission in February 1898, and from June 3, 1899, was in Colonial military employment.

A great deal that is novel and interesting is to be seen at the Hippodrome just now. In the new performance entitled "Siberia," a dramatic sketch in three scenes, some wonderful horsemanship is introduced by Mr. Hengler's trained plunging horses. In the last scene, where fugitives are confronted by a river, which they had believed was frozen, horses and sleigh plunge into the surging waters, and struggle through to the other side in safety. The scene is one of marvellous realism, and leads up to the dramatic and satisfactory close of the piece. The spectacle has already achieved great popularity.

Among the gallant officers of the Black Watch now serving in South Africa is Major Ernest Maxwell Willshire, who is well known in Army circles. Major Willshire, who is forty-four years of age, attained his Majority six years ago. Before proceeding to South Africa he acted as second in command of the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch in India, being stationed at Sitapur. As he was ordered from India only in February last, he, of course, arrived in Africa too late to bear a part in the splendid but disastrous exploit of Magersfontein, where his regiment fared desperate odds so gallantly.

The Great Northern Company announce that the new station at Nottingham, the joint property of the Great Northern and Great Central Railways, will for the future be known as the Victoria Station.



THE EARL OF ARLUE,
12th LANCERS, KILLED, MIDDELBURG.



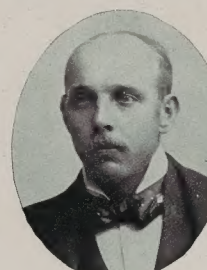
THE HON. CHARLES W. H. CAVENDISH,
17th LANCERS, KILLED, MIDDELBURG.



CAPTAIN W. H. HALL,
Commanding one of the Kumasi Relief Columns.



THE LATE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE,
The Last of the Sons of Louis Philippe.



LIEUTENANT CYRIL SLATER,
3rd BATTALION EAST LANCESHIRE REGIMENT, KILLED IN ASHANTI.



MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL H. D. FORTESCUE,
17th LANCERS, KILLED, MIDDELBURG.



MR. JOSEPH E. WRIGHT,
The Senior Wrangler.



MAJOR E. M. WILLSHIRE,
Black Watch.

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DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

An old Naval custom is going through "Promotion Hook" on San Giovanni Street at Malta. It dates back to a time before the days of Nelson, who is said himself to have passed through the hook. To the great regret of Naval officers the hook has been removed on account of alterations in the premises to which it is attached. Many Naval officers at present serving have passed through the hook each time they

FROM A SKETCH BY A. BARBOURNE WILBY, R.N.

succeeded in gaining a step in rank. The performance used to take place after the opera or after a ball at the Palace, since superstition demanded that the ceremony should be carried out in uniform bidding so important an occasion.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY: GOING THROUGH "PROMOTION HOOK"

Topics of the Week

The Crisis in the Far East

THE Far Eastern question is upon us with a vengeance. China has practically declared war on the Powers, and it will not be long, perhaps, before the Powers will have to take in hand the destinies of the Chinese Empire. The immediate developments of the crisis need not cause us any anxiety, except, of course, for the up-country Europeans who are at the mercy of the inflamed Chinese populace. The war which the Dowager-Empress and her infatuated *entourage* of Manchus have so lightly invited is not an enterprise on which any one European Power need look with misgiving, much less a confederacy of Europe assisted by the United States and Japan. Only the inscrutable arrogance and ignorance of the Mandarins could have been guilty of the insane folly of defying such a combination. That the military operations will extend over a wide area is very doubtful. It must be remembered that the Chinese Government is a Manchu Government, and that its hold upon the Chinese people is not very strong. It is distinctly an alien Government, and its destruction will not cause a popular upheaval on any formidable scale. Of course, if the Empress and her army manage to escape from Peking the military operations may become somewhat protracted, but even then the problem, from a strictly military point of view, will be simple. The dangers which lurk in the crisis are connected with the settlement that will have to be arrived at after the Mandarins have been smashed. Territories will then be in the occupation of foreign troops, and it is not easy to secure the evacuation of such territories even if agreements providing for such contingencies have been previously arrived at. Then, again, there is the question of endowing the Empire with a new Government. Who is to succeed the present Empress? On this point there is certain to be considerable divergence of opinion. The proper course to pursue would be to reinstate the Emperor; but would all the Powers agree to this? It is very doubtful. The Emperor with his reforming views would be certain to incline to this country and Japan, and we may rely upon it that Russia does not intend to acquiesce in any settlement which would make for an increase of British influences at Peking. Moreover, with all his excellent intentions the Emperor is a weak man, and if China is to be rescued from the perils which beset her she must have a strong hand at the helm. Where is this hand to be found? These are some of the rocks ahead which render the present crisis a very serious affair. There is the gravest possible risk of international complications, and it is to be hoped that this country, which has so much at stake in the Far East, will be prepared to adequately safeguard its interests.

The Relief of Kumasi

THE Ashanti rising has now assumed dimensions fully justifying the despatch of the large reinforcements already arrived or *en route*. At first there appeared nothing worse to apprehend than a few trifling fights, followed by the submission of the recalcitrant tribes. But other tribes quickly caught fire, and the ill success of our attempts to rescue the imprisoned garrison at Kumasi appears to have been interpreted as a proof that the English were played out as a fighting race. This crude belief probably originated in our employment of Haussas and other black soldiery to do our work; previous expeditions against the Ashantis were largely composed of white troops. At present it would be all one whether the one colour or the other were put in evidence on behalf of British supremacy; our weakness does not lie nearly so much in deficiency of fighting men as in deficiency of carriers. Owing to the flooded state of the whole country beyond the Prah, the porters—the only available transport—must be very lightly loaded; that means, of course, that a couple will have to do the work that one can easily perform during the dry season. Nor is that all; there is also only too much likelihood that when the carriers learn the full extent of the rising, and see the comparative smallness of the force assembled for its suppression, many will drop their burdens and hide in the dripping bush until the column has passed. Fortunately, the officer in chief command, Colonel Willcocks, has had considerable experience of these timid men, and may be trusted to adopt all possible means to prevent their desertion. All the same, the danger has to be guarded against, and that can only be done by engaging a much larger number than would be needed if all could be trusted to carry their loads to the journey's end.

The Khedive's Visit

ABBAS PASHA, the representative of the Pharaohs, is now among us, to testify to the friendship he feels towards the Power which, when the fortunes of his kingdom were at the lowest point, took prostrate Egypt by the hand and raised her out of the tangle of difficulties, financial and political, into which she had fallen. In all of our glorious history there is no more glorious page than that which records this miraculous

transformation of a nearly ruined country. No wonder, therefore, that the Khedive should have turned his back on the evil counsellors who egged him on, at one time, to quarrel with Great Britain; no wonder, either, that he should pay a visit to the people who, after freeing his kingdom from Turkish control, converting insolvency into solvency, and creating an efficient Egyptian Army out of what looked to be worthless materials, won back for him the enormous stretch of territory between Wady Halfa and the Great Lakes. He knows, of course, that we played this beneficent part as much in our own interest as in that of Egypt. But when rightly viewed those interests run together, and Abbas Pasha recognises this unification by paying his homage to the august head of the British Empire. Happily, too, he has such an enlightened mind now that it is no longer warped by treacherous tutelage as to afford warrant for anticipating that what he sees and hears during his stay among us will bring home to him afresh the value of the friendship and the protection of such a nation. We have done much for Egypt at the cost of many sacrifices; and the Khedive may rest assured that we are ready and willing to do more, conditional on his Government rendering us loyal help in the endeavour. England is Egypt's trustee, and that sacred trust must be fulfilled, come what may.

Sunstroke

BOTH inside and outside Parliament there has been too much of an assumption that it is only necessary to protect the head properly to safeguard against sunstroke. That is, of course, an essential precaution for Europeans, although both Africans and Asiatics think little of going about with uncovered heads in the hottest weather. But they are, as a rule, very careful to cover their loins, and Anglo-Indians copy from them in that particular of costume by wearing the cummerbund. A loose coat falling straight from the shoulders, well below the waist, fulfils the same purpose to some extent by interposing an air-chamber between the sun's rays and the spinal column. Experienced cyclists usually let their coats fly open when the sun is beating on their backs, but soldiers are debarred from the practice not only by the rigours of discipline, but by wearing belts over their coats. In their case, therefore, the only safeguard against sunstroke on the spinal cord would be some swathing beneath the uniform, such as an enlarged cholera belt reaching almost to the shoulder blade-bones. Supposing, however, that, in spite of all possible precautions, the obdurate sun wreaks vengeance on men who defy its power, what should be done? The moment the deadly faintness, the first stage, makes appearance a strong stimulant should be administered to revive vitality. It is not an infallible remedy; in the case of people previously in weak health, through either long illness or insufficient nourishment, there is little chance of recovery, do what one may. But to recur to the experiences of hot-weather cyclists, there is a mass of testimony that a glass of strongish grog taken on the instant generally produces the desired effect. If that be so a pocket-flask should be part of the equipment of every officer and non-commissioned officer on such occasions as the late fatal field day at Aldershot.

Isolation of the National Gallery

MR. AKERS-DOUGLAS has given the public fresh cause for gratitude by his resolve that the National Gallery shall no longer remain subject to the risk of fire from contiguous houses. That the present danger should have been allowed to endure so long is an excellent illustration of that stupider conservatism which is one of the features of the English character. Anybody who can see and think is capable of understanding that a priceless collection of pictures ought not to be housed in a building which is in actual contact with private dwelling-houses. But as it is only the property of the nation that is at stake, and only a lot of pictures that are concerned, few people trouble to look or to think at all, and the few that do can get no hearing. At last, the accident of having an energetic and capable Minister at the head of the Board of Works has rendered possible the removal of a danger that was a disgrace to the nation. It may be suggested to Mr. Akers-Douglas that while the iron is still hot he should strike again, and try and secure the removal of St. George's Barracks from the neighbourhood of the National Gallery, so as to secure a substantial open space on all sides of the combined buildings that hold our national collections of pictures and portraits. The addition to the architectural value, as well as to the safety of these buildings would be very considerable, nor would the removal of the barracks be any disadvantage to the Army. On the contrary, the present site of St. George's Barracks is neither convenient nor economical, and there are many obvious reasons why it is better for soldiers to be in the country than in London. The nation would probably save money, and the Army would certainly gain in efficiency if some of the other London barracks could also be removed, say, to Aldershot or the Curragh. Meanwhile it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in pressing on with the preliminary reform that Mr. Akers-Douglas has announced, and that no Parliamentary delays will be allowed to stand in the way of the compulsory acquisition of the property that has to be pulled down before the National Gallery can be regarded as reasonably secure against fire.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

IN a few weeks from now it is almost certain that the position of Lord Roberts amongst the great generals of history will be discussed at length both in the newspapers and in the periodicals. It is a subject which is already providing conversation at dinners where those who take an intelligent interest in interesting subjects are gathered, and the discussions of the latter are generally a week or two in advance of the carefully prepared articles which are published in the quarterlies. The great age of Lord Roberts must not be overlooked, nor should it be ignored that he is handling a force which is far more numerous than any that British generals have commanded until now.

As it is difficult to see clearly an object which is too close to the eye, so it is difficult to realise the standard of greatness attained by a contemporary celebrity. Who is sufficiently daring at this moment to compare Lord Roberts to the great Duke of Wellington? Yet it may be that future historians will do that without the slightest misgiving. Lord Roberts has been uninterruptedly successful throughout his career, and has proved that he has courage and caution, that he is an organiser, that he has immense influence over those whom he commands, and that fortune is invariably on his side—the latter being the most essential quality, for it is the first duty of a general to be successful.

It is curious how the death of a celebrity almost instantaneously alters the opinion of his or her value which has been prevalent. For many years Mrs. Gladstone, who died last week, was a very familiar figure at Liberal receptions and in Liberal drawing-rooms in the West End. To the vast majority of those who met her on these occasions the chief element of interest in Mrs. Gladstone was that she was the wife of Mr. Gladstone. But Mrs. Gladstone was a great deal more than that, and the world has perceived this now that she is gone. Mrs. Gladstone was a remarkable woman, who had many of the best qualities of the female character, made more beautiful by careful training, joined to certain strong features which are more common among males. It is to be hoped that a life of Mrs. Gladstone will be written by someone who had the privilege of knowing her intimately.

That which is wonderful in London is so excessive that it overpowers that which is beautiful. This, however, does not alter the fact that there is much which is especially beautiful, perhaps more than in any other city in the world. Those who plan entertainments for Royal visitors should bear both elements in mind—what they seldom do. The Khedive and the Shah will soon be with us, and already the programme of the entertainment awaiting them have been published. Why not drive these Eastern visitors from Chiswick to Clapton, through miles and miles of busy, crowded, prosperous thoroughfares, and let the immensity and the diversity of London bewilder them?

Then conduct them over the Bank of England and show them the Holy of Holies of the Gold King, the centre to which the children of Mammon all the world over turn. Take them to Ranelagh Club and let them see the admirable combination of country and city which is to be found there on a Saturday afternoon. Of course, the banquet at Windsor Castle is always in the programme, and a more impressive entertainment could not well be contrived. The display of plate on such occasions is incomparable, and every foreign Royal personage who has been thus entertained admits that a banquet at Windsor has no rival. It must be remembered that we have but a microscopic Army to show, and that when wishing to impress our Royal guests we should make them see how rich and prosperous we are, and how large and populous are our cities.

Writing of entertainments suggests another matter, to wit, that Lord Roberts will be even harder worked when he returns to England than he is in South Africa. What a multitude of addresses will be presented to him, how many cities will accord him their freedom, what a quantity of banquets he will have to attend, how he will be lionised, and what a multitude of swords of honour he will be called upon to accept. Lord Roberts is known to be of a retiring disposition, and it is probable that these unenviable marks of popular favour will embarrass him considerably more than has the thunder of the enemy's big guns or the rattle of the musketry.

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"

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being an exact facsimile of the Humorous Illustrated Paper published in Ladysmith during the siege.
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MILFORD LANE, STRAND.

moved from Klerkadorp without encountering anything but alarmed Burgers anxious to surrender on their own terms. That was also what was wanted by a commando of about 800 rebels at Krumm, who sent in a white flag to Vryburg, but were sternly told in reply that they must submit without conditions.

In the Orange River Colony

But while thus everything was going slickly for us on the western side of the theatre of war, the situation continued to remain annoying and obscure in the north-eastern portions of the Orange River Colony, which the despotic Mr. Steyn has been vainly endeavouring to wrest from us again by means of a counter-proclamation of annexation—by such "paper bullets of the brain," and also by the more formidable but equally ineffective missiles of his Mausers. By means of these missiles, supplemented by a copious supply of dynamite, he had managed to wreck a long section of the railway north of Roodeval and add the 4th Derbyshire to his roll of British prisoners. But his triumph in this quarter was of short duration. For while Lord Roberts was dealing successfully with Botha's bogus centre force on the heights of Hatherley, he was at the same time taking prompt measures for the dissipation of De Wet's dynamites on the plain of Roodeval. Hearing that De Wet had been playing havoc with his lines of communication in the Orange River Colony, Roberts was prompt to despatch his *flus dechets*, Kitchener, with a scratch force to the south to co-operate with Methuen—who "gained a complete victory over De Wet, took possession of his camp, and scattered his troops in all directions," at a cost to himself of only one killed and eighteen wounded. Yet that De Wet had even now not been rendered completely innocuous may be inferred from the fact that two days later, as now appears, one of our reconnaissance troops was attacked at Leeswagruil, with the result that the British had three killed, five wounded, and between fifty and sixty captured. At the same time, our post on the Zand River was attacked by 800 Boers with three guns, and though they were ultimately driven off, leaving several dead and wounded on the ground, our casualties included the death of the American Major Seymour, of the Pioneers, who was shot dead by an expanding bullet—a missile which is invariably, but erroneously, referred to in the telegrams as "explosive." There has been no confirmation of the statement from Maseru that 1,500 Boers had surrendered to Brand, but with the 35,000 men or so which we now have operating and co-operating in our Orange River Colony it ought not to be long before we hear of all Mr. Steyn's burghers being cornered, and one thing, at least, is now certain, that with Heidelberg and Standerton in our possession, further co-operation between the Federals of the two quondam Republics has become impossible, which in itself is another immense stride towards the termination of the war.

With Buller

That Standerton could be occupied by Buller—while Roberts himself sent a column to Heidelberg—was due to the fact that Sir Redvers found the clearing of the Laing's Nek tunnel, which had been blown in for about 150 yards at either end, the labour of only a few days, and that he was able to pass his first train through it on Waterloo Day—the day that "E. F." reached Pretoria. The restoration of the Durban-Johannesburg Railway will be of immense advantage in every respect to the further prosecution of the war, seeing that it gives Lord Roberts an alternative, and much better, line of supply communication with his sea-base, and imposes corresponding difficulties on the Boers. Difficulties that will be more than doubled by the destruction of a bridge of the Delagoa line about seven miles west of the Portuguese frontier. President Kruger's only ally is now the Afrikaner Bond, which continues to insist that the independence of the two Republics should be maintained, though the formation of a Gordon-Sprigg Coalition Ministry cannot be regarded by this Bond as a local omen favourable to its hopes.

Mr. Julius Weil

To Mr. Julius Weil is due some considerable share of the credit for the plucky resistance made by General Baden-Powell's garrison. Considerable stress has been laid upon the fact that it would not have been possible for Mafeking to have sustained the siege so long and not the Government contractor, upon his own initiative, laid in greater stocks of provisions than were provided for by his contract, and in this connection to know that for everything which was in daily want, in fact for the bare necessities of life, Mafeking depended for very long upon the stores and bonded warehouse which represented the local branch of the contracting firm of Mr. Julius Weil.



MR. JULIUS WEIL.
Who supplied Mafeking with food during the siege

quantity of tobacco. In his hands lay the issuing of the daily allowances of bread and meat to the garrison, of the forage for the horses, of the feeding of the natives. It was very generally allowed that the arrangements were eminently satisfactory, and in giving honour to whom honour is due it is well that notice should be taken of the important role which his firm fulfilled during the siege. Our portrait is by R. Farmer, Anchen.



Sir George White, who has been the guest of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava at Chandoborg, was received with the greatest enthusiasm in Belfast, whither he went to receive the Freedom of the city. In the evening he was entertained at a banquet in the Ulster Hall.
GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C., LADY WHITE AND MISS WHITE
The latest portrait of the Defender of Ladysmith, by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE House of Commons, which might have been expected to come back like a giant refreshed after the Whitsun Holidays, has shown that weakness about the knees not unknown to the gigantic form. The attendance has been small, enthusiasm has been at a minimum, and there has been strong disposition to get home early as possible. On Friday night this wholesome desire was accomplished as early as eleven o'clock. On Tuesday the shysters were put up at a quarter to nine. It must be said that in both cases the appointed work was accomplished. On Tuesday small items, such as ten millions sterling for transport of horses and remounts, thirteen millions for forage, and a trifle under five millions for Army clothing, were voted after a few minutes of desultory conversation.

To this end the Irish members contributed their absence. A convention had been summoned at Dublin in order to afford opportunity of display of unity and lovingkindness among Irish politicians. Not being birds, as a countryman once observed, they could not be in two places at the same time. Thus, their camp below the Gangway in the House of Commons were vacant, and money was voted with both hands.

The items mentioned serve to bring home to the taxpayer some idea of the cost of the war. In the course of his speech Mr. Wyndham mentioned that 9,600 horses had been shipped to South Africa from this and other countries. "Ah, few shall meet where many part." The mortality among horses has been cruelly great. What will be left of this gigantic and when the war is over will not prove of much account. Complaint was made from some quarters that the interests of the British horse-breeder have been overlooked, only a small proportion of the war supply being taken from British studs. To this Mr. Wyndham had a crushing reply. Whilst the average price of a horse in England is 40*l*, the cost of transport to the Cape, with, of course, the risk of the sea voyage is 35*l*. Against this the Australian horse can be delivered on the beach in South Africa at 45*l*; whilst the handy little Argentine horse costs only 26*l*. Nevertheless, a large number of horses have been shipped from this country, including relays of the stout servicable beasts brought up to the more prosaic business of trotting along the London 'bus.

Another subject that led to interesting conversation in debate on the Army Estimates was the forage cap of the British soldier, dear to the nursemaid's heart. The tragedy at Aldershot last week, when four men died of sunstroke and scores staggered into the hospital, has brought the matter to the front. The sort of pill-box which a guardsman wears, resting on his right ear, so as to give full opportunity for display of his oiled and curled front locks, is all very well in average British weather in the parks and streets. But when it comes to a field day under a sultry sun it is simply suicidal. Probably one of the permanent effects of the war in South Africa will be to introduce into the British Army the picturesque, broad-brimmed, side-looped hats which the Colonials have made familiar and attractive. They formed a picturesque adjunct to the military show on Jubilee Day. Under the varying sky of theveldt they have proved most serviceable. Had the men on field-day service at Aldershot worn them there is no doubt sunstroke would have been averted.

Mr. Wyndham, assailed on all sides with reproach and advice on the subject, quietly pleaded that the War Office was "feeling its way to two head-dresses for the whole Army, one specially designed with reference to the history of the several regiments, the

other to be worn at Aldershot. Opinion among old soldiers who took part in Tuesday night's debate showed that there is no necessity for the War Office to feel its way beyond the Colonial head-gear. An additional recommendation of it is that it is not a new fashion, being as old as the Wars of the Commonwealth, when the cavaliers wore it over their glossy curls.

For the time interest in the war in South Africa is overshadowed at Westminster by concern for the outbreak in China. The Under-Secretary for War, of late pined nightly with questions about the progress of Lord Roberts's forces, now gives way to the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who is pelted with inquiry about the position in China. Whilst there is anxiety there is no apprehension. The Empire seems to have enough on its hands, with the war in South Africa involving the occupation of many of 200,000 men and officers, and the outbreak in Ashanti. But when trouble suddenly arises in the Far East a sufficiency of ships is quietly moved into position. Hong Kong is strengthened by detachments of Indian troops, and preparations are made to strengthen the forces on the approaches to Peking. Should large military operations in China be necessary, British troops are already half way there, and could speedily be shipped from the Cape. Differing in this respect from the war with the Boers, the splendid Indian Army is available for service in China, and would doubtless be pleased beyond measure to show that it does not fall behind the British Colonies in the fervour of its loyalty to the Empire, and its instinctive desire to rally round it in time of trouble.

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

SIR HENRY IRVING'S "HOME-COMING"

By a happy chance, the first words the worthy Dr. Primrose has to speak in the opening scene of the late Mr. Will's beautiful play of *Olivia* are "Friends, you make me happy and thankful by your kind welcome." The utterance of this sentence by Sir Henry Irving, as he stepped out of the rose-covered porch in the quaintly sober clerical garb of Goldsmith's immortal vicar, was received with outbursts of cheering again and again renewed in all parts of the house by spectators who manifestly gave to it a personal application. As will have been seen, Sir Henry and his comrades had no novelty to offer; nor is it the practice of judicious managers to bring forth new plays when the season is so far advanced. On the other hand, he had chosen for revival a work which, above all other pieces in the Lyceum repertory, is clothed with pleasing associations. Dr. Primrose is, doubtless, not a great part; it has no depths of tragic passion, but its dignity, sweetness, and quiet pathos invest it with a peculiar charm, and it is played by the actor throughout with a consummate mastery over its subtleties of light and shade. On the other hand, Olivia is of all Miss Ellen Terry's wide range of impersonations that which has taken the firmest hold upon the sympathies of her admirers. There are some newcomers in the cast. Mr. Fred Terry as Squire Thornhill is at some disadvantage in the fact that many of the spectators on Saturday evening were probably able to recall the late Mr. Tarriss's fine performance, of which it is hardly too much to say that it could not possibly be excelled; but Mr. Terry's impersonation of the prodigal young squire and heartless man of fashion of the period would really not lose greatly by the comparison, though there was perhaps a trifle too much of the conscious lady-killer in the earlier passages. Miss Dorothea Baird's Sophia is eminently a pleasing personage, and Mr. Hearn's Burchell is a sound and duly impressive performance. Mr. Dodsworth's blunt old Farmer Flamborough, Mr. Tyars' Gipsy Leigh, and Miss Maud Milnor's Mrs. Primrose are also impersonations deserving of praise. The setting of the play, for which we are indebted to the artistic feeling of Mr. Hawes Cresswell, is not less appropriate and picturesque than before, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's trio, "Morn, happy Morn," sung in the beautiful old vicarage parlour to the accompaniment of a harpsichord and other instruments, proved once more to be one of the most pleasing of those many illustrative details which attest the loving care with which Mr. Will's piece has been put upon the stage.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

The present generation of playgoers has assuredly not witnessed a more brilliant revival of Sheridan's masterpiece than that which was presented to the audience at the HAYMARKET on Tuesday evening. Miss Winifred Emery's Lady Teazle is delightful, both in its impulsive coquetry and wilfulness and in that underlying feeling which aids her so effectively in retrieving the humiliation and disgrace of her discovery in the screen scene. A very pleasantly, cheery, though duly irritable person on occasion is Mr. Cyril Maude's Sir Peter, and if Mr. Valentine is a trifle too grave in the part of Joseph Surface, his fine voice and his fascinating plausibility in the Library scene served him well. Mr. Paul Arthur is, perhaps, a trifle too robust and boisterous in the part of Charles Surface, but much more serious shortcomings than these might well be forgiven for the sake of his admirable new reading of Charles's exit after the screen scene. Hitherto it was usually regarded for the feelings of the unhappy Lady Teazle has been a grave blot upon this otherwise incomparable situation, and it cannot be denied that it finds support in the text. But the final air of respect and sympathy with which Mr. Paul Arthur takes his departure is perfectly permissible. We may take it that this emendation will amply supersede the old stage tradition, and it ought not to be forgotten that we are indebted for it to this sprightly and clever American comedian. Mr. Elliot, quaintly made up like one of Bunbury's fops, is a very amusing Sir Benjamin Backbite; Miss Lottie Venné gives point to all the utterances of Mrs. Candour; Mr. Kemble is a fine old English Sir Oliver; Mr. Dagnall a very diverting Moses, and Miss Constance Collier a distinguished Lady Sneerwell. The costumes are rich and rare, the mounting is uniformly handsome, and the minut, which it has long been the custom to introduce in Lady Sneerwell's magnificent drawing-room in the second act, is more than usually brilliant and elaborate.

The "Boxers"

By ARCHIBALD R. COLOUGHON

THE recent developments in Northern China—the disturbances which threaten to overwhelm that part of the Empire, and have already spread southwards—seem to have come upon Europe somewhat as a surprise. Nevertheless, the expansion of the secret society known as the "I Ho Ch'uan," the Righteous Harmony League (or Fists, a play upon the word "Ch'uan," which has two meanings), now commonly known as the "Boxers," was a matter of common knowledge and discussion in the seaport towns of China during the early part of the year, when the rapid growth and anti-foreign proclivities of this society were denounced in the Press as serious dangers to the peace of China. The object of this particular society, whose aims were cloaked by the pretext of practicing gymnastic exercises, is to "support the dynasty, exterminate the foreigner." This, indeed, is their watchword.

The development of the "Boxers" is worthy of note, illustrating very clearly the way in which such societies, especially in China, have grown from comparatively innocent associations into dangerous political engines. The society began merely with religious propaganda as an anti-Roman Catholic association; from that it became anti-Christian; and it has now reached a point where it is actively and aggressively anti-foreign. It has acquired its power and prestige largely from the protection given it by the Empress Dowager, and, consequently, by many high officials, whose fortunes are linked with hers—the Reactionary or Anti Reform element. The edicts promulgated from time to time by the Empress clearly show that this view of her relations with the "Boxers" is amply justified, for a fine discrimination is found in the condemnation of secret societies—between the "Boxers" and others of less seditious tendencies. It is, moreover, pretty certain that other edicts of a secret nature have afforded open protection to the anti-foreign sect, who throughout have been treated as patriots.

As a matter of fact, ever since the *coup d'état*, the Empress has felt more and more the pressure from without, and deprived by the evident powerlessness of the Government and by her anti-reform measures of the sympathy of a very large section of the Chinese people, she has allowed herself to rely for support on this association, which, having grown under her protection to great strength and size, has become entirely beyond her control. Under these circumstances, with a Frankenstein on the one hand and a disaffected people on the other, she doubtless sees no alternative but to throw herself still more into the arms of Russia—a situation whose gravity, both for the Chinese Empire itself and for the Powers who have vested interests in the Far East and throughout Asia, does not need to be emphasized.

The Society of "I Ho Ch'uan" had its birth in the province of Shantung, where the high-handed policy of Germany has aroused a strong anti-foreign feeling among all classes of people. From Shantung the organisation spread into the neighbouring province of Chihli, receiving in both provinces, but particularly in the first named, the active support of some of the highest officials. At the beginning of this year the American missionaries of Shantung preferred formal charges against several of the chief provincial authorities in connection with this society, including the Governor of Shantung, one of the Intendants of Circuit and the magistrate of one of the principal counties. The Governor, in a secret memorial, had actually advocated the society as a useful agent for driving foreigners out of the country. Yet the Governor, removed from his post at the instance of Germany, has since been held in high favour by the Chinese Government.

One of the circumstances which has facilitated the rapid rise of the "Boxers" is the failure last year of the harvests in Shantung, which drove numbers of the farmers, the best men in the country, to join the rebel ranks as a refuge from starvation—for by so doing they hoped for plenty of opportunities for plunder.

What has happened in Northern China is not without parallels, even in the recent history of the Empire. For instance, in the Yangtze valley, through which I passed last year on my journey from Moscow across Siberia and through China, the whole country was seriously disturbed by the rising under Yu Mantze, to suppress which no adequate measures were for a long time taken. Yu Mantze himself was not a man of any extraordinary character or ability, but he was followed by thousands who, disaffected and restless, were ready to follow any one who liked to rise; all confidence in the Government at Peking having long since been lost, owing to the unchecked encroachments of foreign Powers which the people could see with their own eyes. Here, as in the north, the officials began by winking at, if not secretly encouraging, the anti-foreign work of the rebels, and later became unable to control the element of discord which they had been largely instrumental in raising. Another point of resemblance between the Yu Mantze rebellion and the present agitations lies in the attacks being in both cases directed first entirely against the Roman Catholic Missions. In Szechuan the French had a heavy claim against the Chinese Government for destruction of property, and for the carrying off of Father Fleury, while in Kwangsi Mr. Fleming, of the China Inland Mission, was brutally murdered just before I passed southwards. As far back as February last one of the Roman Catholic bishops of North China reported as many as 5,000 refugees under his care. Once the demon of destruction has been let loose the distinctions between creeds, or, indeed, any distinction save that which divides the Oriental from the European, is soon lost sight of.

The exact origin, the particular organisation, or the names of the moving spirits of this society, are enveloped in the mystery which hangs about all secret societies in China. It is impossible to get any accurate information on these points, and men who have made a careful study of Chinese secret societies are the first to acknowledge the meagreness of their discoveries. All such societies are nominally proscribed by Government, and the most inviolable oaths are exacted from members, and the utmost secrecy observed. China is absolutely honeycombed with these associations, every man probably belonging to one or more, and there are many also which are not secret. These societies, many of powerful political origin, have their periods of depression, during which they become merely refuges for shady characters; but a spark may kindle them to life again, and their spread, as soon as they adopt an active propaganda, is remarkable for its swiftness.

Victims of the War

LIEUT.-COLONEL DAVID STANLEY WILLIAM DRUMMOND OGLIVY, Earl of Airlie, of the 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers, is reported by Lord Roberts as among the killed in the recent fighting near Pretoria. Lord Airlie served with the 10th Hussars in the Afghan war in 1878-79 and was present at the attack and capture of Ali Musjid and in the engagement at Fattchabad. He was with the Soudan Expedition in 1884, as adjutant of the 10th Hussars, and was present at the battle of Tanna. In 1884-5 he served in the Nile Expedition as brigade-major, under Sir Herbert Stewart, and was at the battle of Abu Klea, where he was slightly wounded. In the subsequent reconnaissance to Metemneh he was again wounded. Lord Airlie was twice mentioned in the despatches of the Soudan campaign, and received a brevet of major for his services. His next campaign was the present one in South Africa, and he was again wounded at Welkom during the advance of Lord Roberts's army. Lord Airlie entered the army in 1875, was captain in 1884, major in 1889, and lieutenant-colonel in 1897. He was born in 1856, was educated at Eton, and succeeded his father as the eighth Earl of Airlie in 1881. He married, in 1886, the Lady Mabel Frances Elizabeth Gore, daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran. He leaves six children, of whom the eldest, David Lyulph Gore Wolsley, Lord Ogilvy, born in 1893, succeeds him in the earldom. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

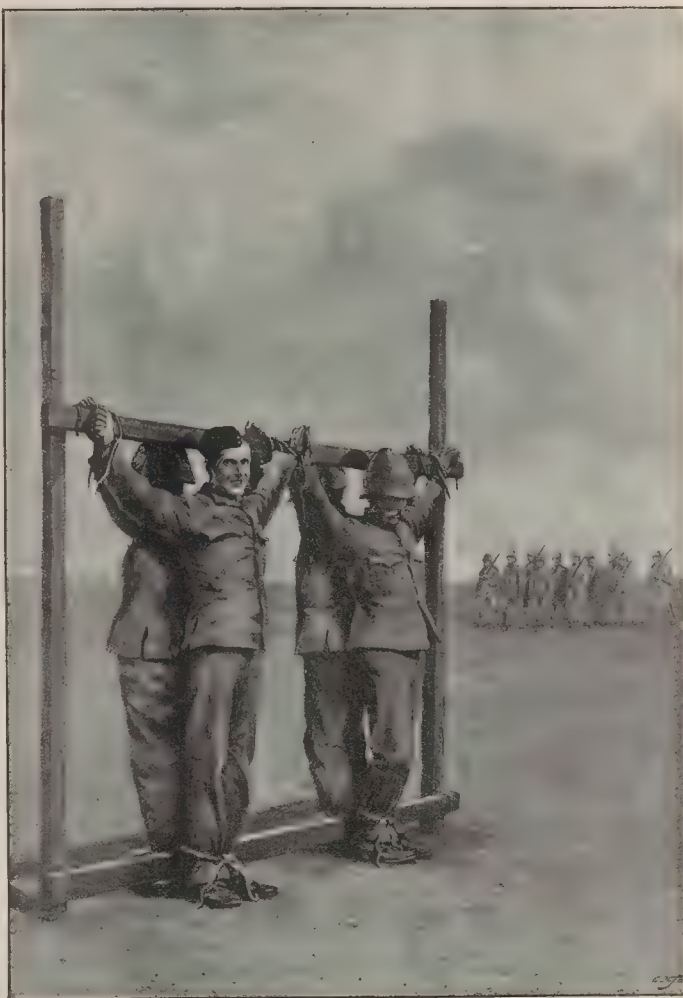
Lieutenant the Hon. C. W. H. Cavendish was Lord Chesham's

heir. Mr. Cavendish was born in 1878, and was educated at Sandhurst, obtaining his commission as second lieutenant in the 17th Lancers in 1898. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Major J. A. Orr-Ewing, of the Warwickshire Company of the Imperial Yeomanry, was killed in the recent fighting at Khela. He joined the 16th Lancers in 1880 and became major in 1896. After his retirement from the Army he became a captain in the Warwickshire Yeomanry. From 1885 to 1890 he was aide-de-camp to Lord Londonderry, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and from 1895 to 1896 he acted in a similar capacity to Lord Roberts, while Commander-in-Chief of Ireland. Our portrait is by Laiffette, Dublin.

Major Antonio Stephen Ralli, of the 12th Lancers, was the son of M. Ralli, who was Prime Minister of Greece during the Greco-Turkish war, and was born in 1861. He joined the 16th Lancers as second lieutenant in August, 1880, and was transferred to the 12th Lancers in the following December. In 1881 he obtained his lieutenant's commission, and in 1888 he was promoted to captain and in 1896 to major. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

Second Lieutenant Alastair Heneage Murray, 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, died on the 1st inst. of wounds received in action at Senegal on the 29th ult. Born April 24, 1878, the eldest son of Mr. C. T. Murray, M.P. for Coventry, and Lady Anne Murray, he joined the Grenadier Guards from the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders on November 15 last. Our portrait is by Laiffette, Dublin.



Soldiers who commit offences in the field are sometimes subjected to this form of punishment. They are tied securely to the post and are left in the sun for two or three hours according to the sentence passed on them. Our illustration is from a photograph by F. K. Jaffray.

HOW SOLDIERS UNDERGO PUNISHMENT IN THE FIELD



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.E.

The success of the attack on the Helpmankar Heights was magnificently followed up. The mounted infantry covered at least forty miles and successfully engaged the enemy's rearward

three times being practically the whole time in the thick smoke of the guns fired, which acted almost like fog in hampering their movements. Twice when advancing through the

smoke our men found themselves under heavy fire from the enemy within 300 yards. The South African Light Horse and the Composite Regiment did excellent work

FROM A SKETCH BY G. HICKMAN

GENERAL BULLER'S ADVANCE. PURSUING THE FLEEING BOERS AFTER THE FIGHT ON HELPMANKAR HEIGHTS

The Society of Arts Council

We give this week an illustration of a meeting of the Council of the Society of Arts, one of the oldest of London societies, and one which has changed singularly little in its aims and objects since it began its useful career in the middle of the eighteenth century. Unlike most of its friendly rivals, it has preserved the general and extended tone which was more characteristic of learning and of learned societies then than now, and has always avoided specialisation.

In the middle of the last century there were only three important scientific societies, or at least there were only three which have survived till the present time—the Royal Society for Science, the Society of Antiquaries for Archaeology, and the Society of Arts, which was specially founded to deal with all the arts, manufactures, and commerce, and modestly took to itself all knowledge for its province. Since that time we have been busy specialising. Art is now looked after by the Royal Academy, by several subordinate but important societies, by a department of the State, and by innumerable small associations. Every important branch of manufacture has its own society, while there are important professional institutions, such as the Institution of Civil Engineers, which deal with technical matters, and, to a large extent, with special branches of manufacture. Every centre of industry has its Chamber of Commerce, and there are besides a number of commercial and in-

itself to offering prizes for the development of industry, the production of new inventions and the encouragement of Art. From the time of Reynolds down to our own days it gave prizes to youthful artists, and the prize lists bring us down from the days of Cowsey, Nolletts, Romney and Lawrence, to those of Mulready, Landseer, Frith and Millais. At all events, one veteran Royal Academician survives, who took a Society of Arts prize as a boy, in the person of Mr. J. C. Hook. The practice of offering such prizes has now long been abandoned, and Mr. Hook is, perhaps, a solitary survivor among our successful artists. In rewarding invention it paid away very large sums of money some judiciously, some certainly injudiciously. As time went on it became evident that the most useful way of encouraging invention was not to make a small gift to the inventor, but to afford means by which the inventors of useful processes could obtain public recognition and bring their inventions before the knowledge of the public. Hence arose the practice of holding meetings at which new scientific discoveries and their applications were described and discussed. This practice arose about the early part of the century, was soon developed into a system, and now the most important part of the Society's work. By means of its meetings and lectures, most of the principal applications of Science and Art to practical purposes have been introduced to the public, and the reports of these meetings form a continuous record of the progress of Applied Science.

As is well known, the Society has always been closely associated

at the commencement of business. The chairman, Sir John Wolfe Barry, is urging the secretary, Sir H. Trevelyan Wood, to await no longer the attention of the members, but to read the minutes at once, while, between them, Sir Charles Kennedy strives to delay the inevitable moment by one more word in the Chairman's ear. On the Chairman's left is Sir John Evans. Next him is Sir Frederick Bramwell shaking hands with the Master of the Rolls, congratulating (or condoling with) him on his elevation to a post of greater dignity, but of less storm and stress than that of the Attorney-Generalship he held so long and so well. Then comes Sir George Birdwood, beloved of Indians, and the life and soul of the Society's Indian Section. His flow of humorous talk is but checked for an instant that Mr. Hall may catch the likeness. Behind him is Sir William Preece, the eminent electrician, and behind him again is Mr. Lewis Day, than whom is no better authority on decorative art. Next, in the immediate foreground, is Lord Selkirk. On the side of the table facing the Chairman, with his back to us, is Mr. William Luson Thomas; on his left sits Sir Stuart Bayley, who achieved a great reputation in India by his wise administration of the great Province of Bengal. Just behind him is Sir Owen Tudor Burne, known to all Anglo-Indians in years gone by as the popular private secretary of successive Viceroys. Facing him is Sir Frederick Abel, pre-eminent among English chemists. Close by is Mr. Rudenell Carter, the distinguished oculist, with Mr. Francis Cobb and Sir Owen Roberts, who have both served several terms of office as treasurer to



Not only in Peking, but in the villages between the capital and Tientsin, the "Boxers" have posted up placards calling upon the readers to kill all foreigners. They have been exciting ignorant superstition against Europeans in this way for some time now.

"KILL THE FOREIGNERS": NATIVES READING AN ANTI-FOREIGN MANIFESTO IN PEKING

DRAWN BY FRANK DAVID

dustrial societies dealing with subdivisions of the work which at one time hardly afforded material for a single institution.

Nevertheless the Society of Arts has gone on without restricting its action, or attempting to confine itself to any single department of human knowledge, and yet it is certainly in as prosperous a condition at the present time as it has ever been during its long career. It has shed off a good deal of the labours it originally undertook, and especially it has abandoned the research for pure knowledge either in science or in art, and has contented itself with dealing with the applications of scientific research and artistic study to practical purposes. This was not always so with it. It was the principal Artistic Society till the Royal Academy was founded; it was the great Agricultural Society of the country until the establishment of the Royal Agricultural Society; it had special committees for chemistry and minerals until first the Chemical Society, and afterwards the two institutions specially dealing with applied chemistry, came into existence, and until such institutions as the Iron and Steel Institute occupied themselves with the great question of the production and treatment of our principal minerals. As these and many other similar institutions came into existence, the Society of Arts abandoned to them the investigation of those special subjects with which they were specially intended to deal, but it has always reserved the right to treat those subjects in a general and popular manner, and it still does so from time to time as occasion may arise.

For the first hundred or so years of its existence it mainly devoted

with the movement for International Exhibitions. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was originated by the Society of Arts, and its organisation was carried on until it could be handed over to a Royal Commission, the head of which was the then President of the Society, H.R.H. the Prince Consort. That wise and judicious Prince took a very active interest in the work of the Society, and at once saw the value of the proposal for the holding an exhibition when it was submitted to him by a Committee of the Society of Arts. It was, indeed, the Prince's own personal initiative which converted the idea of a great National Exhibition into a still greater International one. The general management of such extensive and elaborate organisations as International Exhibitions has been rather beyond the functions of a private society, and has generally been carried out by Royal Commissions; but the Society and its officials have taken a very active part in most of the great Exhibitions down to the present date.

The room which is shown in the picture is not the historical meeting-room of the Society, but a smaller room, which was originally intended for meetings of its Committees, and, since the formation of the Council, on the incorporation of the Society in 1847, for its Council meetings.

The artist, Mr. Sydney Hall, has been successful not only in producing a series of excellent portraits—each member of the group is reported to have expressed his admiration of every likeness except his own—but has arranged a most harmonious and picturesque composition, a far more difficult task. The moment chosen is just

the Society. Behind them are Mr. Graham Harris, Professor Millar Thomson, Mr. J. G. Gordon, and Sir Walter Preece. At the corner of the table, next the secretary, is the assistant secretary, Mr. Wheatley, who, apart from his official work, has made himself a reputation as an archaeologist by his writings on London and by his recent edition of Peppes.

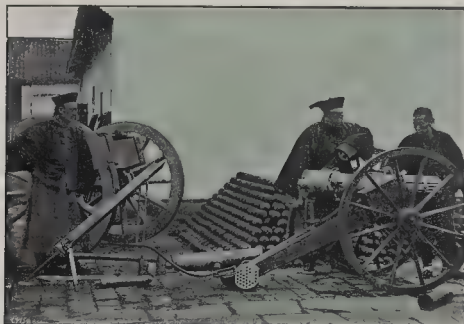
The Crisis in China

The news from China is very grave—so grave, indeed, that the war in South Africa, for the first time since its inception, has been relegated in the daily Press to a place of secondary importance in consequence. When the Dowager-Empress a short time since reconstituted the Tsung-li-Yamen by the retirement of one Chinese member and the appointment of four Manchu members of the most anti-foreign complexion, and at the same time Prince Ching was superseded by Prince Tuan, the father of the young Prince whom the Empress designated as heir to the throne last winter, the situation in China began to look serious. And now the Empress has thrown off the mask, and has pushed her anti-foreign policy so far as to have practically declared war against all the Powers of Europe. The outrages against Europeans and the massacres of Chinese Christians, which the Chinese Government at first half apologised

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—*Scenes in the City of Peking.*

ONE OF THE TAKU PORTS CAPTURED BY THE POWERS

J. Thomson



GUNS AND AMMUNITION OF WAR OF NATIVE CHINESE WORKMANSHIP

The mystery of the crisis in China has centred round the city of Peking during the last few days. The Sacred City, as Peking is called, is walled round and contains about a million inhabitants. The walls of Peking, which are made of large-size bricks, are about eighty feet broad at the base and about sixty feet high, and if attacked by foreign troops would have to be blown up. The gates, however, could easily be demolished, being made of wood about nine to twelve inches thick; but here, probably, considerable opposition might be made by the Chinese soldiers. It is divided into two portions, called the Tartar and Chinese Cities. The foreign legations are all close together, located in Legation Street, though the British Legation stands in a street running at right angles to the former, fronting the semi-dry and disused Imperial Canal. The legations are generally enclosed by brick walls about twelve feet high, and in case of a Chinese mob occupying the streets would be quite isolated one from another. The Boxers are said to be masters of Legation Street, and one telegram of Monday stated that the legations had been destroyed, while another declared that the Boxers had been repelled by a Maxim. The *Daily News* correspondent at Shanghai says that on Wednesday night last week the Boxers destroyed the foreign buildings in the east city, including the old Catholic cathedral, the buildings of the London and American Board of Missions, the Customs House, and the mess quarters, and massacred hundreds of native Christians and



PAVILION OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT PEKIN

J. Thomson

servants of foreigners. The city is perhaps the dirtiest and most filthy in existence. The roads—which have no distinction between carriage and foot way—are covered with dust, the accumulation of ages. So much is this the case that it is almost impossible to do any walking, while in hot weather one cannot cross the street without taking a Peking cart—a springless vehicle in which one has to sit cross-legged. There is no attempt at sanitation in the streets. If a resident wants to repair his wall he simply goes out, excavates the necessary earth for the purpose, and thus a hole is left, while his next-door neighbour may raise a mound next to it by the constant addition of refuse, caused perhaps by his trade.

For a week the wildest rumours have been set afloat, and the difficulty of confirming them renders the crisis as viewed from home all the more acute. It is said, for instance, that Russia really means to help the Empress; and that three German officers are coaching the rebels against the foreign forces which have been trying to march to Peking. Every European capital has its own theories. Vienna, for example, does not believe that the situation is so critical as has been made out. Italy again is said to be urged by England to establish herself at the front, which was refused to her by China last year. But China practically declared war against the world in the early hours of Saturday by opening fire on the allied fleets from the Taku forts. The fleets replied, and after a seven hours' bombardment captured the forts on both sides of the river.



STOKE DOYLE VILLAGE BEFORE THE STORM



STOKE DOYLE VILLAGE AFTER THE STORM

On the 12th inst. a fireball crashed through the roof of a row of fourteen thatched cottages at Stoke Doyle, near Ousdale, Northamptonshire. In an instant there was a blast, and within three hours the fourteen cottages were completely gutted and the occupants (fifty in number) rendered homeless. The village consists of twenty-five houses.

THE WEST INDIAN CRICKETERS WHO HAVE COME TO ENGLAND.



Mr. C. A. OLLIVIERRE



Mr. F. A. GOODMAN



Mr. A. WARNER (Captain)

The team of West Indian cricketers, captained by Mr. A. Warner, set foot on these shores on June 6, and four days later tackled the London County Club, including Dr. Grace, at the Crystal Palace, to be beaten by an innings and 198 runs. The West Indian team's career will be followed with the keenest interest. As Mr. P. F. Warner in his *Cricket in Many Lands*, just issued by Mr. Heinemann, reminds us, ten years ago the very idea of any serious cricket in the West Indies—much less a team from the West Indies—would to the ordinary Englishman have appeared absurd. However, since the visit of Mr. R. S. Lucas's team in 1895 and of Lord Hawke's and Mr. Arthur Priestley's teams two years later, the story has been changed. The team that has just come over includes several coloured gentlemen, of whom Mr. L. Constantine is considered the best native bat in the West Indies. He and Woods, a first-rate bowler, and



THE WEST INDIAN TEAM

Mr. L. S. d'Ade, come from Trinidad. Mr. P. A. Goodman and Mr. P. J. Cox hail from Barbados. Mr. C. A. Ollivierre, who is also dark, comes from St. Vincent. Mr. S. W. Sproston and Mr. G. B. Learmond are Demerara men. Mr. W. Mignon, a capital bowler, is from Grenada. In the smaller islands, such as Grenada, St. Kitts, St. Vincent, Antigua, and St. Lucia, black men are always played, but Barbados and Demerara have strenuously set themselves against this policy. The idea of the West Indians' tour originated with Lord Hawke, who received the active support of Sir Neville Lubbock, president of the West Indian Club. Mr. Warner, who is the brother of the captain of the team, Mr. A. Warner, declares that without black men it would have been quite absurd to attempt to play first-class counties. By the time they return they will certainly have learned and seen a great deal.



THE LONDON COUNTY CLUB TEAM, WHICH BEAT THE WEST INDIANS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Russell & Sons

THE WIDOW OF A FAMOUS STATESMAN

The Late Catherine Gladstone, born Glynn.

Elliott & Fry

Catherine Glynn was the elder daughter of Sir Richard Stephen Glynn of Hawarden, eighth baronet, and was born on January 6, 1812. She was married to Mr. Gladstone on Thursday, July 25, 1839. Her younger sister Mary was also married on the same day and in the same church—St. Detmold's, Hawarden—to the late Lord Lyttelton. Both the brides were distinguished for their beauty, and were known as "the handsome Misses Glynn." The founder of Mrs. Gladstone's house, Serjeant Glynn, obtained the estate for services rendered to Cromwell, but his descendants changed their views and became high Tories. Her mother, Lady Glynn, came of a family distinguished in politics, the Grenvilles. She was cousin to Pitt, whose father, the great Lord Chatham, had married Hester Grenville.

She was granddaughter to George Grenville and niece to Temple (Lord Buckingham). Temple twice tried in vain to form a Ministry, but in spite of his failures Mrs. Gladstone could count no fewer than four Prime Ministers in the ramifications of her mother's family. Mr. Gladstone exactly redressed the balance by his four Premierships. Sir Stephen Glynn, Mrs. Gladstone's brother, the last baronet, was a strong Puseyite; and Mr. Gladstone's first "pilgrimage of passion," in 1857, was in support of his brother-in-law, "the Tory and Tractarian candidate" for Flintshire. Mr. Gladstone's intimacy with Stephen Glynn dated from Oxford days. They were at Christ Church together. Perhaps in one of his vacations, certainly in 1835, Mr. Gladstone visited Hawarden Castle and met the beautiful sisters of his college friend

THE WEDDING OF THE FUTURE MIKADO OF JAPAN



ONE OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES IN TOKYO



TRIUMPHAL ARCH NEAR THE PRINCE'S PALACE

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN
Mutsuhito: born 1852, succeeded 1887THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN
Princess Haruko: married 1889CROWN PRINCESS OF JAPAN
Sadako: married May 10, 1900CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN
Yoshihito: born 1879TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE SAKURADA GATE
One of the entrances to the Emperor's PalaceA GREEN ARCH AT THE UENO RAILWAY STATION
The terminus of the Nippon Railway

The wedding of Yoshihito, the Crown Prince of Japan, and the Princess Sadako, which took place in Tokyo on May 10, was an occasion of the greatest enthusiasm, for the bridegroom, who was proclaimed Crown Prince in 1889, is very popular. He left the Aoyama Palace at 7.30 in the morning, and precisely at the same moment his bride, Princess Sadako, bade farewell to the home that has been hers for seventeen years. There were no fewer than

forty-two arches of evergreens on the route taken by the Prince and Princess, while flags floated on every side. The present Emperor, who is the 121st ruler of Japan, claims to be descended from Jimmu, whose dynasty was founded 660 B.C. From the twelfth century, however, the throne was held by various rulers until 1868, when the present Emperor came into his own again after a short war.

THE OUTLOOK ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS—By A. R. Ropes.

The situation in the Far East is not unlike that in the Far South. In both European forces are struggling forward over a hostile country, trying to keep up railway communications and to preserve order; in both the resistance is confused but persistent, and Pekin at the present must be a sort of highly-magnified image of the last days of Fretoria. Whether the murder of missionaries and converts will be followed by a wider massacre of Europeans will have been settled by the time these lines appear. It does not seem likely, for Russia is acting with the other Powers as yet; several of the foreigners killed were Belgians working on a railway specially promoted by Russia, and of the Power that has an army close at hand the Chinese have most potent dread. If, as is reported, the Chinese troops are ready to oppose the mixed force advancing from Tientsin on the capital, it is Russians and Cossacks as well as British marines who will face the Celestials. The Chinese soldiers will not make any distinctions, neither will the Europeans, with whom for the present are bracketed the Americans and the Japanese.

It is said that the anger of the lofty Chinese personages who support the "Boxers" is directed chiefly at British, Americans, and Japanese. This is natural enough. Russia asks for privileges rather than for progress, and is not intolerably modern; who says *tschinnomik* says mandarin? France lingers behind Russia, Germany, after one bite, lingers on the outskirts of the quarrel. But Anglo-Saxons and Japanese want not so much to rob the Sons of Heaven—which might be borne—as to reform him; which is not to be endured.

Port Arthur and such trifles are to the Chinese nature as the accidents; official corruption and crass conservatism are of its substance. The Celestial is not the only one who has fallen behind the march of the times, but he is the only

one who has adopted the modern conveniences and weapons not only grudgingly, but ineffectively, so that the latest breechloader is in his hands little more formidable than his old matchlock, and this dogged Orientalism differentiates him from other backward races; it is the unknown quantity which turns a mere Boer into a "Boxer."

For the present all that can be done is to protect life and property to some extent, and reduce rebellion to order. Fortunately, the Boxers have some courage but little skill, and have been routed by mere handfuls of Cossacks or British marines. But when order reigns in Pekin who else will reign there? The rule of the Dowager has been weighed and found wanting, but to find a substitute is not easy. The Emperor, if alive then, would be as before, well-meaning but weak. A foreign international agency would revive the Cretan trouble in an enormously worse form, for none of the Powers wanted Crete, whereas a good many want parts of China, and still more want others not to take too much. At present Russia, with her forces at Port Arthur, must necessarily furnish the chief part of the expeditionary forces; England, with her ships at hand, comes next. Still, for the purposes of communication the exact numbers do not count. But when the common action ends, what is going to happen?

There should be no danger of war if only the chief of the Powers concerned will formulate their demands and reserves. It might be immoral, but would be infinitely useful if Russia, Great Britain, and Japan in first line, the United States, France and Germany in second line, and the rest wherever they could get in, would state clearly what they want for them-

selves, the maximum and the minimum, in the way of territory and privileges, what they will not concede to others, even to avoid war, and what they are ready to bargain about. Then, if the Anglo-Saxon (informal) alliance and



AHMED TEWFIK PASHA
Minister for Foreign Affairs



TOURKHAN PASHA
Late Minister for Foreign Affairs

Two Turkish Celebrities

Japan could agree on a common statement of claims and objections, France and Russia could do the same, and Germany could act as umpire for a stipulated fee, to be paid out of the estate. Otherwise, just as in the Crimean case, we shall drift into a war that nobody wants. The Crimean War had results, indirect and unforeseen, that were possibly worth some of its waste of blood and treasure; it led on to the unification of Italy and Germany, and the emancipation of Hungary, by taking the great reactionary military Power out of the game for twenty years. There is now no such result to be obtained.

No other questions of importance seem to be agitating the world of foreign policy.

China is foreign policy at present. The Transvaal War, though possibly some way from its formal end, is dismissed from serious consideration already by general consent. Public opinion is chiefly impatient either with the victors for not knowing how to win a won game, or with the vanquished for not knowing when they are beaten. Already the war belongs essentially to the past; the Chinese question is the future, and a long and decidedly threatening future too. The Yellow Peril is not the Chinese Dragon himself, but as in the Nibelung story the jealousies and slaughters over the winning and holding of the Dragon's board.

For the present all nations, except, of course, the Chinese nation, seem to be animated by the best possible intentions. The matter in hand is to abate a nuisance, and possibly a dowager as well. For what immediately follows a British admiral and a Russian general ought to be able to manage well enough in agreement. But after the near future comes the trouble, and a failure to settle clearly what is wanted will mean, very probably, war.

SOME NOTABLE TURKS

Ahmed Tewfik Pasha, the Sultan's Minister for Foreign Affairs, is one of the ablest and one of the most experienced statesmen in the Ottoman Empire. He is sprung from an old Crimean family, and was originally destined for the army, but after attaining the rank of major and passing the equivalent of the Staff College he drifted into diplomacy. He has been Minister in Athens (where he married a Swiss lady), at Bucharest, and for more than ten years was Ambassador in Berlin, where he was a *persona grata* with the Kaiser. Tewfik Pasha presided over the Conference which settled the terms of peace after the recent Greek War, and by his tact did not a little to smooth over the acute differences which existed between Sir Philip Currie, M. Nelidoff, and the Baron Saurma Jeltch. Having served in Russia for many years the present Foreign Minister is well able to hold his own in diplomacy with the Czar's statesmen, and he may be well trusted to guide his country through the troubles which seem to threaten her at the hands of Muravieff. Tourkhan Pasha has held many important posts in the Turkish Administration, having been successively Minister in Madrid, Governor of Crete, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and more recently represented Turkey at the Hague Conference. It is an open secret that the Sultan was most anxious to appoint Tourkhan Ambassador to the Court of St. James's on the death of Rustem Pasha, but Sir Philip Currie gave it to be understood that a Mahomedan would not be acceptable; and so it happens that Great Britain, the most powerful Mahomedan Empire in the world, is the only country where Turkey is represented by a Christian.



THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA AND HIS FATHER

The Emperor is seated on the right of his father, Prince Chun, who was the seventh brother of the Emperor Hien-feng. The other child is the Emperor's brother.

MEN AND WOMEN

The selection of Sir Francis Plunkett as British Ambassador to the Court of Vienna in succession to Sir Horace Rumbold adds one more name to the roll of distinguished Irishmen at present before the public. This popular diplomat, who is a son of the ninth Earl of Fingall, has served all over the globe, and it is but fitting that his successful career should be rewarded by the bestowal of one of the blue ribbons of the service, which he entered at an early age and has served with such honour and distinction. As second secretary he served at St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Vienna, Berlin, Yedo and Washington; in 1877 he returned to St. Petersburg as first secretary, and later to Constantinople, where he served both with Mr. Goschen and the Marquis of Dufferin and Ave, a period he is wont to refer to as the most interesting he has ever experienced. His next move was Paris, and two years later witnessed his promotion, when he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to Japan, where he remained until 1888, when he was transferred to Stockholm, and in 1893 to Brussels, where he and Lady Plunkett have since enjoyed a wide-spread popularity. They will on their departure be sincerely missed by their Belgian, British, and American friends. Lady Plunkett, who is of American parentage, is a handsome brunette, with fascinating manners and much personal charm. She has mastered the difficult art of entertaining, and her soirées are amongst the most-sought-after entertainments in Brussels. Of her two daughters, the elder is married to Count Fersen-Gyldenstolpe, Swedish Minister to Belgium and the Hague, while Miss Marie Plunkett, who greatly resembles her mother, is a great favourite at the Belgian Court and also at that of the Netherlands, where she often appears under her sister's chaperonage. Until the birth of Lord Fingall's two little sons Sir Francis Plunkett was heir to his nephew, the eleventh Earl of Fingall, who now, like so many British peers, is amongst the volunteers at the front in South Africa.

Madame Yulisse, the young Canadian prima donna who sang at the Naval and Military Bazaar at Olympia this week, is of Scotch descent, the late Earl of Mar being a great-uncle. Like all Canadians she is a most ardent and patriotic Britisher, and takes pride in the fact that two relatives have lately given up their lives in our Empire's cause, whilst another is now serving with the Strathcona Horse. Madame Yulisse will make London her home for the present, and devote herself to concert singing. She is a pupil of the great Marchesi, and is a fine exponent of bravura music. Her voice is a pure soprano, exceedingly high.

The death of Mr. Leonard Collingridge, senior partner in the firm of W. H. & L. Collingridge, of the *City Press*, removes a friend of many engaged in the printing and allied trades, and also in journalism.

He was born in Olney, and accompanied his brother to the Cowper celebrations in that town last April. He was associated with the London Chamber of Commerce, and was on the committee of the Newspaper Society.

The late Dr. Julius Althaus was consulting physician to the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis. Born at Detmold, in Germany, in 1833, he was educated at the University at Bonn, studying medicine afterwards at Göttingen, Heidelberg, and Berlin. After much travel, in which he came under the influence of Charcot and other eminent specialists, he decided to settle in London, and in 1860 became a member of the Royal

however, help in the defence of Orleans against the Germans. His later years were spent quietly in his native country, and he died in Paris of pneumonia.

The death is announced of the Grand Duke Peter of Oldenburg at Rastade, some two miles from the city of Oldenburg. He came into his inheritance as Grand Duke in 1853. The house of Oldenburg is very nearly related to the Russian Imperial Family. In 1866 the Grand Duke became an ally of Prussia in her contest with Austria, thereby taking the shrewd part—a contrast to Hanover. He is succeeded by his son, Frederick August.

The leading spirit in the world of Greek finance to-day is John G. Psemazoglou, the managing director of the Athenian Bank. M. Psemazoglou has just made a donation of £4,000 to a club for commercial clerks at Athens, and in his speech on the occasion warmly recommended them to learn the English language. At a recent dinner in his honour he proposed the toast of the British Army.

The Rev. Joseph Odell is the President of the Primitive Methodist Conference now in session in the city of Bristol. He was born at Dunstable in the county of Bedfordshire on October 21, 1846, and has been in the ministry ever since his nineteenth birthday. For four years Mr. Odell was resident in Brooklyn, U.S.A. On his return he was located at Leicester, removing in 1885 to Birmingham. His best work has been done in the capital of the Midlands. The hall and institute which he has erected are the centres of a vigorous, social, recreative, philanthropic and religious work.

The Rev. Joseph T. Freeth, who presided over the General Conference of the New Church at Bath this week, is forty-eight years of age. His theological training was received from the Rev. R. R. Rodgers, of Birmingham, and was intended to prepare him for the work of the lay preacher. His first active duty began at Sparkbrook Mission, Birmingham, which has since developed into the Moseley New Church Society. In 1883 he was called to the pastorate of the Hull Society, and there he remained five years. In 1888 he removed to Bolton, where he is still engaged. He is a most able

and successful lecturer, and is in constant request both for literary and religious topics. He has been a member of the council of the New Church Sunday School Union for many years, having been its president for a year. He has filled many other offices of executive importance.

The senior wrangler of the year is Mr. Joseph Edward Wright, son of Mr. Joseph Wright of Park Road, Liverpool. He was born in Liverpool on January 6, 1878, and was educated at the Liverpool Institute. He is a scholar and prizeman of Trinity College and an enthusiast for chess.

There is always an interest in a woman who attains to mathematical distinction, and Miss W. M. Hudson, who was bracketed with the eighth wrangler, comes of a family of mathematicians, her brother, Mr. R. Hudson, having been senior wrangler in 1896, and her father third wrangler in 1861.



SIR FRANCIS PLUNKETT, G.C.M.G.
Her Majesty's Minister in Brussels



Mrs. YULISSE
The Canadian Prima Donna

College of Physicians. He specialised the diseases of the nervous system, and in 1866 founded the Regent's Park Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis. Dr. Althaus was physician to this hospital for twenty-eight years; he wrote many medical works, and was the acknowledged authority in England on the use of electricity in medical practice. His death at the age of sixty-seven will be widely regretted.

The death of the Prince de Joinville is a tremendous break with the past, for he was a son of King Louis Philippe. He was trained for a naval career, and

OBITUARY



THE GRAND DUKE PETER OF
OLDENBURG



PRINCE DE JOINVILLE
Son of King Louis Philippe



MR. LEONARD COLLINGRIDGE
Of the "City Press"



DR. J. ALTHAUS
The eminent neurologist

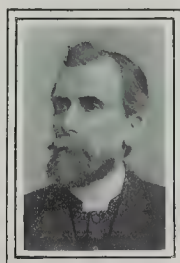
it formed a curious link between the Royalists and the Bonapartists that he should have been selected to proceed to St. Helena in 1840 to bring back to France the remains of Napoleon I. After the break-up of his father's monarchy in 1848 he spent a great deal of time in England. He went to the United States on the outbreak of the Secession War in 1861, and witnessed many of the battles of the North and South without actually participating. The Prince was keen on taking part in the Franco-German War, but was discouraged first by Napoleon III. and afterwards by the ex-convict of the Republic, which feared complications. He did actually,



J. G. PSEMAZOGLU
The Greek financier



REV. JOSEPH ODELL
President Primitive Methodist Conference



REV. JOSEPH FREETH
President New Church Conference at Bath



MISS W. M. HUDSON
Bracketed with the eighth Wrangler



MR. J. E. WRIGHT
Senior Wrangler of 1900

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THE CHINAMAN AT PEACE.



DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER

The Paris Exhibition, amid all the excitement of war and rumours of war, is quietly drawing together throngs of men and women of all nationalities. This scene, witnessed in the grounds, affords a dramatic contrast to the trouble which at the moment threatens the very existence of the Chinese Empire

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—Some of the Ships of the Allied Fleets.



H.M.S. "TERRIBLE" AT HONG KONG
Cheered by small boats on her arrival from South Africa



H.M.S. "DIADEM"
Being despatched to China from the Channel Squadron



THE RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR "ROSSIA"



THE CHINESE "HAI-TIEN"



THE JAPANESE "FUJI"



THE JAPANESE "ASAKI" (LEFT PORTSMOUTH FOR CHINA YESTERDAY)

"A PROPOSAL," PAINTED BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER

Exhibited at the New Gallery.



The Hon. John Collier is the second son of the first Lord Monkswell, who as Sir Robert Porrett Collier, M.P. for Plymouth, 1852-71, was elevated to the Peerage in 1885. Mr. Collier, who is just fifty, is married to a daughter of the late Professor Huxley. The motto of his family is "Persevere"

THE YELLOW PERIL—*What Peking looks like.*



A STREET IN PEKIN

J. Thomson



PEKIN FROM THE CITY WALL

J. Thomson

THE YELLOW PERIL—*What Peking looks like.*



J. Thomson

ONE OF THE CITY GATES THROUGH THE WALL OF PEKIN



J. Thomson

MANDARIN'S DWELLING IN PEKIN

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF CHINA

The Disastrous Domination of the Dowager.

Kwang-su, the rightful Emperor of China, though kept in "durance vile" by his strong-willed and bitterly anti-foreign aunt, the infamous Empress Dowager, succeeded to the throne in January, 1875.

He is the son of Prince Chun, otherwise known as the Seventh Prince because he is the seventh son of the Emperor Tau Kwang, who died in 1850. Prince Chun was younger brother of the Emperor Hsien-feng, who with his court fled from Peking on the approach of the allied armies of Great Britain and France, and died after a time at his country residence, Jeh-ho, or Waro Springs, eight days' journey from the capital, early in 1861.

Hsien-feng was succeeded by his only son, a boy of six years, who was placed under the guardianship of two Empresses, both wives of his father—the Empress of the East, a lady of high degree and quiet and gentle demeanour, and the Empress of the West, the present notorious Empress Dowager, a woman of low birth though of marked ability. She was an inferior wife, who owed her elevation only to the fact that she had become the mother of the young heir.

It was whispered that, although the Regents were supposed to be possessed of equal power, the late Emperor had distrusted his wily and ambitious secondary wife, and had left a private paper in the hands of the true Empress commanding that in cases of divergence of opinion the decision should always rest with her. For some years comparative harmony distinguished the relations between the two ladies, for the true Empress was a devout lady who did not interest herself in affairs of state, and allowed her colleague a free hand.

The Emperor Tung-chih attained his majority and was married in the year 1872 to Alutsh, the daughter of a member of the Imperial College, known as Duke Chung. Peking gossip declared that so anxious were the young bride's relatives to save her from the perilous honour that they placed rolls of wadding beneath her dress to give her the appearance of being deformed, when with a troop of other fair maidens she was ushered into the palace for inspection. But the Empress Dowager was not to be thus thwarted, and a notification was issued to the effect that although the Imperial bride had been afflicted with a slight deformity, it had been removed by the skill of the court physician, and she was now of so graceful a form and so fair a face it was clearly Heaven's will she should be promoted to the high position of Empress of China.

Within two years of the wedding Tung-chih died of small-pox, though many believed that his mother, the present Empress Dowager, was not guiltless of his death as she had very unwillingly and tardily yielded up to him the reins of power. His young wife a few days after departed this life. It was announced she died of grief, but palace rumour declared she died from starvation by order of the Empress Dowager, who feared complications might arise if she were allowed to live.

It now became necessary to choose a new Emperor. The Empress Dowager has a liking for youthful princes, over whom she can exercise her gentle rule, and it was decided by a council summoned by the Imperial lady that the child before mentioned (born 1875) as son of the seventh prince, should ascend the throne. His name was Tsai-tien, but as Chinese Emperors are known not by their own name, but by a title or reign name, he received the designation of

Kwang-su, or "An Inheritance of Glory." It immediately became necessary according to Chinese ideas that the newly-selected Emperor's father should retire into private life, since it was considered impossible for a father to do homage to his own son.

After some years a difference of opinion arose between the two Empresses, and for the first time the true wife of Hsien-feng, who usually acted the part of a lay figure only, presented to her strong-willed colleague the secret document that gave her the power of decision in any important matter. People who watch the affairs of that home of mystery, the Forbidden City, took note of the fact that the Empress of the East did not long survive this declaration of her superior power, and that as in the case of other Imperial personages who crossed the will of the present Empress Dowager, Hsien-feng's true wife soon became "a guest on high."

In due time the Emperor Kwang-su was married to a lady selected for him for personal

since they were quite capable of managing these things for him. But Kwang-su sent a peremptory message to his conservative Ministers informing them that he intended himself to manage the affairs of the Empire. Two students of the Imperial College, of which Dr. Martin was president, were chosen as his instructors in English, and the Emperor is said to have obtained a very fair knowledge of it.

During recent years Kwang-su has on various occasions exhibited interest in foreign affairs to the annoyance of the Empress Dowager. All through the year 1898 China was startled and amazed by a series of edicts issued from the Throne by the Emperor Kwang-su, showing that at last that *vera avis* had arisen in China, a ruler who was desirous of his Empire's good, and wished to see it awaking from the sleep of ages, and starting on the highway of progress. One edict announced that every subject who had any invention or discovery he thought likely to prove useful to the Empire might send in petitions

with explanations regarding it to the Throne direct. Another decreed that Buddhist temples were henceforth to be turned into free schools and halls of learning, and many other edicts of a similar nature were issued in the Emperor's name. Prizes were offered by Imperial authority for the best essays on how China might best benefit by the assimilation of foreign ideas. One of these prizes was gained by the brilliant young scholar Tan, son of the Governor of Hupeh and Hunan; and among the reforms he suggested in his essay was the introduction into China of the religion of the West, Christianity. Tan, with six companions, some of the brightest spirits in the Reform party, were hastily beheaded by order of the enraged Dowager in September, 1898, immediately after the deposition of Kwang-su. "I do not regret dying for my country," were Tan's last words, "for no great reforms have ever taken place in any land without the shedding of blood. For every head that falls to-day thousands more will arise to carry on the cause of reform and work for the deliverance of China."

Ever since it has been clearly evident that no real reforms can take place while the Empress Dowager and her satellites remain in power. It is well known that she intended to put the Emperor to death after the *comp. d'Etat* of 1898, but the fortunate circumstance of the accidental presence of the British fleet in the Gulf of Pechili, and the rumour that if the Emperor's death were announced the British would

bombard the Taku forts and Tientsin and march upon Peking, induced the Empress's advisers to persuade her to give up her favourite habit of putting to death those who crossed her plans, and instead to keep the rightful ruler of China in close confinement on the pretence that his health was in a precarious state.

More than once Peking rumour has declared that the Emperor has made the attempt to escape to the British Legation, but he has always been stopped at the gates of the Forbidden City, and his attached servants have nearly all suffered death for their faithfulness to him and been replaced by men sent by the Empress. It is certainly wonderful that after nearly two years of semi-starvation and confinement under the tender mercies of a woman so cruel as the Empress Dowager, Kwang-su should still be in the land of the living.

On account of his sympathy with his young Imperial master his former tutor, Weng-tung-ho, who this week made public an appeal, avowedly



THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA AND HIS FATHER.

reasons by his attentive aunt—a lady who was so distasteful to him, court rumour declared, that he forbade her ever to enter his presence.

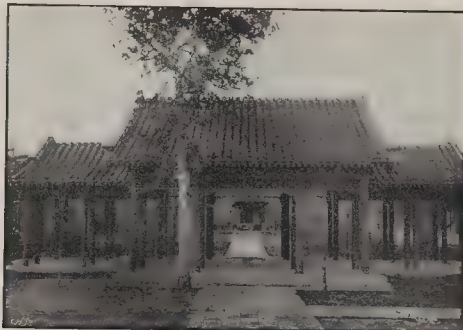
As a child his portrait shows him a bright sturdy-looking little fellow, but his training was carried on according to the unique ideas of the Empress Dowager upon plans not calculated to produce robust health. He was constantly while still a child awakened from sleep at dawn to be trained to official etiquette and the management of state affairs; and he was kept at his books from morning to night.

As he grew older the young Emperor expressed a desire to know something about Western nations and their literature. He requested his Ministers to secure for him some instructors of the English language in order the better to conduct relations between China and foreign nations. This was nearly ten years ago. The Chinese Ministers replied that it was quite unnecessary for His Imperial Highness to trouble himself with the paltry affairs of the outside nations,



CHINESE MILITARY MANDARIN VISITING AN OUTPOST

J. Thomson



ENTRANCE TO THE FRENCH LEGATION, PEKIN

J. Thomson

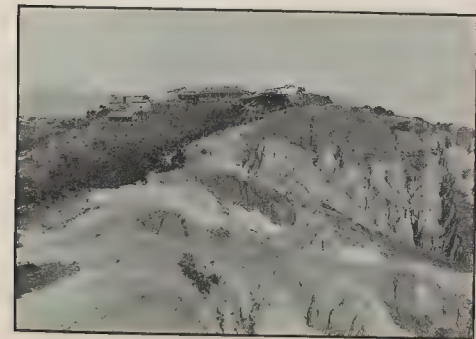
OUR LATEST CHINESE ACQUISITION

In view of the crisis special interest attaches to Kowloon, the recently-acquired territory on the Chinese mainland, opposite to Hong

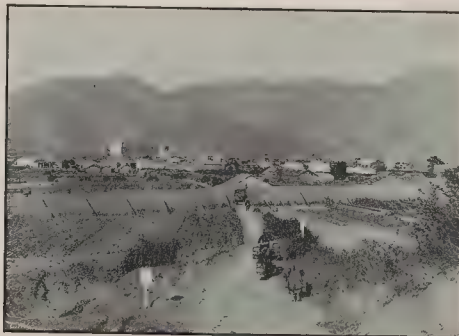
Kong. The British Government has of recent years been taking steps to provide more adequate means of defence for the island of Hong Kong, which is a naval and military station of very great importance to this country, by which it has been held since 1841. The situation of the island at the mouth of the Canton River makes its ownership by us of paramount importance, and it was therefore a successful stroke of diplomacy which secured a ninety-nine years' lease from July, 1898, of nearly 400 square miles of the Kowloon Peninsula, in addition to the strip (not quite three square miles) constituting the extremity, which has been British territory since 1861. The convention extending the British boundary and adding, approximately, 100,000 persons to the population of the British Empire, was signed June 9, 1898. The photographs reproduced show Kowloon City, now taken possession of by Great Britain, together with the old Customs House and gateway, and the old bamboo boundary fence, formerly patrolled by Chinese customs officers. The country consists largely of granite hills, between which run well-irrigated valleys, where the natives raise the rice and vegetables which form their chief food. A regiment of native Chinese has been formed by the British military authorities, and our sergeant-instructors are, it is said, turning the Heathen Chinese into a very creditable soldier. Indeed, the native regiment has already done good work in suppressing rebellion in the Celestial Empire. For many years we had used Kowloon (which lies in the province of Kwangtung) as a sanitarium for our troops, while many colonists had villas.



KOWLOON PENINSULA, SHOWING THE OLD BOUNDARY FENCE



CUSTOMS OFFICERS' BUNGALOW



THE CUSTOMS FENCE AND GATEWAY

Kowloon, our new territory near Hong Kong

from the Emperor, to the Foreign Powers, was banished from Peking. The most progressive spirits in the Empire and all who have received a Western education or have had dealings with foreigners dwell in terror of their lives. For years the autocratic lady who has so long usurped the throne of China has chafed against the incoming tide of Western reform. She has been wily enough at times to yield a little in order to blind foreign Ministers with an appearance of friendliness, as when on two occasions she received in audience the wives of the foreign Ministers, and showered presents upon them. But in her secret heart she hates the Western nations and all their ways. She has chafed against the acquisition of territory by the Powers, and was highly pleased when the general deputed to scatter the Long Sword rebels in the Shan-tung province declared that the better plan would be for the Imperial troops to unite with the Long Swords and Boxers and drive the foreigners out of the land. He was recalled—and promoted.

Early in the spring of this year the Empress thought she saw her way to providing against future emergencies by selecting an heir-apparent to the throne. She fixed on the son of Prince Tuan, who is said to be very anti-foreign in his ideas, and ordered that Imperial honours should be paid him.

Early in the year, when advised by some of her Ministers that this was a favourable time to allow the Boxers a free hand in their work as "loyal subjects," the Empress inquired, it is said, "But what will Great Britain say?" "Great Britain need no longer be taken into account," replied her wise counsellors, "she has been severely beaten, and her armies scattered in Africa." So the lady of Peking determined to carry out the plans which have brought China into its present state of chaos.

A CHINESE RESIDENT FOR
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

A STATUE TO FRANZ HALS



THE STATUE TO FRANZ HALS
Just unveiled at Haarlem

The unveiling of the statue of the great Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, Franz Hals, was made the occasion of splendid fêtes at Haarlem on the 14th inst., the young Queen and her mother being present at the ceremony.

Many are the fine monuments which Holland has proudly erected to her celebrated men, and it was only fit that that of Franz Hals should have a place among them, even though it is not quite certain if Haarlem can justly claim to be his birthplace. He was, however, descended from a well-known and highly-respected family of that city, and his parents having fallen on evil times fled to Antwerp to escape the effects of the war against the Spaniards in 1579, where Hals was probably born in 1584. He, however, spent nearly all his life in Haarlem, and the town therefore gladly considers him among her many gifted children, and there the largest number of his works are collected. Franz Hals was not only remarkable for the life he put into his compositions, the breadth of his treatment, and the purity of his colouring, but he also had a reputation in the town in which he lived as a *bon vivant* with a most pronounced taste for strong drinks. It was in the taverns which he often frequented that he saw the scenes which he depicted with so much skill. Franz Hals was most unhappy in his married life, his wife being a woman of miserly nature who made his home very unhappy, while she robbed his pupils in every possible way.



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND AT HAARLEM
Speaking at the unveiling of the statue of Franz Hals

With little inducement to remain at home Hals, as years went on, spent more and more time drinking, and when Van Dyck, passing through Haarlem, went incognito to have his portrait painted by him, Franz Hals had to be fetched from a drinking bout, a task which fell to his pupils every evening.

The Queen and her mother were received on their arrival by the Governor of the province (North Holland) and the municipal authorities, and drove to the pavilion erected for them close to the new statue. Queen Wilhelmina wore a light green dress, with hat of the same colour, and carried a white parasol, while her mother wore a gown of lilac colour. The young Queen herself unveiled the monument, which is a fine work by the Dutch sculptor Scholz, and represents the painter standing palette and brush in hand. Allegorical figures adorn the base. After the ceremony Her Majesty made a graceful little speech in honour of Franz Hals, and inspected the statue, placing wreaths tied with the national colours, red, white and blue, at the foot. The German Ambassador, on behalf of all the foreign embassies, made a speech and brought a wreath, ornamented with the German black, white and red, with the words "From the German Emperor, homage to Franz Hals." The burgomaster and the great Dutch marine painter, H. W. Mesdag, contributed palm leaves, the former representing the town and the latter the artists of Holland. The pathway of the Queens on their way to and from the statue was strewn with flowers by twenty-seven young girls dressed in the national colours.

The Queens then adjourned to the town hall, where after luncheon a magnificent procession passed before them. Among the most striking



ASHANTI SCHOOL CHILDREN WITH THEIR TEACHER

of the historical cars was one containing a group of quiet players in the time of Franz Hals, copied from the well-known picture of Jan Steen painted in 1696, which hangs in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam. Another represented the studio of Franz Hals, after the picture of his pupil Joh. Berckheyde, showing his pupils, Dirk Hals, F. Hals, Fz. Harmen Hals, D. van Deelen, Pieter Molijn, Gerrit van Berckheyde, as well as Joh. Berckheyde himself grouped round an easel. Franz Hals was naturally the central figure among these, and was to be seen speaking with Ph. Wouvermans, another of those great Dutch painters whom this town claims as her son.

The procession over, the Queens visited the principal room in the museum, where hang the Corporation and Regent pictures of Franz Hals. Then followed a concert in the "Groote Kerk," the ancient church of St. Bavo, which has recently been restored. Here a cantata entitled "Homage to Franz Hals" was performed, the musical service ending with the singing of Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus. The young Queen and her mother were welcomed everywhere with the warmest demonstrations of loyalty.

THE COST OF THE WAR IN LIVES

The war has cost us, so far as actual battle has been concerned, as follows:-

	Killed	Wounded	Captured
October	214	588	800
November	329	1,167	118
December	161	1,649	1,117
January	370	1,594	324
February	715	4,723	308
March	314	697	1,095
April	194	609	712
May	111	157	146
	2,957	10,894	4,608

THE CRISIS IN KUMASI



SIR FREDERIC HODGSON
Governor of the Gold Coast

We have been too busy with South Africa, and are likely to be too much engrossed with China, to pay more than a secondary attention to the rising in Ashanti, and yet a number of our fellow-countrymen are still imprisoned in Kumasi, including Sir Frederic Hodgson, the Governor of the Gold Coast, his wife, eighteen officials, six missionaries, and other Englishmen; and they are waiting eagerly for the relief column which has started from Cape Coast Castle to Kumasi, 104 miles away. Several officers have now been killed in the attempt to relieve the capital, and several have been wounded. Sir Frederic Hodgson is said to have been somewhat indiscreet, for on March 31, five days after his arrival in Kumasi, he sent a detachment of the constabulary to search for the Golden Stool.

At the present moment there are several Ashantis in Europe. They came over a few months ago and resided chiefly in Holland. After a visit to the Paris Exhibition they will return to their country. The founder of the Ashanti school is Mr. Sampon A. Hammond, an Ashanti himself, who speaks English, French, and German fluently. He instructs the children in English, singing, and arithmetic. The chief, Adjaye, watches over the morality of the girls of his band, who marry at the age of twelve or thirteen. They perform national dances. The male Ashantis are skilled handicraftsmen, chiefly silversmiths, carpet-weavers, and carvers in copper, wood, coconut, and ivory.



LADY HODGSON
Now besieged in Kumasi

WOMAN'S SPHERE

LAST Sunday morning found me studying dress in the Park and comparing it with similar efforts sartorial as seen in Paris a few days previously. French women certainly know how to put their things on; they study detail more than we do, have a far better carriage, and,



LINEN MORNING GOWN

moreover, have learnt to perfection the management of the trailing skirt. In Paris one sees little else but foulards, blue and red for choice; indeed, the latter colour is very popular at the moment both in suits and cloth, the latter very fashionable for the three-quarter long sacque strapped driving coats. Red millinery, too, is much in evidence; low and flat in appearance are the majority of the hats and very simple in construction; flowers, fruit, tulle, and ribbon, alone and combined, being the favoured trimmings. Many of the smartest women choose for every-day wear rustic straws trimmed with black taffetas ribbon, and black taffetas skirts with pretty embroidered shirts are donned in the morning also. High belts are the latest fad, made of white or coloured silk elastic, plain or studded with steel or jet *cloux*, and the broad buckles in jet and steel, gilt, enamel, or other *bijouterie*, are many of them works of art. For example, I saw a pretty blue and white spotted cambric shirt fastening over to the left side under a double scalloped edge, the under one of white cambric, which finish was observant on collar and cuffs. With this was to be worn a high belt of blue silk elastic studded with tiny steel *sabochons* or nails, fastening with broad buckle of white saddle set in steel. Charming blouses in white muslin and lace, in white silk tucked in a variety of designs, and in black mousseline de soie striped with white were all accompanied by this latest novelty in belts in harmonising coloured *tissu élastique* and buckle.

LACE dresses there as here are very fashionable; so, too, are voiles and *crêpe de soie* gowns; but muslins and painted gauzes, except for race wear, are rarely seen, unless the wearer is an American. I was having *déjeuner* at the Ritz one hot day, and the most envied of our party was a pretty American woman dressed in the coolest of white muslin frocks, having frilled elbow sleeves and a slightly low-cut full bodice finished with a frilled fichu, and ceinture of pink gauze. Another member had

donned a charmingly fresh-looking gown of pale blue *étoile*; the skirt arranged in tiny pleats round the hips was outlined at the hem with a narrow band of the new piqué and fine cord embroidery, which was used very effectively on the pouched bolero bodice with its drawn ceinture of blue taffetas. These linen gowns are one of Dame Fashion's happiest inventions, and I would counsel all my readers to provide themselves with one for seas de wear. There is, however, nothing in the way of dress or dress fabrics so far as I could see that Peter Robinson of Regent Street, W., cannot supply one with; indeed, one of the leading *couturiers* in Paris acknowledged that all their best models are now on view in England, so that there is no possible excuse for us to spend our money outside our native country. By the way, before I go farther let me draw attention to the neatest of sale catalogues which the above firm have just issued, and which will be sent post free to any applicant. The coming weeks will be given over to sales, but I can promise both the ordinary purchaser and the bargain-hunter some excellent investments in silks, muslin, voiles, *crêpe de chine*, and other fabric robes at Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, summer sale, which commences next Monday, July 2, and lasts throughout the month. The reductions are more substantial than ever I remember them, and genuine; and for the satisfaction of one of my correspondents this week—a matron in search of a "new silk mantle at a moderate price"—I may remark that at this sale will be found twenty of these wraps, trimmed with lace and jet, reduced from 5½ and 8 guineas to 3½ guineas; and to suit another inquirer, there are some lovely opera cloaks and capes, all priced considerably below their original value. Furs, evening and day costumes, and blouses and shirts have all succumbed to the sale fever, and it is actually possible to procure the loveliest of chiffon evening blouses now for a guinea, and a muslin and lace slip for 5s. 11d., and these latter are likely to be as fashionable next year as this. A length or two of silk, either taffetas or foulards, also may be profitably bought and put aside if not required for immediate wear.

THE influence of the Directoire period is shown in many of the latest model toilettes, as instanced by the boleros, the high ceintures *en corselet*, and the collars of these boleros, which are all indicative of the end of those revolutionary times. One dress in the Park which was very noticeable as emphasising this feature was in pale beige canvas trimmed with Cluny lace, the bolero coat with two long tails reaching to the edge of the skirt being of vieux rose brocade, and having a crossed vest entirely of the lace. With this striking costume was worn a black picture Trianon hat of tulle with jetted butterfly and not a touch of colour. Among the many foulard dresses the palm must be given to one in black and white, the skirt and bodice of which were trimmed with diamond-patterned *motifs* of black Chantilly. The corsage blouse had a vest of black lace over white chiffon, and the toque was a smart collaboration of black lace and white tulle, the toilette completed with a black net skirt edged with white *bêbe* velvet. A very pretty hat donned by a tall, fair girl in white muslin was of coarse fancy pink straw with low crown simply wreathed with pink roses and their foliage, and a wrap which pleased my modest eye was of black glacé silk, semi-fitting, lined with turquoise *crêpe de chine* and trimmed with finely *plissé* ruffings of the silk and lace. It was carelessly worn, and through the opening down the front I saw a fascinating vest of white lisse with *entre-deux* of black Valenciennes and a high belt of black taffetas. The somewhat cloudy morning had brought out several attractive alpaca and voile gowns; of the former honours are reserved for one having the bolero covered to simulate tucks with the narrowest black velvet ribbon and chenille, and revers backed with appliques of vieux Venice.

DRESS linings have occupied my attention this week, for believe me they are matters of great importance, whether the gown be an evening one of scintillating gauze or a replica of that pretty linen morning gown which has been specially designed for us and is intended to be carried out in pale tan with the new g pure embroidery; it has a separable lining of fine soft blue alpaca. Then, not one but several foundations mark the newest evening skirts, and these are chosen in coloured chiffons and silk in order to give an opalescent effect through the skirt proper. A dress of pink chiffon, for instance, has three linings—first one of blue chiffon, then a second of mauve, and the third of pink soft satin.

AN extremely beautiful gown just created in palest lemon tinted voile has the loveliest of mauve dotted foulard lining. I must describe this dress in detail as it will grace the lawn at the forthcoming royal garden party at Buckingham Palace, and for which 3,000 invitations have been issued. The skirt of our gown under consideration is quite novel and very becoming; the back—long, of course—is arranged in several medium-width box pleats, and these meet on either side a broad band covered with guipure which finishes at the knee, and from beneath which a finely-pleated kilt as it were of the

material adds width and grace to the skirt, the front of which is perfectly plain. Small pleats back and front distinguish the bodice, which has a priceless round collar of old point on the shoulders, edging *en soie* finishing the *plissé* fronts, which meet a front and chemise of finely-drawn mousseline de soie. *Motifs* of the vieux point are arranged on the pointed cuffs of the plain but loosely-fitting sleeves, and the narrow ceinture is of white mousseline, finishing with a coquettish three-looped bow at the side. The hat which will accompany this chic gown is a fawn jeddah straw trimmed with lemon-coloured taffeta and white tulle; very unassuming, but I warrant that it will hold its own amongst an array of the more elaborate confections which will grace the august occasion.

AMONG the forthcoming events in the social world of interest to women is the annual garden party at Stafford House which the Duchess of Sutherland is giving on July 6 for the encouragement of the Highland industries, in which she takes so great an interest. At the same time a sale of homespuns and Harris tweeds and hand-knitted stockings will take place. The gardens at Stafford House are delightful, and the house is full of countless treasures; these will, I am sure, lure many a purchaser of those homespuns, which, if rumour be true, are to fashion some of the smartest sportswomen's gowns this autumn and winter.

OF dresses I have written much, but have hitherto neglected to speak of such alluring garments as tea sacques, which after all are so indispensable to our comfort in summer-time.

ONE such, and of the daintiest description, is here illustrated, made of white or figured muslin and lace. The upper part simulates the bolero, and is tucked and trimmed with lace insert on, while below the material hangs rather full and has narrow tucks at intervals, finished with lace, a cascade of the same edging each front; the sleeves are very pretty and match the bolero, while the throat is enriched with folded band of the muslin with lace jabot and frill. I shall be delighted to inform any reader where such a



TEA SACQUE

garment can be obtained and its probable cost, or to name a firm or dressmaker who will carry out any of the designs which appear in these columns.

ANGELA.

ANGELA will be delighted to reply by post to all correspondents on questions concerning dress, home decoration, or matters of interest to women, if the query be accompanied by a stamped envelope. Letters should be addressed to her, care of the Editor, THE SPHERE.

THE OUTLOOK ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS—By A. R. Ropes.

It is just as well that we are living in the nineteenth (some say the twentieth) century, and not in the fifteenth or sixteenth. Otherwise the sudden death of Count Mouravieff and the unfortunate illness of the Khedive

The unanimous selection of Mr. McKinley as candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and of Roosevelt, the rough-rider, for the Vice-presidency, is a sufficient guarantee that the United States is not going to back out of

Imperial responsibilities. For it seems generally agreed that the Democratic candidate, whether Mr. Bryan or another, will have very little chance of election. Troops are going from Manila to China to meet the British naval brigade, and the Sikhs and Bengal Lancers, the Cossacks, and the sturdy Japanese infantry. Nothing quite so miscellaneous will have been seen since the army of Xerxes invaded Europe. Europe now returns the compliment on Asia, and takes half Asia with her in the struggle.

The world, occupied with China, has almost forgotten South Africa; and the combatants seem to have agreed to humour the

world. Probably a division will soon be withdrawn to fill up the gaps in the Indian army left by the Chinese expedition.

It is one comfort of the bad Eastern business that it has stopped the continental assault



CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION IN VIENNA
The Kaiser's carriage

would have been attributed to hostile poison. Perfidious Albion, indeed, was notoriously unskilled in this necessary art of Spanish and Italian statesmanship. But a more typical case of what in bygone days would have been recorded as poisoning could not have been imagined than the death of Mouravieff. A powerful and able Minister, carrying out an aggressive and ambitious policy, and having bitter rivals at home and enemies abroad, breakfasts in apparently perfect health, takes a cup of coffee, and before he has finished it he falls and dies. It says a great deal for the progress of morality—and scientific knowledge—that no one has so far suggested that Lord Salisbury or M. de Witte, the supposed rival of the late Count, had put anything in the coffee.

Indeed, at the present crisis it would have done no rival any good to get Mouravieff out of the way. The carving up of China into concessions and spheres of influence, begun by Germany, continued by Russia, France and England, has roused the yellow race at last. Russian sailors and soldiers have been killed and wounded at Tientsin and the Taku forts. If the anarchy at Peking has ended in massacre, if Admiral Seymour has suffered loss, Russians will have perished along with British and American missionaries, sailors and marines, German diplomats, Belgian engineers, and French priests and nuns. It is the West, together with the occidentalised Japanese, that is opposed to the last rally of the bigoted, conservative, exclusive East. The conflict can only have one end. From the point of view of the Chinese, as from that of the Boers, there is much to be said against the interference of the pushing progressive races with the sluggishness and corruption in which both feel entirely at home. But as the world is too small for a hundred thousand retrograde peasants to be allowed to monopolise a vast country, so it is too small for three or four hundred millions to be allowed to shut in their lands with a brazen wall against the foreigner. Tientsin must be relieved or recaptured, Peking occupied; and then?

It is not a harsh thing to say of the Russian statesman just dead that his death materially improves the prospects of peace. He was patriotic, indeed, as Russian patriotism goes; but he was overfond of the Oriental methods of some Russian diplomacy, and in word and in deed was generally regarded as entirely unscrupulous. It is hardly doubtful that his plans were directed against British influence, and that he would have been glad enough to see France help Russia to some Chinese chestnuts by burning her own fingers in the Transvaal. The mixed alliance now trying to restore order in the Far East is far more likely to hold together now that a statesman rather feared or admired than trusted is gone.

And the respite, while the alliance of Europe, the United States, and Japan, is crushing the Boxers and their official backers, may be devoted by the diplomats to settling the bases of a permanent arrangement, whether for immediate or ultimate partition and protection of various districts. There is no necessity for a war over China. The partition may be difficult, but hardly so difficult as that of Africa or of the Niger regions. Yet in these there has been no war, near as a conflict has seemed at times.

The proposal to move the capital of China away south from Peking to Nankin has much to recommend it. It is said that the Russians would object. But why should they? They could exercise as much legitimate influence at Nankin as at Peking; and all other influence is more dangerous than profitable. The Tartar dynasty of China has drawn the Chinese masses with it in a desperate revolt against foreign interference; let the foreigners retaliate by restoring the rule to a Chinese city.

CORPUS CHRISTI DAY IN VIENNA

Corpus Christi Day. Who has not read of it in the early morning hours in order to have a good view, and at certain distances are erected altars at which the Kaiser will kneel and pray in the presence of the people. At last come the archdukes. Their carriages with glass panels are drawn by six white horses; and finally, just to the minute—for the Kaiser is always punctual—Franz Josef drives up in the Imperial state coach drawn by eight greys, and through the glass panels we have a good view of the Emperor-King with the Archduke Franz Ferdinand sitting by his side. The cathedral is at last entered and we patiently wait for mass to be over.

Mass over, the procession is formed. Almost at the last comes the Kaiser in his general's uniform and bareheaded, walking slowly and reverently behind the baldachin which hides the Cardinal and Prince-Archbishop. What an impressive scene it is as the soldiers fall down on their knees as their Emperor passes by and the acolytes burn the incense. The Kaiser kneels at the altar, the bells ring, a short prayer is said, and again the procession starts slowly and solemnly on its way. The principal streets of the city are passed, again the cathedral is entered, prayers are said, the state carriages are drawn up before the cathedral doors, and last of all comes that of the Kaiser, who enters it and drives away. The lungs of the crowd expand, and loud cheers are uttered, the national hymn is played, carriage after carriage drives away, and all is over. There has not been a hitch in the arrangements, the crowd disperses quietly, and the gay, pleasure-loving Viennese seek some other distraction.



THE LATE COUNT MOURAVIEFF
The Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs. Died suddenly at St. Petersburg on June 27, aged 55

on Perfidious Albion and the British diatribes against Russian treachery. Even Albion does not intrigue for the murder of her own missionaries nor does Russia plot the death of her own soldiers. The Powers are honest enough in their work—first of preservation, then of punishment.



PRESIDENT LOUBET VISITING THE GREAT BRITAIN SECTION AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION (June 27)

THE GRAPHIC

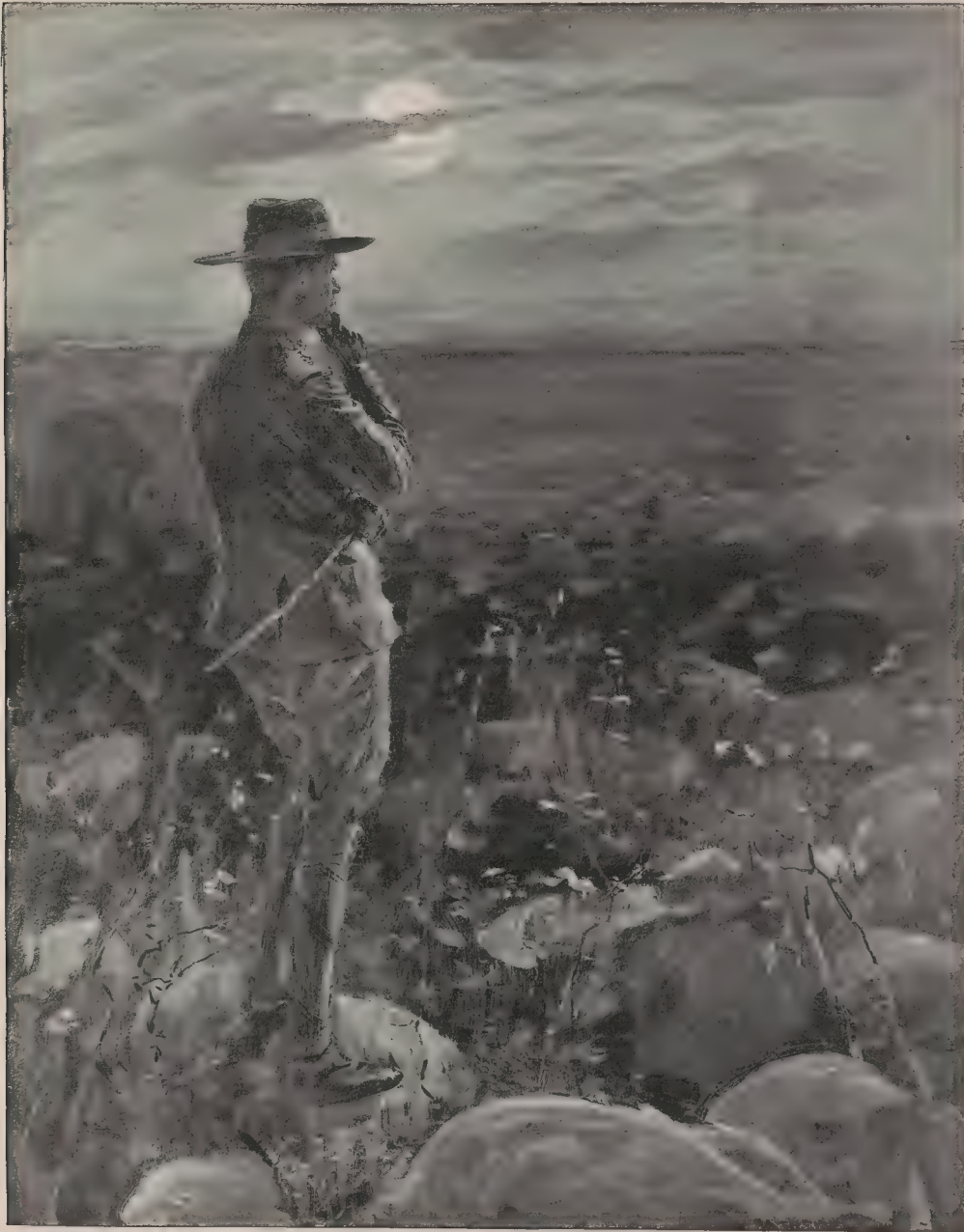
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DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MAJOR F. D. BAILLIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORN'G POST"

"The Wolf who never sleeps" is the name by which the Kaffirs know Lieut.-General Baden-Powell, and certainly the Boers never caught him napping. Supervising everything in the beleaguered town, and finding time to encourage and cheer his men, he yet seemed to spend his life on the look-out, and no

plan of attack made by the Boers ever took him by surprise. At night he was to be seen wandering on the veldt gazing into the enemy's camp, and gaining thereby a knowledge of their movements.

"B.-P.'S" VIGIL: A LAST LOOK ROUND AT NIGHT IN MAFEKING

Topics of the Week

The Yellow Peril

LITTLE by little the true nature of the Chinese crisis is beginning to dawn on the strangely absent-minded nations of the West. That we are at last confronted by the long-propheesied uprising of the Yellow Man, in his hundreds of millions, is obviously not a fact; but that a very serious attempt is being made to bring about this peril, and that the attempt has been long in contemplation and preparation, seems beyond dispute. Mr. Holt Hallett, in a letter to the *Times* last week, quoted an edict of the Tsung-li-Yamen to prove that the present trouble was no mere accident but the result of instructions deliberately issued by the Chinese Government. A writer in the July *Fortnightly Review* carries the case against the Dowager-Empress and her reactionary advisers a good many steps further, and shows that there has been a regular conspiracy against the "Foreign Devils" ever since the *coup d'état* of 1898. In face of the evidence there quoted it is impossible to doubt that the assumption of power by the Dowager-Empress was not merely to put an end to the reforming policy of her nephew, but to organise the resources of the Empire with a view to establishing once for all the position of China among the Great Powers. The armaments which followed the *coup d'état*, and of which, hitherto, we have heard little, the arrogant and inflammatory decrees issued by the Empress and the Tsung-li-Yamen, and finally the "Boxer" movement, with its transparent official promptings, leave no doubt on this point. The wonder is that the development of the conspiracy attracted so little notice outside the columns of the Treaty Port newspapers. One would have thought that the large commercial interests acquired by the Powers in China during the last few years would have rendered them peculiarly sensitive to even the most carefully hidden signs of a movement which was so clearly calculated to imperil all their enterprises and the lives of the many men employed in prosecuting them. It is true that the very madness of the idea seemed to stamp it as improbable. On the other hand, the evidence of its existence was solid enough, not merely in the shape of manifestoes of secret societies, but in memorials and edicts of responsible princes and statesmen. Even now we scarcely know the real proportions of the danger we have to meet. For the moment the conflict is confined to a very small area of the Empire, but the Powers have been taken by surprise, and it is not easy for them to bring their strength to bear quickly and effectively. How a temporary success of the Reactionaries may affect the rest of the Empire no one can tell. There must be few Chinamen who do not bear a bitter grudge against the European for the humiliations to which their country has been subjected for years past, and if they see a chance of getting even with him they will probably not scruple to avail themselves of it. Against this danger every effort must be directed.

The Settlement in South Africa

THE public mind is gradually grasping the idea that if there is to be permanent peace in South Africa the British-born population must be very largely increased. Among the most popular proposals for securing this increase is the suggestion that the soldiers who are on service in South Africa should be invited to settle in the country, upon the Government undertaking to bring out their families to them or to assist them with capital. The idea is excellent, and probably the only objection will come from the Treasury, which nearly always objects to any expenditure that has not behind it an unbroken tradition of official red tape. In this case, however, it seems likely that even the Treasury officials will realise that settlers are cheaper than soldiers, and that it is better to spend 10,000,000 to-day in helping time-expired soldiers to turn their swords into ploughshares, than to spend 100,000,000 twenty years hence in sending a new generation of British soldiers to shoot down a new generation of Boer rebels. The mere expenditure of money will not, however, solve the problem. It is necessary to consider most carefully in what districts and on what conditions Government settlements should be encouraged, and the settlers themselves will have to be selected with considerable care. Farming is the industry on which most thoughts are at present concentrated, but it is certain that there will also be a demand for skilled labour in many other industries. On military grounds, if on none other, the railway system of South Africa must be very greatly extended, and there is certain to be a demand for railway employes and for skilled mechanics in the repairing shops. There is also talk of the establishment of a Government Arsenal in South Africa for the manufacture of small arms and ammunition. This is an idea which has often been urged from the point of view of the general defence of the Empire, for occasions might easily arise when serious inconvenience would be caused by the necessity of sending to Woolwich for rifles and cartridges. Finally, there are very considerable mineral resources in South Africa which as yet are quite undeveloped, so that it is not farmers only who will be wanted when the country begins to settle down.

The Dominion of Australia

AMONG Mr. Chamberlain's many diplomatic achievements, none, we surmise, ranks higher in his own mind than the ready acceptance by the Australian Colonies of the amended Commonwealth Bill. At one time it looked as if the difficulties would prove insurmountable, and that would certainly have come to pass had the negotiations been in less patient hands. Happily, the Colonial Secretary, feeling convinced that there must be some way out of the tangle, never lost heart, but sought for alternatives for the "no surrender" attitude taken up by both sides on both sides. Now that the controversy is at an end, it is easy to say that with such hearty good-will between the Mother Country and her lusty offspring, even diplomatic bungling could not have long hindered the gratification of a desire in which both participated so far as fundamental principle went. But even the closest friends sometimes quarrel seriously over what appears to other people as trivialities, and it is to Mr. Chamberlain's credit that, thanks to his adroitness, the wrangling never acquired a grave character. Australia has thus reached at last the same political status as Canada obtained when her several divisions agreed to unite in a federation. Such marked benefits have resulted to the Dominion from that unification of resources that Newfoundland, which stood aloof, is now anxious to join, and it seems a safe prophecy that within a very few years New Zealand will similarly throw in her lot with the Dominion of the Southern Cross, and thus smooth the way for that grandest of all schemes, the Federation of the British Empire.

The Presidential Election.

THE unexpected has so frequently occurred at elections of American Presidents that it would be most unsafe as yet to predict victory for either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan. All that can be said at present is that the Republican candidate has scored two important points by being unanimously adopted at the Philadelphia Convention, and by inducing Colonel Roosevelt, much against his own inclination, to accept nomination for the Vice-Presidency. There is no more popular man in the United States than the gallant colonel; he has been called, not without reason, the "American Baden-Powell," and had he cared to run for the Presidency Mr. McKinley might have judged it expedient to retire. Mr. Bryan has not been able to buttress his candidature to nearly the same extent; Admiral Dewey has been more of a hindrance than a help to the Democratic wirepullers. What they chiefly count upon to bring over-reruits from the other camp is the antipathy of many Republicans to the Imperialism with which Mr. McKinley has become associated, *malgré lui*. This feeling of preference for the old edition of Monroism to the new edition called "Expansionism" unquestionably prevails to a considerable extent in the Republican Party. But, on the other hand, there are probably as many Democrats to whom Mr. Bryan's anti-imperialism is eminently distasteful. So far as that goes, therefore, the chances are fairly balanced, but it counts greatly in Mr. McKinley's favour that during his term of office his country has made enormous strides both in material prosperity and in international authority.

Our Regiments

AMONG the doubts expressed by military officers on the eve of the South African Campaign was whether the British infantry would equal its old renown for splendid marching. Happily, there is no further question on that point; whenever occasion has arisen for forced marching our foot soldiers have acquitted themselves in a manner which would have elicited praise from the Iron Duke himself. Lord Roberts singled out the other day some of these performances for special mention. But it should not be supposed that these were isolated cases. Officers lately returned from the scene of war unite in bearing testimony that our "marching regiments" as they used to be styled, are second to no troops in the world for self-locomotion. With so many young men in the ranks, it would not have been much matter for surprise had some falling off from the old Peninsular and Indian standards come into evidence. That was the point on which pessimist predictions were chiefly based; no one doubted that the pick of the younger soldiers would be equal to that of their seniors, but it seemed hardly possible that their physical powers of endurance would stand the strain of long, quick marches, continued for many days in succession. It is no slight gain, then, from the campaign, to have it conclusively demonstrated that our "boy soldiers" can stand this exhausting fatigue when once their feet become hardened and their bodies are rid of superfluous tissue by hard exercise. During peace times those essentials of military training, whether at home or abroad, are wont to be too much neglected. Route marching requires to be much more systematically practised than it is the case at present, and should be carried on, weather permitting, throughout the year, at least twice in every week.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world, 6d. per copy. For every 2 oz. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THE developments of the so-called "Boxer" movement are being watched with undiminished anxiety by the statesmen of every civilised State. It is impossible to foresee the critical situations which might be produced at any moment in that country, and it is generally felt that the House cannot be allowed to separate until the main elements of danger have been removed. Moreover, there is reason to believe that the war in South Africa will be brought to a close in a week or two from this, and the Government may find it advisable to submit to the House the policy which is to be pursued in the immediate future.

The majority of members dislike being kept in London after the commencement of August, but on this occasion few would much mind having to remain. Many of them have relatives and friends at the front for whose return they are anxiously waiting, whilst others are disinclined to leave the centre to which all the latest news gravitates until the situation in China has become less critical. Besides, money is scarce, and there are many members who would clutch at any excuse for remaining in London now, hoping, as they do, that so soon as the Boer States are conquered the share markets will bound up like balloons released from their moorings. It remains to be seen whether those expectations will be fulfilled.

Within the past half-century the centre of gravity of wealth has changed. Formerly the great territorial magnates divided amongst them the big fortunes, and to these were added a few celebrities of the worlds of finance and industry. That is no longer the case. The majority of the territorial magnates are comparatively poor, whilst the immense fortunes amassed in a few years by what may be described as speculative gamblers put to the blush the financiers and manufacturers of the old school. There is more money now than there ever was; there are more who have millions and there are more who have thousands, but it is no longer the titled families that have the wealth. The historians will one day tell how this change in the centre of gravity has affected the nation.

The diplomatic service will suffer severely through the loss of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Sir Horace Rumbold, both of whom retire this year. Sir Henry Wolff, who is our Ambassador at Madrid, is an especially astute diplomatist, a politician who has been continually behind the scenes on important occasions, a man of the world trained from his earliest days in the most interesting society, and a particularly brilliant conversationalist. Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Ambassador at Vienna, is the ablest man in the service.

There is both reason to believe and to hope that Sir Francis Plunkett will be appointed to replace Sir Horace at Vienna. There is some cause for thinking that Sir Mortimer Durand, at present British Minister at Teheran, will be promoted to the Embassy at Madrid in succession to Sir Henry Wolff.

Hertford House has at last been opened, and the nation possesses a collection which, in its own line, has no equal. It was said when Lady Wallace died, and before it was known it was her wish that the collection should pass to the nation, that a celebrated art dealer had valued the contents of Hertford House at seven millions of money. How accurate that estimate was must be more or less a matter of opinion. It is not generally known that there are two Hertford Houses in London. The first of these to be built was in Piccadilly. For many years it belonged to the late Sir Julian Goldsmid, who died there, and it is now the Isthmian Club. Lord Hertford quarrelled with the authorities of his day, who complained that his building trespassed on public property, and he refused to live in the house. But for that regrettable event an enlarged Hertford House with its numerous art treasures might have stood in the centre of Piccadilly.

Many years ago it was generally said that the late Mr. Gladstone was prepared to take the Parloim to which he had become entitled by precedent, but that he insisted upon becoming Earl of Liverpool, a proposal which was opposed by the Jenkins family. At the death of the late Premier it was expected that the Queen would confer an Earldom either on Mrs. Gladstone or some member of the family. That was not done, and there is reason for believing that the late Mrs. Gladstone was not inclined to a change of name, and that during her lifetime it would not have been becoming for one of the family to assume the title. As Mrs. Gladstone is now dead the conditions are changed, and it may be that the young master of Hawarden may be raised to the peerage, unless he wishes to retain the name which his grandfather has made historical.

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INVALIDED HOME: RATHER BETTER THAN THE TUGELA

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

The Crisis in China

The First Relief Force

EVENTS have been moving quickly in China, though the difficulty in gaining any accurate knowledge of them has been considerable. The "Boxers" and their friends—and exactly who are their friends no one seems to know—exerted for some considerable time a censorship even more complete than that which concealed the details of any important move in the Transvaal. We knew that the allied fleets bombarded and captured the famous Taku Forts shortly after Admiral Seymour started for Peking with his composite force, but since then the news that has come through has been largely in the nature of rumours. The reason for the capture of the forts was that the Chinese Army had ordered trains for attacking Tientsin and ravaging Tongku, and that the mouth of the Peiho was being mined, so, none too soon, prompt action was taken, happily attended with very little loss, though one Russian ship suffered rather severely owing to a shell bursting. Successive efforts were then made to afford relief to Tientsin, but Russian troops in the first instance and Germans in the second were repulsed, in the former case with very serious loss, some 120 being killed. Meanwhile, most sinister reports were current as to the fate of the Legations at Peking and of Admiral Seymour's force, which appeared to be blocked in the neighbourhood of Tientsin, unable either to advance or retreat, handicapped by want of water, ammunition and transport, while Tientsin itself, invested since the Admiral's departure, was fighting for its life. The Russians, who held the railway station, appear to have suffered very severely, but all the foreign concessions were bombarded. Shells fell in the public garden near the Gordon Hall, where the women took refuge, and, though Tientsin could muster 3,000 foreign troops and residents, a



ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR
Who started with 3,000 men to relieve Peking



THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING

massacre was greatly feared, as the Chinese were not merely numerous but thoroughly well armed with modern field guns.

British Reinforcements

In the meantime, the first landing force at Taku, consisting of 800 British, Germans and Japanese, was largely augmented, and continuous efforts were made to open communication with Tientsin and Peking. On Monday some eight thousand international troops were landed, the British complement being increased by 300 Welsh Fusiliers and 900 Sikhs from Hong Kong, and, despite the difficulties in the way of satisfactory concerted action on the part of the allies, the Chinese investment was broken. Tientsin was relieved, and the little army set out to follow up Admiral Seymour, and to accomplish what it seemed probable he had been able to accomplish, namely, enter Peking and set all doubts at rest as to what was happening in that town, no trustworthy news from which had reached the outside world for over a fortnight. That the Powers are thoroughly alive to the seriousness of the situation has been shown by the alacrity with which ships and men have been despatched by Germany, Italy, America, and Japan, to say nothing of the whole division which is under orders for China from India, and the last details of which will be landed by the second week in July. This force consists of two brigades, each comprising four battalions of infantry, with divisional troops, one cavalry regiment, three companies of sappers and miners, and one field battery. Two battalions will be sent to guard the lines of communication. General Sir A. Gaslee commands, with General E. G. Barrow as his Chief of Staff. The brigades will be commanded by General Sir N. Stewart and General O'M. Creagh. A regiment of pioneers will also go with the divisional troops.

From Taku to Peking

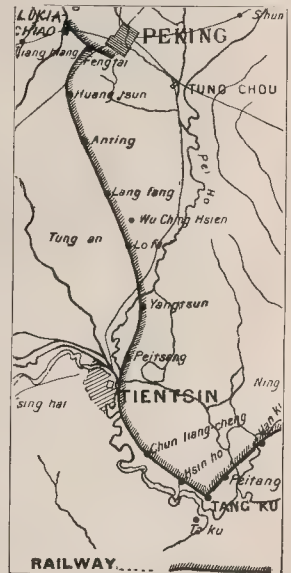
The route from Taku at the mouth of the Peiho to Peking is a long and tiresome one, though the railway constructed in the face of great opposition has made it much easier. The Chinese, though, in their hatred of the "foreign devil" and all his works, have probably worked more havoc with this line of rail than is yet known. The railway is a single line to Tientsin, and thence a double line, the distances being as follows:—

Name of Station	Distance from Tientsin
Tientsin	—
Yang-tsun	17.88 miles
Tofah	31.09 "
Langfang	40.40 "
Anting	53.64 "
Huang-tsun	64.47 "
Fengtai	74.88 "
Ma-kia-pu	80.00 "

The Legations

It was from Langfang that the last authentic news came through from Seymour, when he was said to have defeated the Boxers, and the terminus of the line, Ma-kia-pu, is the southern gate entrance to Peking—a city which if garrisoned by modern troops would be almost impregnable. The walls, which have a stone foundation, are 50 feet thick at the base, 30 feet thick at the summit, and about 40 feet high. They are defended by massive buttresses at intervals of 300 yards, and there are nine gateways, of enormous size, leading into the city. The total circumference of Peking is

about 20½ miles, and the area about twenty five square miles. The Legations, which one report said the Ambassadors had left guarded by Chinese troops, are situated in the south-eastern portion of the Manchu or northern city. Most of them are in Legation Street, but the British and the Belgian are practically isolated. By far the largest is the British Legation, which was granted to the British Minister in 1861. It is about five acres in extent, is surrounded by a wall-built brick wall, and is bounded on the east by a road which runs along the side of a deep and wide moat. The sole entrance gate to the compound opens into the road, and from



(Scale about 2½ miles to the inch)
MAP SHOWING THE LINE OF RAILWAY FROM TIENSIN TO PEKING
UP WHICH THE ALLIES ARE ADVANCING



THE TAKU FORTS AT THE MOUTH OF THE PEIHO RIVER, CAPTURED BY THE ALLIED SQUADRONS



GORDON HALL, TIENSIN, WHERE THE EUROPEAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN TOOK REFUGE DURING THE ATTACK ON THE TOWN



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH MINISTER'S HOUSE AT PEKING



THE RUSSIAN MINISTER'S HOUSE, PEKING

this side the Legation is practically impregnable to troops not provided with artillery. It is well supplied with stores. Within the walls of the Legation are also the secretaries', doctor's, and accountant's houses, students' mess, chancery, and escort quarters. Including troops, there must be over a hundred British subjects capable of bearing arms within the Legation. If any stand had to be made it was thought very probable that it would be made here, as it is much better adapted than any of the other Chancelleries for purposes of defence.

On to Peking

The latest details received up to the time of going to press, gathered from German, Russian, and American sources, state that a strong relief force, numbering about 8,000, entered Tientsin last Saturday, after severe fighting, the British and American troops being the first to enter the town. The allies then started to assist Admiral Seymour, who was said to be entrenched some ten or twelve miles away with the Foreign Ministers, and in dire straits. Whether he succeeded in reaching Peking, and brought out the Ministers, or how the latter came to be with him if this were not the case, was still wrapped in obscurity. Such rumours as that the gallant Admiral had been taken prisoner were not generally credited. In the meantime the situation still remains very critical, the railway to the coast is practically destroyed, hordes of Chinese block the lines of communication, and the allies, hampered by lack of transport and insufficiency of communication, are likely to find it very difficult to rescue and bring any large number of refugees from Peking and Tientsin to Taku. All reports as to losses are at present vague, but it is said that the Russians have suffered severely.

War or Not War

Perhaps the most curious aspect of the whole affair is the uncertainty which cannot long last as to whether a state of war

exists with China. Actually it undoubtedly is the case. Technically the Chinese Ambassador is still in London, and that astute diplomatist, Li Hung Chang, a past master in the art of sitting on rails, although peremptorily ordered to Peking by his Imperial mistress, has preferred to remain in retirement at Canton, where trouble is brewing, despite his presence. With grim humour he has "endorsed" the opinion that he is the only man capable of dealing

which set out to force a way to Peking. He has been Commander-in-Chief of the China Station since December, 1897. He is sixty years old, and first saw active service as a midshipman on board the *Terrible* during the Russian War in the Black Sea, being present at the bombardments of Odessa and Sebastopol. He was also present as a midshipman in the Chinese War of 1857, and was on board the *Calcutta's* launch when it was sunk at the destruction of the Chinese flotilla in Fatsien Creek. He was made sub-lieutenant in 1859 and lieutenant a year later. In 1870, when he was commander of the *Grouler*, Admiral Seymour succeeded in rescuing an English vessel from pirates on the Congo; he was severely wounded and received the special approval of the Admiralty for his bravery on that occasion. He was captain of the *Iris* during the Egyptian War of 1882, receiving the Egyptian medal and Khedive's bronze star in recognition of his services. He also possesses the Crimean and Turkish medals with Sebastopol clasp, China medal and three clasps, and the Royal Humane Society's silver medal. Admiral Seymour was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen in 1887. From 1892 to 1894 he was second in command of the Channel Squadron, and in 1893, 1894, and 1896 took part in the naval manoeuvres. Admiral Seymour was one of the judges of *The Daily Graphic* competition for the best means of establishing communication between a stranded ship and the shore. Our portrait is by W. Gregory and Co., Strand.



Brigadier-General Sir A. Gaselee, K.C.B., in command of the Indian troops for China, holds the substantive rank of Colonel in the Indian Staff Corps, and at present commands a district in Bengal.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR A. GASELEE



One of the Chinese leaders most to be feared if he should cast in his lot with the "Boxers" is General Yuan Shieh Kai. He is a good general and pays his men regularly—which is remarkable for a Chinese general. He belongs to the Dowager Empress's party.

GENERAL YUAN SHIEH KAI



Chinese Secretary to the British Legation, Peking, who accompanied Admiral Seymour's force as interpreter. He is an accomplished Chinese scholar, and has an intimate knowledge of the native character.

MR. C. W. CAMPBELL

with the rising. His manner of dealing with it so far, though, has been quiet, and has consisted in writing to Peking that the "Boxers" should be "done away with first," and that then cordial relations should be established with the foreign Powers, of whom America is seemingly the only one in which he places confidence. For the present one is more concerned that cordial relations should prevail among those Powers, and that divided councils should be subordinated to one strong intelligence of whatever nationality.

Vice-Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour, about whose safety considerable anxiety is felt, commands the first international force

IN THE PRESENT PRECARIOUS STATE OF AFFAIRS IN CHINA it is interesting to note how the European Shanghai Volunteer Corps had been testing a scheme of defence for the foreign settlement. The force assembled with their artillery on the Bund and were rapidly allotted and moved to stations round the settlement. In three-quarters of an hour there was a complete chain of defensive posts with perfect communication, the bicyclists being especially useful in carrying messages rapidly.



THE CHINESE SECRETARY'S HOUSE AT THE BRITISH LEGATION



THE RAILWAY STATION, TIENTSIN, DEFENDED BY THE RUSSIAN CONTINGENT

More About the Nile Dam

With reference to the illustrations in our issue of the 9th inst. of the Nile Dam now in course of construction, a correspondent has furnished us with some further particulars about the men engaged upon the works and the benefits which are likely to result from the undertaking.

The foundations of the dam rest on solid syenite; indeed it was the excellence of the foundations which formed the unanswerable argument in favour of building the dam at this point and nowhere else; and the masonry is of granite ashlar coming from ledges of rock that furnished the obelisk which now stands on the Thames Embankment and is known as Cleopatra's Needle. Most of the granite workers are Italians. They are all picked workmen, and come chiefly from the great granite districts of Baveno on the Lago Maggiore, and Biella in the neighbourhood of Turin. There are now about six hundred of these men, but this number will be increased as the work advances. The rest of the men are Maltese, Syrians, Greeks, and Arabs. There are also a few Sudanese. It is a curious thing that the local Nubian has been found to be absolutely incapable, as far as this work is concerned. The lithe and sinewy fellows that work so hard dragging a dahabiyeh up the cataracts cannot stand settled labour. Consequently all the native labour has to be imported from Upper and Lower Egypt. The fellah is a good workman, and agents are continually travelling throughout the country selecting capable men and drafting them down to Assuan. Owing to the desert that extends along the banks of the river in the neighbourhood of the First Cataract, accommodation has to be found for every man employed. Some idea of the housing of these men may be gathered from the number employed, which at Assuan and Assiout now reaches the enormous total of 23,000 men.

Now a word about what the dam is going to do. The Egypt of the map shows more than 400,000 square miles; but the practical Egypt, that which produces crops and sustains life, is nothing more than a ribbon-like strip of alluvial land bordering the Nile, a few miles wide on each side, and measuring not more than 10,000 square miles. The extension of "living" territory which the great dam is planned to accomplish is equivalent to the rescuing from the Libyan and Arabian deserts of 2,500 square miles. The added irrigation resulting from the big reservoir will, according to computations upon which the financial considerations of the dam have been based, permanently benefit Egypt to the value of 20,000,000*l.* A direct annual return to the revenue of 400,000*l.*—more than twice the sum to be paid each year for building the dam—from sale of water and taxation on lands is promised. To understand how this enormous gain will be effected it is necessary to consider the conditions of cultivation in Egypt. Egyptian agriculture, its wealth, and almost its existence, depend on irrigation. The seasons are three: the summer, April to July, when the river is low; the flood season, July to December, when the river overflows its banks; and the winter, from December to March, during which time the water is confined to the river



This group of Kaffirs do not look as if they were inhabitants of a beleaguered town, but, as our correspondent remarks, preparations for the ceremony were made long before it took place, as a wedding cake, biscuits, and other luxuries were provided, which could not have been obtained when the siege had lasted a month or so. Our photograph is by J. Orr.

A SIEGE WEDDING AT KIMBERLEY

course, although the supply is in excess of agricultural requirements. The summer crops are cotton, sugar, cane, millets, rice, vegetables and fruit. The flood crop is maize or millets, while the winter crops are wheat, barley and clover. Under existing conditions, therefore, in the several provinces, land is to be found partaking of the advantages of flood, perennial and semi-perennial irrigation in every possible degree of variation—high-lying flooded lands producing millets, low-lying lands, called "basins," producing the other winter crops. The tracts under perennial and semi-perennial irrigation are intersected by numerous canals, and in many instances

produce from two to three crops in the year partaking of the usual characteristics of heavily irrigated lands. Mr. Willcocks, the engineer to the Egyptian Government, calculated that the present cultivated area of Egypt is nearly 5,000,000 acres, and he believes that it might be increased in extent, without reference to its production, by 600,000 acres. But to bring the whole district of Egypt under proper cultivation, by means of sufficient irrigation, an annual supply of water is needed for Lower Egypt of 1,500,000,000 cubic metres of water, and it is this want that the great Nile reservoir is intended to supply.



The road from Rivermouth to Koomat taken by Lord Roberts's force follows the railway line, and everywhere the watering places are rather far apart. At intervals of about five miles there are corrugated iron gongera huts built along the line, and these are provided with wells, which, however, do not furnish

the best of water. They are not much used in consequence. Still sometimes men will drink at these huts, and the rush of men to fill their water bottles is a characteristic sight.

LORD LOVAT'S GILLIES PROCURING WATER ON THE MARCH: A SKETCH NEAR ZAND RIVER

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. FRIZZ, R.W.S.

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THE CRISIS IN CHINA: CHINESE SOLDIERS ENTERING THE PRINCIPAL GATE AT PEKING.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

If I were an æsthetic housebreaker, I should feel cut to the heart by the newspaper romance of the Radziwill jewels. By æsthetic housebreaker I mean the cultivated man who is a born collector of gems, but has not the means to acquire them in the legitimate ways of commerce. You remember the highly respectable gentleman in Walkie Collins's story, who, although a philanthropist by training, was a thief by inspiration, and could not keep unlawful fingers off the famous Moonstone. Nobody would dream of classing Godfrey Abotwhite with William Sikes (nobody, that is to say, except administrators of the criminal law, who are notoriously lacking in delicacy of perception), and I have often thought that the dreamy and poetical branch of the burglarious profession must be recruited by rare spirits, who are outwardly sedate and prosaic citizens, true to what one of Mr. Hardy's peasants calls "sound doxology," but inwardly inflamed by that grace which borrows lustre from the jewels of princesses, and borrows it in the practical as well as the spiritual sense.

Now, conceive the feelings of a thief with this refinement when he robs that the Princess Radziwill's jewels, which he had stolen with great care and forethought, were not real. Think of this man, whose soul had often brooded with unutterable yearning over the melancholy lines—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,

and had then been cheered by the thought that, while the ocean caves are out of reach, the dressing-tables of careless ladies are happily accessible. What horrible pessimism must have smitten him when he was told that the time and riviera diamonds, the opals with their tremulous tints, the intoxicating rubies that rush to the brain like the wine when it is red, were all duplicates—of poor marketable value, and revolting to the supreme purity of truth! At that moment he might have burst into bitter imprecation.

Princess, undying time shall quote

My curse on that ignoble rank

That elapsed impotence round your throat,

And hid true splendour in your bank!

There was no necklace in the bank, and the tale of the counterfeit gems was a figment. But what suspicion it must have sown in the felonious mind!

In one of Maupassant's grim stories the wife of a very poor functionary borrows a diamond necklace to wear at a State ball. The jewels are lost that very night, and the luckless couple have to face the task of replacing them. By pinching and starving, and sinking to abject poverty, they raise enough money to buy a necklace of equal value, and the wife repairs with this to her friend, to whom she relates the whole story. "My dear," exclaims that astonished lady, "why didn't you tell me at once? My diamonds were false!" The disillusion of the æsthetic housebreaker would be a still greater shock. He may ask mistrustfully even now why shops for the sale of shimmering imitations are multiplying in London. When game is in season the poulterer displays this enticing placard: "Pheasants are cheap to-day." You look at that without emotion; but with what a thrill you read: "Patagonian Diamonds were Half-a-Crown. To-day they are only a Shilling. Now is your time!"

"The world is still deceived with ornament!" says Bassanio, and, therefore, he looks for his treasure in the leaden casket. But if he were to meet the lady of Belmont now at an evening party, clad in her diamonds, would he suspect that all this display is artificial, and that the dark, though not unfathom'd caves of Coutts's bear the purest ray serene? This subject, I admit, is one in which philosophical man is not sure of his bearings. He may understand the satisfaction of depositing diamonds in a bank as representing so much bullion; but can he enter into the feminine joy of wearing sham stones when the real Simon Pures are in the banker's safe? Suppose it should be taken for granted some day that all visible jewels are false, and suppose that the competition in polite advertisement should be settled by some authoritative pronouncement like this: "It is universally admitted that Lady Godiva's tiara is the most splendid sham of the season." Will this rather dubious glory satisfy the feminine ambition, or will a reaction in favour of truth make the caves of Coutts's yield up their sparkling treasures?

Some months ago I was a target for reproach because I hinted that the red coat of our military was doomed. When I meet the home-saying Mr. Atkins now in his brief, scarlet tunic, I want to suggest to him with subdued jocularly that his dress is an anachronism, but restrain myself lest he should take the epithet amiss, as the Dublin fishwife took the parallelogram flung at her by O'Connell. Probably Mr. Atkins is sufficiently uneasy in his glowing jacket, and mightily jealous of the khaki that fills the popular imagination. When he walks with fifty housemaids out of Chelsea to the Strand, perhaps the coolness of their demeanour makes him sensible that the glory of

the old uniform has departed. Moreover, has not Mr. George Wyndham, who, being a man of letters, has a lyrical way of speaking for the War Office, declared that he hopes to see the day when the whole Army will don the dress ordered to the nation by the achievements in South Africa? I fancy that Mr. Wyndham, when he is about to make a statement of this kind, says to himself, with a grateful sigh, in the words of Viola, "I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical," and then has a misgiving that it is much too poetical for his department. What do the War Office tailors say to this proposal for transforming the red uniform into khaki for evermore?

Let us beware of poetry and be guided by cool reason. The justification of khaki for the Army is that the soldier nowadays must be invisible in action. There are certain creatures which, for self-preservation, take the colour of their local abode, so that you can scarcely distinguish them from twigs or leaves. On the same principle the modern soldier is to fashion himself so as to look as like as possible to his mother earth. Shakespeare applied that principle with his customary foresight when he made Brumham Wood march to Dunsinane, and Macbeth's watchmen saw men as trees walking. This is all very well in warfare; but when he is at home, the soldier wishes to be conspicuous, not invisible, and this reflection has prompted some prudent reformers to suggest that, if khaki be deemed necessary for full war-paint, there should be "an ornamental dress for walking out." Who is to choose that? This is a question, which poets, law givers, the War Office itself, cannot be trusted to decide. Mr. Wyndham must feel the pulse of the people; he must appeal boldly to the fifty housemaids; and if there is too exclusively democratic a success for his political principles, let him add fifty ladies to the aristocracy, not forgetting Lady Godiva, and Lady Clara Vere de Vere, who will not let that foolish Imperial Yeoman go.

There are poets who give up to politics what was meant for literature, and there is a kind of politician who disfigures literature by stamping about in it like a hippopotamus in a fountain. Of that kind is Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, who is the Populist candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. One of the Populist principles, I believe, is that aliens in the United States shall be deprived of the right of holding land. Mr. Donnelly would treat Shakespeare as an alien in the Republic of letters. That poet holds a place which, in the Populist view, rightfully belongs to Bacon; and Mr. Donnelly, who has bored mankind with a stupendous essay in proof of this, now assures us that the very inscription on Shakespeare's tomb bears witness to his imposture. The clerks and sextons of Stratford-on-Avon seem to have had a poor repute in his day for taste and discrimination. They would dig up bones from the churchyard and bundle them into the church house near which he was buried; and it was probably for their behoof that he wrote the doggerel which closed his tomb so effectually that it was not opened even to receive his wife.

But this is not enough for Mr. Donnelly. He applies to the rhymes that served so well to fighten illicit bondsmen the test of what he calls Bacon's secret cipher. This produces the disclosure that "Francis Bacon wrote the Marlowe, Greene, and Shakespeare plays." It is disappointing. Mr. Donnelly must have expected more than this. If in the intervals of writing the works that bear his illustrious name, and of discharging the duties of a somewhat laborious office in the State, Bacon could find time to write Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Greene, I see no reason why he should not have written Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher in short, the whole Elizabethan drama. Nothing in the shape of toil is impossible to such a prodigy. Not only did he pile Pegasus on Ossa by writing Shakespeare, but with sheer wanton riot of intellect he introduced the cryptogram into the plays for the Populist candidate to find out. Whilst his imagination was in the throes of "Jeha," "H. A. L.," and what not, his historical conscience was penning a veracious narrative of the life and times of Elizabeth, and interweaving it with the blank verse. The Baconian theorists say it is incredible that a man of Shakespeare's education could have written his poetry; but they offer us in their imaginary Bacon the most astounding miracle in human history.

My complaint of this Bacon is that he made an injudicious use of his impossible faculties. Why on earth should he take the trouble to write the plays of Greene? The blessed cipher has not taught Mr. Donnelly that Greene was a clever satirist, pamphleteer, and songwriter, but a most indifferent dramatist; yet it seems that Bacon did not write the satires, pamphlets, and songs, but only the worthless plays. The droll thing about Greene is that he was horribly jealous of Shakespeare, and called him an "upstart crow." Why didn't he bully Bacon for writing so well as Shakespeare, and so ill as Greene? Mr. Donnelly, I fear, has neglected to read Greene. I urge him to undertake the task at once, for the cynic must be lurking somewhere in that author to explain how Bacon kept his team of jealous puppets so well in hand that they never betrayed themselves or one another.

THE WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The termination of the war has been brought perpetually nearer during the past week. It would certainly be premature to say that "all is over but the shouting"; nevertheless, it is now difficult to suggest any conceivable obstacle such as would be likely to prevent the cessation of hostilities at the end of next month. The unexpected happens often enough, but in this case the course of events is beginning to be governed by factors on which it is quite permissible to base mathematical calculations. One or two fresh signs, moreover, have appeared to justify the conclusion that before the summer is over the Second Boer War will be, to all intents and purposes, as completely "over and done with" as was the campaign against the Derwishes after the battle of Omdurman. As in the latter case, there may be some superadded fighting, and the *finis ævi* may temporarily elude capture, but there will be no more war in the proper sense of the word. No better indication of this could be imagined than the fact notified from Cape Town on June 25 that the foreign military attaches were returning to that port with the intention of proceeding homewards. These officers have shown themselves throughout so keenly appreciative of the professional aspects of the war that it is quite unlikely they would leave South Africa if any further developments of interest from the general standpoint of the European military strategy were possible.

Lord Roberts continues to date his despatches from the Pretoria Residency, where his work must be of the most varied and onerous description. Ostensibly his chief efforts are being directed towards crushing the Boers in the east on the Orange River Colony, but it is more than possible that he is simultaneously engaged in an endeavour to surprise and cut off Mr. Kruger, with whose capture, notwithstanding his waning influence, a serious obstacle to the general subjugation of Boerdom would be overcome. Kruger himself, having run his military "gauntlet" as near to Komati poort as he conveniently can without advertising as a certainty his intention to loot into Portuguese territory, continues to issue mendacious proclamations. That the latter, preposterous as they are, are of certain effect, is shown by the fact that these are hostile Boers still hovering around Pretoria. Only on Sunday last a party of Mounted Infantry under Captain Anley had a skirmish with their patrols a few miles to the south east of the town, and it is pretty certain that behind these ostensible and considerable forces continue to be concentrated between the headquarters of Lord Roberts and those of Mr. Kruger. To circumvent this screen and cut the Delagoa Railway between Alkmaar and Komati Poort might be a difficult, but it would certainly be a brilliant and far-reaching operation.

While Lord Roberts's plans as regards Mr. Kruger can only be guessed at, his operations against the enemy in the east of the Orange River Colony have been elucidated by a despatch which he sent off from Pretoria on Monday last. It had been clear for some time past that his initial purpose was to plant a hedge of troops between the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony with a view to rendering impossible future combinations on anything like a formidable scale. Further, as the Boers in the east of the Orange River Colony, more particularly those under De Wet, who from his base at Frankfort had already done considerable damage, were a perpetual source of danger to the communications, it became desirable first to hamper their mobility, and then, if possible, to close in upon them, much as the moving iron walls closed in upon Edgar Allan Poe's prisoner. Until last Monday we were ignorant of the precise manner in which this last operation was to be carried out. It then transpired that columns are to converge from Lindley, Heilbron, Heidelberg, and Winburg, presumably first on Frankfort, with a view to crushing De Wet's command of some 2000 strong, and subsequently proceeding, either in combination or from fresh scattered points, in the direction of Bethlehem, where there appear to be some 5000 or 6000 under the direct influence of ex-President Steyn.

At the time of writing, Lord Roberts had gone far towards giving practical effect to this fine combination of strategical ideas. Jan Hamilton, having gone to meet and join hands with Buller, had arrived at Heidelberg, brushed away the enemy, and received the surrender of many burghers. Buller, on his part, having steadily advanced from Volksrust through Paardekop, had occupied Standerton with similar results as regards surrenders, and with the additional satisfaction of capturing a considerable quantity of rolling-stock. By the time these lines are in print a contest between Buller and Hamilton will undoubtedly have been effected, and possibly an advance on Frankfort commenced. No time is likely to be lost, since De Wet has shown himself to be both skilful and active, and, as lately as Saturday last, his commands cut off a Camahla outpost on the railway between Kromstad and Honings Spruit, attacked an entrenched camp at the latter station, intercepted a train going south with troops, and cut the line to the north and south of our position. Reinforcements are arriving from Kromstad, and the Boers were repulsed, but not until we had lost over a score killed and wounded.

On the south General Buller continues to hold a long and strong line, stretching in a north-westerly direction from Ficksburg, with a view to stopping any Boer irruption into the southern districts. The Boers have made persistent endeavours to break through this line, but hitherto with small success. One party appears to have got through to Winburg, but on Sunday last was driven back with loss by Clements to the north of the Zand River. Another attack was made on Saturday on Runder's transport at Senekal, but was repulsed by the transport, composed of four Gatling guns and Hampshire Yeomanry, and the repulse was subsequently converted into a rout by the artillery and Colonials accompanying the convoy.

Hunter by this time is at Johannesburg, so that both in the Transvaal and in the Orange River Colony Lord Roberts's absolute predominance is assured. The interest now is chiefly centred in the question whether, even with the large forces at his disposal, he will succeed in drawing tight his cord round De Wet and Steyn without allowing either or both to escape.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

It took a week to realise the hopes aroused by the rumours afloat, when our pages went to press last week, of Admiral Seymour's arrival in Peking. That week of waiting was a week of anxiety, every day bringing its reports of isolation, of massacre, at best of imprisonment. Of a certainty little is known even now; but that little is satisfactory, as far as it goes. The relief of Tientsin has been accomplished, and without great loss of life; the allied force has gone northwards to relieve Admiral Seymour, by whom, however, the Legations at Peking had mean while been relieved. The allied force is worth a note as to its composition. Of the 8000 men who took part in the relief of the European residents in Tientsin there were 2000 British, over 1000 Germans, and so great a majority of Japanese as to make it natural that the leadership should be assigned to a Japanese General. France and America are making haste to send further forces; and Russia, it is comfortable to remark, has conferred special honours on officers and men whose bravery in suppressing the anti-foreign rising has been attested at the taking of the Taku Forts and elsewhere.

And so he passed with his folk, and won the Land of Cathay, that is the greatest kingdom of the world." The words of Sir John Maundeville's Travels may be in Admiral Seymour's mind to-day. Flat and featureless are the plains that lead to Peking, and the sturdy Chinese pony will carry the traveller an easy seven miles an hour,

traveller may pass in two days, either by an agreeable ride of eighty miles or by a boat-house on the river. An alluvial soil and a prosperous agriculture encounter him until he reaches the famous walls of Peking—some fifty feet high and nearly fifty feet wide—covering a rectangular circumference of over twenty miles. The gates

whom only a bare score of foreigners, according to Lord Curzon's estimate, have so much as seen.

The Foreign Legations in Peking, the occupants of which have been in imminent touch with danger during the past fortnight, are not situated, as some suppose, in the Chinese quarter of the city, but in the Tartar, surrounded by a wall that is almost the most substantial one that exists. The most important Legation is the British, an enclosure of three acres, and once the palace of an imperial Prince, now agreeably adapted to the needs of European life. The members of the staff have their own bungalows; and besides their fire-engine house, its armoury, and its dispensary, it has, as one might have guessed, its bowling-alley, its lawn-tennis and five court. The French Legation has been doubly endangered from the very beginning of this Boxer rising, which the Government could not or would not suppress; for the French missionary is everywhere in evidence; and it is against the missionary and his converts that popular fury is directed. Very energetic, therefore, have been the official messages sent to China from Paris; and the threats those messages have contained or implied are well supported by the presence of a famous French flag-ship in Chinese waters. Tientsin, with its picturesque but defenceless roofs, will hardly, it is supposed, care to endure the fall of even those non-exploding bombs that were made toys of in Kimberley.

The Cathedral, with its reminiscences of Milan, a Gothic that is lightened and fructified to the native taste, has been burned down, despite the fact that, by royal favour, it was permitted to be built within the limits of the Imperial City itself. It is flanked



THE OLD BAILEY OF THE FUTURE: DESIGN CHOSEN FOR THE NEW CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

of these mighty defences are still opened and closed with the sun, unless an enemy lies in wait; the chief gate is seen in one of our Illustrations to be open that Chinese soldiers may enter in. Within these guardian walls lies



ORDERED TO CHINESE WATERS: H.M.S. "FURIOUS," TWIN SCREW CRUISER, 2ND CLASS, 5751 TONS.



ORDERED TO CHINESE WATERS: H.M.S. "DIADEM," TWIN SCREW CRUISER, 1ST CLASS, 11,000 TONS.

or a day's march of forty miles. On that journey he sees about him, as Lord Curzon a few years ago saw, "a frugal, hard-limbed, indomitable, ungracious race, who oppose to all overtures from the outside the sullen resistance of a national character, self-confident and stolid, a religious and moral code of incredible and all-absorbing rigour, and a governing system that has not varied for ages and is still wrapped in the mantle of a superb and paralyzing conceit." The visitor who lies tossing, as he commonly does before he can land, for two or three days on the mud-bar outside the Taku Forts, at the mouth of the Pei-ho, will realise the difficulties of British gun-boats similarly rolling, but subject at the same time to the pounding of the enemy's guns. In our view of the interior of the forts, a curious feature is the series of defensive staircases of bamboo split and sharpened at both ends. These closely resemble growing reeds. The serpentine river to Tientsin has its further delays, to be avoided by the railway-train, that runs three times daily to the city. That city, by the way, has its hall-mark in the shape of the ruined towers and facade of the French Catholic Cathedral, a relic of the persecution of 1870. Otherwise Tientsin may claim current renown chiefly as the place of residence of Li-Hung-Chang, a statesman to whom London has roared its welcome, and to whom is now deputed the task of crying peace to the Powers when peace there is none.

From Tientsin to Peking the peaceable

the fourfold city—Chinese, Tartar, Imperial, and Forbidden—the place of residence of a monarch, whose place our Illustration presents, and who is still the Son of Heaven to 350 millions of human beings, a Veiled Prophet

by two imperial pavilions—further marks of royal favour shown in 1888, but extinct in the heart of the Dowager-Empress, a patriot whose patriotism spells massacre and pillage for the rest of mankind. Under her auspices, the edict being read by a provincial Governor, depicted on another page, will certainly be of the half-hearted order if it is in condemnation of anti-foreign excesses; and the "don't-mail-his-ears-to-the-pump" air of the reader will suffice to interpret aright the calculated non-committal of the text.



ORDERED TO CHINESE WATERS: H.M.S. "GOLIATH," TWIN SCREW BATTLE-SHIP, 12. CLASS, ARMOURD, 12,950 TONS.

THE NEW CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

The plans of the new Central Criminal Court will, of course, give occasion for a renewal of the battle of the styles. No other battle, it may be said, is renewed so easily or so bitterly with the smallest possible provocation. The life of a man who has to design a law court is a less happy one than that of the policeman himself who is to figure so prominently in it when it is a court that carries on the tradition of the Old Bailey. Not only has he to face the music of amateur criticism, he has also to achieve a work most difficult in itself. The conditions are exacting. That the design we publish to-day will fulfil the conditions properly demanded of it is the claim confidently put forward by those who have selected it; and of its outward effect the reader may preconceive an opinion before it is translated into stone.

OUR SOUTH AFRICAN
WAR PICTURES.

From Mr. Melton Prior come this week three sketches. One, representing the rifle-pits at Khenoster Drift, shows how cunningly the Boers can use the spade. Another, taken about the same point, proves that their destructive ingenuity is as great as their constructiveness, and there is something peculiarly forlorn in the wreck of the railway-line, where the ends of every length of metal have been bent and mangled. Mr. Prior's third drawing, that of a friendly market in the field, speaks for itself. Klerksdorp, now in British hands, is 123 miles south-west of Pretoria, and is the centre of a small goldfield. It is the oldest Transvaal town. Bronkhorst's Spruit is a place of stirring memories on which Mr. Kruger may well be with more chattered triumph as he draws nearer to Kintla Poort, the point at which the Delagoa Bay Railway passes into Portuguese territory, where he may quit the Transvaal for ever.

THREE PICTURES
OF PRICE.

The sale-rooms have been particularly busy this season, and prices have been in no way depressed by the war. Last Saturday Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods disposed of a number of pictures, including fifty-seven canvases that belonged to the late Lord Dudley, of which a Gainsborough was the only one of first-rate importance. From several other collections, including those of the late Mrs. Paley, the late Mr. S. J. Harrison, the late Mr. Charles Hawes, and the late Mrs. Berger, came pictures of varying value and interest. Romney's full-length portrait of Miss Charlotte Peirse afterwards Mrs. Thomas of Rutton, Sussex—represents her in girlhood, with the white muslin dress, the blue sash, the large hat, and other delightful accessories proper to the master. The bidding, which started at 1000 guineas, did not pause till it reached 7000, at which record price for a single figure by Romney it was knocked down to Mr. Colnaghi, the outbidder of Messrs. Agnew. Another canvas fetching an exceptionally high figure was a Hobbema landscape, with cattle and figures



LANDSCAPE BY HOBBEEMA, WITH FIGURES BY VAN DE VELDE.
SOLD FOR 6200 GUINEAS.

of the fourth Earl of Dunmore, who married, in 1793, the Duke of Sussex. Seated in the usual landscape of convention, she wears a white dress, with red robe and white head-dress, and holds in her lap her infant son, Sir Augustus Frederick d'Este. The executors of Lord Truro realised by the sale of this canvas only 500 guineas, against, it may be remembered, the 3800 guineas fetched by the Romney portrait of the same lady eight years ago, at Christie's, by the executors of the Earl of Dunmore.

PARLIAMENT.

The Commonwealth Bill has passed through the House of Commons with an amendment that empowers the Federal High Court to grant leave of appeal to the Privy Council

when high constitutional authorities disagree, it may be hoped that the balance of reason will be preserved by the good sense of the communities concerned.

Mr. Balfour has declined to give facilities for the further discussion of the Sale of Intoxicants to Children Bill, which was read a second time by large majority before Easter. This measure proposes penalties for any publican who sells intoxicating liquor to children under the age of sixteen. Mr. Balfour argued that the Government was under no obligation to further the discussion of the Bill, and he took the opportunity of showing his own dislike of such legislation. The Bill was based on the unanimous recommendation of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the licensing laws.

A singularly academic debate on Oliver Cromwell was initiated in the House of Lords by the Earl of Hildwick, who complained that the First Commissioner of Works had sanctioned the policy of his predecessor by erecting a statue of Cromwell in the precincts of the Parliament Houses. Lord Salisbury maintained that there must be a continuity of policy among the First Commissioners of Works. He did not think the statue would do much harm, as it stood "in a hole." Foreigners would say this was the punishment imposed by a just and monarchical Government on a regicide and a rebel." Lord Kimberley remarked that so far from being "in a hole," the statue occupied one of the most conspicuous sites in London. He could not understand why it had excited so much hostility, seeing that a bust of Cromwell had been set up almost at the very door of the House of Commons, and nobody seemed to mind. There were facetious allusions in the debate to the "anonymous donor" of the statue, who is well known to be Lord Rosebery.

Statements have been made in both Houses as to the course of events in China, but the most important statement is that of Mr. Brodick that "Her Majesty's Government will welcome the dispatch of troops by any Power which, owing to the proximity of its troops, may be able to act at once in repressing the disturbances in Northern



ROMNEY'S PORTRAIT OF LADY AUGUSTA MURRAY, DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.
SOLD FOR 500 GUINEAS.



ROMNEY'S PORTRAIT OF MISS CHARLOTTE PEIRSE.
SOLD FOR 7000 GUINEAS.

by Adrian Van de Velde, and this Messrs. Agnew secured for 6200 guineas. Another Romney, according to the catalogue, presented few, or none, of the attractions of the canvas of his already mentioned. The sitter in this case was Lady Augusta Murray, a daughter

in cases which come before the supreme legal tribunal of Australia. It is the opinion of the Attorney General that in the "unanimous majority of cases" the right of appeal to the Privy Council will be maintained. Mr. Hildwick, a high constitutional authority, is not of that opinion, and

China." On Tuesday evening, Mr. Ritchie, in moving the second reading of the Companies Bill, said that, although there was a *prima facie* case for amending the law, there ought to be no unnecessary interference with companies in the management of their business.

INDIAN TROOPS IN CHINA.

From Hong-Kong, the "Gibraltar of the East," a force has been moved towards Tientsin consisting of 300 Welsh Fusiliers and 900 troops of the Indian Regiment stationed at Hong-Kong. On this page we give illustrations of the regiment, showing the rank-and-file in their red uniforms, in their khaki uniforms, and a group of the guard of the first colours of the regiment, which were presented in 1895 by Sir William Robinson. The regiment is under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. J. of the 43rd Sikh Infantry. He is forty-three years of age, and saw service in the Afghan War of 1880, for his conduct in which he was decorated and mentioned in despatches.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," AT THE HAYMARKET.

The virtues of the Haymarket revival of "The School for Scandal" are the negligence of its stage-setting and the perfection of Miss Winifred Emery's Lady Teazle. It is safe to say that never

LEUT.-COLONEL J. M. A. PETERSON
Commanding the Hong Kong Regiment



THE CRISIS IN CHINA. THE HONG-KONG REGIMENT ORDERED ON ACTIVE SERVICE (NATIVE RANKS IN KHAKI).

Warner's Badger. Mr. Warner always appears to peculiar advantage, always plays with a very engaging gusto, in a genial, rollicking, low comedy part. And although we should not like to say how many Badgers we have seen, we are ready to admit that his is by far the best.

OTHER REVIVALS.

The past week has borne out the reputation of the season as a time of revivals. On Wednesday last the most brilliant of all Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's social comedies, "The Liars," was reproduced at Wyndham's, and its more important representatives, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Herbert Standing, and Mr. T. B. Thälberg, resumed their original rôles, while any changes in minor interpretation affected in no way the general excellence of the rendering. A day later Miss Patrick Campbell re-staged Maeterlinck's tragic romance, "Pellens and Melisande," at the Royalty, and if Mr. Martin Harvey's beautifully mannered voice has become a little too virile for the boyish notes of Pellens, and Mrs. Campbell's childishness as Melisande has always been more artificial than natural, still their joint reading of the fantastic love scenes is very poetic and imaginative; and Mr. Frank

FIRST COLOURS OF THE HONG-KONG REGIMENT. PRESENTED IN 1895 BY SIR WILLIAM ROBINSON.

in Sheridan's rather too familiar masterpieces have been so splendidly or solidly mounted, so beautifully and lavishly dressed. As for Miss Emery, an actress of compact of delightful artifice, she was born to interpret old comedy heroines, and her Lady Teazle remains still unrivalled. Unfortunately, her commanding merits are balanced by defects in the rest of the Haymarket interpretation, defects showing only in the lack of any freshness of treatment and in deliberate over-sentimentalising of the dramatist's fable. So we have now a Charles trifles in the person of the ever-smiling and somewhat Mr. Paul Arthur, who, after reproducing all the customary chuckles and catchwords, stands unshaken and content before Lady Teazle in the teen scene. So we have an otherwise admirable, rather dried-up and bloodless, Sir Peter, Mr. Tril Maude, lending to this same comic catastrophe an air of tragic seriousness. But Mr. Sydney Valentine's Joseph Surface is the worst offender, whereas this plausible hypocrite should set the whole tone of the play in cynical light-heartedness, Mr. Valentine makes Joseph solemn, sombre, and dreadfully heavy. Really it is Mr. Dagnall, very strained in the part of Moses, and Miss Constance Collier, a somewhat stagey but stately Lady Sneerwell, who make the chief successes in the minor characters.

TWO REVIVALS AT THE PRINCESS'S.

Their comedies may perish or grow obsolete, but their melodramas and melodramatic adaptations are always likely to secure for Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault a favourable hearing on the stage. And Mr. Charles Warner was probably wise in starting his own season at the Princess's with revivals of such typical works of the two playwrights as the fortune's stage version of Tennyson's narrative poem, "Dora," and the latter's four-act drama, "The Bells of London." Save, perhaps, in correction of the play-bills' misspelling of Reade's name, there is little to be said of such a programme at this time of day. Of "Dora," the language and sentiment inevitably sound a little old-fashioned, the compression of incident tends to accentuate the melodrama. And neither the dressing of the piece, nor a knowledge of the original date of its production, lends



TYPES OF THE HONG-KONG REGIMENT (NATIVE RANKS IN RED).

support to the quaint legend, "Time 1870." Still, the playing, not the play, is the thing. And Mr. Warner, if must be allowed, plays the self-willed and cantankerous old farmer Allen with a sincerity and a vigour that challenge admiration; while Miss Grace Warner looks pretty and plays very prettily as the scorned, long-suffering, and in this version of the piece finally rewarded Dora. Of the present production of "The Streets of London" it suffices to say that it affords us Mr. Charles

Mills's conception of the inevitably melodramatic rôle of Golund is far less violent, and therefore acceptable, than that of Mr. Forbes Robertson. It should be added that last Saturday Mr. Martin Harvey returned, at the Prince of Wales's, to that sham romance, "The Only Way," which has done so much to mature and artificialise his intonation; and that the same evening witnessed, at the Strand, the revival of "The Brixton Burying," wherein Mr. James Welch repeated his old success.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: SCENES IN PEKING.



RESIDENCE OF THE MISSIONARIES, ADJOINING THE CATHEDRAL AT PEKING.

Photo L. Sagor.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, PEKING.



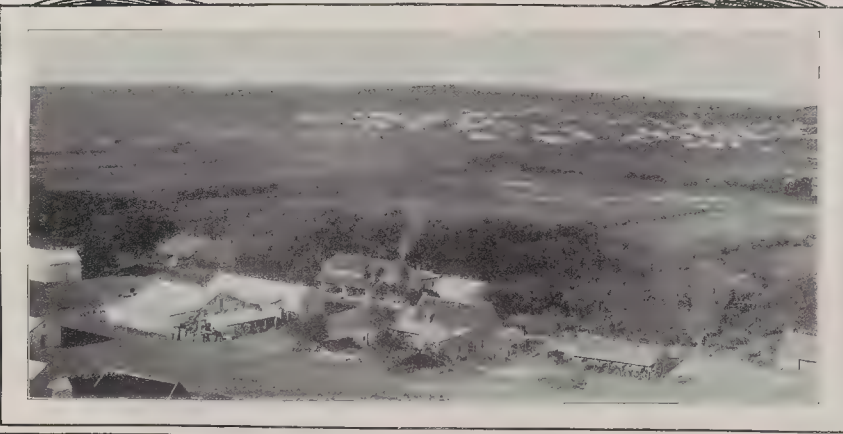
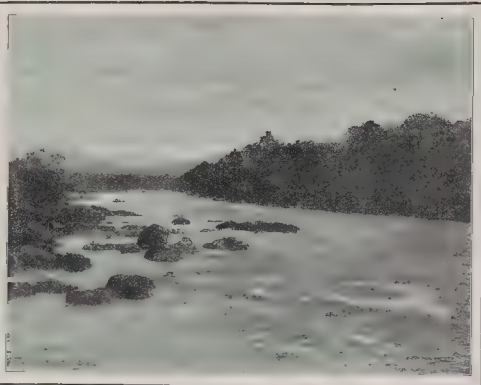
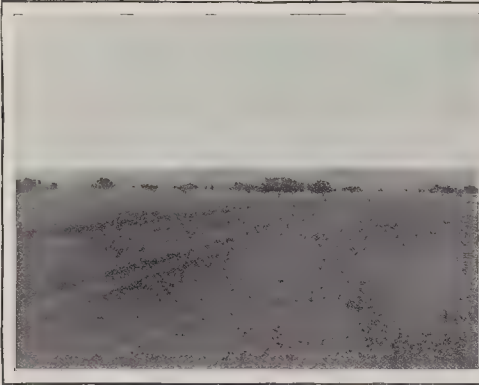
ENTRANCE TO THE FRENCH LEGATION, PEKING.



FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL, PEKING, BURNED DOWN BY THE "BOXERS."

The building is flanked by two Imperial Entrances.

Roberts's Advance through the Transvaal.



KLERKSDORP: THE BOER GOVERNMENT OFFICES, OVER WHICH THE BRITISH FLAG NOW FLIES
Photograph by Edwards.

THE SCENE OF AN OLD DISASTER: BRONKHURST SPRUIT.
IN DEC 1899 A PARTY OF THE 54TH REGIMENT WAS SHOT DOWN BY BOERS FROM BEHIND THE TREES.
Photograph by Edwards.

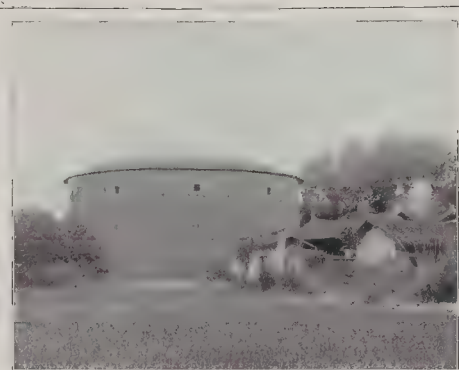
THE KOMATI RIVER, CLOSE TO KOMATI POORT STATION.
Photograph by Edwards.

KLERKSDORP: THE OLD AND NEW TOWN FROM THE WEST.
Photograph by Bruce.

The Crisis in China.



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.



THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.



YOSHIDA RECRUITS FOR THE BOXERS: A GROUP OF CHINESE SOLDIERS.



PRIMITIVE CHINESE ARMY: A GROUP OF ARCHERS.

A TYPICAL CHINESE VILLAGE FOR THE BOXERS.

THE BOXERS.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKING.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



THE THEATRE AT TIENTSIN.



THE SCENE OF THE EMPEROR'S CAPTIVITY. MOAT OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING.

In the Palace on the left bank the co-Emperor is practically a prisoner.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



THE FRENCH FLAG-SHIP AT TAKU: THE "D'ENTRECASTEAUX."



THE BOMBARDMENT OF TIENTSIN: A STREET IN THE CITY.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



OFFICIAL CHINA. READING AN IMPERIAL EDICT AT THE YAMEN OF A PROVINCIAL TAO-TAI OR GOVERNOR.

T H E C R I S I



HALF A CENTURY AGO IN CHINA: THE EMPEROR TIAO-KWANG (DIED 1650) REVIEWING HIS GUARDS.



THE WEST



INTERIOR OF THE YAKU FORTS.

I N C H I N A.



ING.



THE GARDENS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE PEKING.



BY THE POWERS ON JUNE 17.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Between 1881-88 I had several interviews, both in Paris and London, with the late Ismail Pasha. He, in fact, was the only Viceroy of Egypt whom I have personally known. I had, however, the honour of a long and cordial acquaintance with Ferdinand de Lesseps, and in the course of our very informal chats he often told me little incidents and stories of Ismail's predecessors, which will probably be lost to history unless there be extant additional memoirs—the existence of which I doubt—of that charming *casseur* and truly wonderful man. My casual mention of those anecdotes here and there will not save them from oblivion, but they have been useful to me in enabling me to note the gradual transformation of Ismail's two successors from purely Oriental potentates into semi-European rulers. In spite of his viceroy of Western civilisation, the first Khedive—for Ismail was that in name—was as Oriental as the founder of his house Mehmet Ali, and perhaps more than his uncle, Said Pasha, whom he succeeded. Neither "the Lion of the Levant" nor his fourth son had the experience of Europeans and of European affairs possessed by the grandfather of the princely visitor to our shores. Nevertheless, they did not commit Ismail's mistake of holding all Europeans too cheaply, and of thinking that all, without exception, could be bribed.

Ismail unquestionably held that opinion. Somewhere about 1884 he was seriously thinking about recovering his throne. I believe, though I am not absolutely sure, that the idea was suggested to him by Jules Ferry; at any rate, he made preparations to go to London and try his luck. He was then staying at the Grand Hotel, and, as a matter of course, received many visits from journalists, both English and French. One evening my turn to see him came immediately after that of the representative of an influential French paper. The moment I entered the room I noticed that Ismail was not in his usual mood, or, at any rate, that his mood had got the better of his usual imperturbability. He read it to speak plainly, surly. Having finished his communication to me, which I promised to summarise and to transmit to my editor, he asked me point-blank what would be the cost of the insertion. I knew perfectly well that the repetition of his question to my chief would involve my instant dismissal, probably without notice and without compensation in lieu of notice; and I frankly told him. "You are a strange lot, you English journalists and your chiefs," he said. "Do you know what happened just before you came in? M. de the"—he called—"Ismail did not know that I had seen the previous visitor. And he mentioned both names. 'Well, your Highness?' I replied. 'Well,' he almost shrieked, 'he submitted a quasi-biography to me; asking me to look over it and see whether it was not a mistake. When I read it and told him it was all right, he took a sheet of paper from his pocket. 'This is the account,' he said. It was a bill for 3000 fr. He did not get the money. I showed him the door.'"

I am not a journalistic angel, but I am not a fool, and whenever an Egyptian matter cropped up I did not rush at it, but sought the advice of M. de Lesseps. The next morning I went to him and informed him of what had occurred. "I am not in the least surprised," he said, laughing. "There is not a single French journalist who will render a man a service for nothing, if there be a possibility of getting money for it, and there are only two papers in the whole of Paris which would visit instant dismissal, even if they the papers, were absolutely innocent in the matter. Of course, among the higher grade of journalists the bribe takes the shape of a present; but it comes to the same thing, for the present is converted into money."

And then M. de Lesseps told me a tale connected with Said Pasha's visit to Paris. Said was anxious to make each of twelve distinguished personages a present of a snuff-box set with diamonds. On his arrival in the capital he ordered them; they were all to be of the same pattern, with his initials in precious stones. It was an expensive affair, and the jewellers—a historical firm—informed his Highness that it would take some time to execute his commands. With the utmost dispatch and good-will, they could only deliver three at the time. Then the senior partner, who knew his townsman, bethought himself of something better. "There will be no need to make more than three," he said. "They are sure to go to editors or big journalists, and we can buy them back again." So said, so done. They only made three snuff-boxes, but Said distributed eleven in all. One recipient refused to part with his.

This could not have given Said an exalted idea of European delicacy, and Ismail's subsequent intercourse with the scribes and officials of the Second Empire was not calculated to change his inherited convictions, for until the fall of the Empire, France stood foremost in Ismail's calculations. Fortunately for Tewfik he was not his father's favourite. His brothers received a European education; he alone was kept in Egypt. When the necessities of the situation brought him in contact both with the English and the French, he was equally reserved with and suspicious of both. He, however, soon learned to distinguish between "Codin and Short"; and long before his death he had made up his mind as to the relative value of each nation with regard to the prosperity of his dynasty and that of the nation over which he ruled. Mehmet Ali's sons, I do not know how many there were, for he had between sixty and seventy children—were educated by Koenig Bey, a Frenchman. Ismail himself was always more French than English in his tendencies, which is not to be wondered at, inasmuch as France had helped him with the Suez Canal, while England opposed it with might and main. Tewfik, however, first took Mr. Mitchell and then Mr. Butler to teach his sons. The result is apparent in Abbas, although at the beginning of his reign he showed signs of yielding to French influence.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, W.W. MOORE (New Barnet).—We have forwarded your letter to our correspondent.

C.H. FERRIS (Gloucester). Your problems, at any rate, are now safely to hand. They shall be examined and reported upon at an early date.

A.F. FARRBY (Gosdinning).—The problem shall have our early attention.

As to the problem of the "Three Kings" (Southwold), and B. Workers (Sunderland).—The problem shall certainly appear if quite sound, G.H. HICKS (Rugby). The problem shall certainly appear if quite sound, and the other is not forgotten.

CURRENT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2995 received from Fred Long (Salford), of Nov. 29, 1899, and 2994 from B.R. Van Noorden, Cape Town, of No. 2997 from George Davis Farmer (Australasian), of Nov. 29, 1899, from Edward J. Sharpe (Newcastle), of Nov. 29, 1899, from J. Bailey (Newark), Edward J. Sharpe, J.D. Tucker, H. Le Jeune, J. Witherall (Manchester), and Rev. C.H. Stowell (Uppingham), and Shiford.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2992.—BY PERCY HEALEY

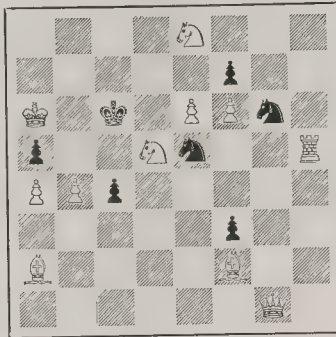
BLACK Any move

1. Q to B 4th

2. Mate

PROBLEM No. 2992.—BY W. CUNNINGTON

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.
Game played in the International Tournament between
Messrs. J. Mieses and D. Janowski.
Tenth Game.

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. B to Q 2nd	Q to R 4th
2. K to Q 4th	K to Q 4th	12. P to R 6th	P to R 6th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	13. Q to R 4th	Q to R 4th
4. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	14. K to K 4th	K to K 4th
5. P to B 4th	P to B 4th	15. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
6. P to B 4th	P to B 4th	16. Q to R 4th	Q to R 4th
7. Q to B 4th	Q to B 4th	17. P to R 6th	P to R 6th
8. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. K to K 4th	K to K 4th
9. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
10. Q to B 4th	Q to B 4th	20. K to K 4th	K to K 4th

It would appear that this is a lost game, as the White player has no move left. The game was played in the Paris Tournament, and the White player was defeated.

The Paris Tournament resulted in 1. Lasker, 2. Pillsbury, 3. Marshall and Morphy, 4. Pillsbury, 5. Lasker, 6. Pillsbury, 7. Marshall and Morphy, 8. Pillsbury, 9. Lasker, 10. Pillsbury, 11. Lasker, 12. Pillsbury, 13. Marshall and Morphy, 14. Pillsbury, 15. Lasker, 16. Pillsbury, 17. Marshall and Morphy, 18. Pillsbury, 19. Lasker, 20. Pillsbury, 21. Marshall and Morphy, 22. Pillsbury, 23. Lasker, 24. Pillsbury, 25. Marshall and Morphy, 26. Pillsbury, 27. Lasker, 28. Pillsbury, 29. Marshall and Morphy, 30. Pillsbury, 31. Lasker, 32. Pillsbury, 33. Marshall and Morphy, 34. Pillsbury, 35. Lasker, 36. Pillsbury, 37. Marshall and Morphy, 38. Pillsbury, 39. Lasker, 40. Pillsbury, 41. Marshall and Morphy, 42. Pillsbury, 43. Lasker, 44. Pillsbury, 45. Marshall and Morphy, 46. Pillsbury, 47. Lasker, 48. Pillsbury, 49. Marshall and Morphy, 50. Pillsbury, 51. Lasker, 52. Pillsbury, 53. Marshall and Morphy, 54. Pillsbury, 55. Lasker, 56. Pillsbury, 57. Marshall and Morphy, 58. Pillsbury, 59. 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THE LATE LORD LOCH.

Lord Loch has not lived to see the exact working-out of the South African problem, in the earlier stages of which he had himself played no inconsiderable part. On Wednesday evening of last week he passed away at his residence in Lowndes Square, after a long illness. Henry Dugdall Loch was born in May 1827, and was the youngest son of Mr. James Loch, of Drylaw, who once sat in Parliament for St. Germain and the Wick Burghs. As something of the proverbial rolling stone, Lord Loch may be quoted, in happy instance, to young men unable at once to discover their vocation; for, rolling stone as he was, he undoubtedly did conspicuously gather moss. At first he entered the Navy; but after serving for a brief period as a midshipman, he exchanged into the Army. The cornet of the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry soon found himself on active service in the field. He went through the Sutlej Campaign with credit; and on the outbreak of the Crimean War he was sent, with the rank of Major, to Bulgaria, to assist in organising the Turkish Irregular Cavalry. A little later, and his career began to take the shape it was finally to assume. The Earl of Elgin in 1857 offered to name him on his Special Embassy to China and Japan. The offer was accepted, and Loch, still a soldier,

though on the brink of diplomacy, was also attached to the headquarters of the army engaged in China during the war. He was next heard of as the bearer to England of the Treaty of Yeddo, concluded with Japan; and back in China again, he was taken prisoner by the Chinese at the battle of Kang-Kion-Wan, though he was under the protection of a flag of truce. The Chinese captors were

His retirement in 1896 was greatly regretted; it was also the occasion of his being made a peer and a Privy Councillor. Lord Loch, who married Miss Elizabeth Villiers, a sister of the Countess of Lytton, leaves two daughters and one son, the Hon. Edward Douglas Loch, D.S.O., who was born in 1873, and is now serving in South Africa.



Colonel Hodgson. Lord Loch. Commander P. G. Heugh, R.N.
THE LATE LORD LOCH AND OFFICERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD FORCE.
Photograph by Robinson.

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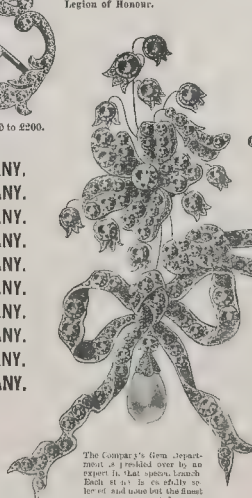
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"Argentine, London."

THE VISIT OF THE KHEDIVÉ OF EGYPT

Some of his Ministers and Officers.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS
Ismail Pasha, G.C.M.G.

great Turkish general, Mehemet Ali. His country, technically a tributary province of the Turkish Empire, is practically autonomous under our British control, he having the title "Khedive," which means "sovereign" or "king." As a child Abbas was taught English by a governess, and later special tutors were brought from England to perfect his knowledge of our language. An American officer in the Egyptian Army was assigned to teach the Prince the rudiments of military science. Arabic and Turkish professors taught him the Oriental languages. At the age of twelve he was sent to the Haxious School at Geneva to complete the preparatory course for the Theresianum in Vienna, where he was prepared for the important position he now fills. The Emperor of Austria took a kindly interest during his student life, and ample means were provided for giving him a practical insight into military life as well as engineering. He speaks Italian as well as English, French, German, Arabic, and Turkish, and has visited every capital in Europe. The sudden death of Tewfik Pasha on January 7, 1892, hurried him from his studies to be proclaimed Khedive of Egypt.

In his dress there is nothing Oriental save the red tarboosh (head-gear), which he never removes from his head. His clothes might be those of any young Englishman. His army consists chiefly of our 5,000 soldiers, whose heroic deeds under Lord Kitchener are still fresh in our memory. The Khedive often wears his uniform



SLATIN PASHA
Eleven years prisoner in Khartoum

Sir Evelyn Wood in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and gained the D.S.O. for his work in the battle of Toski, 1885. He was at the action of Afafit and the recapture of Tokar in 1891, directed the military intelligence in the Dongola Expedition of 1896, was in the Nile Expedition of 1897, and was present at the battles of Atbara and Khartoum. He married the sister of Sir Leslie Rundle, who is now fighting the Boers. He has written several books, including *Mahdism and the Egyptian Sudan*, and translated and edited Slatin Pasha's *Five and a Sword in the Sudan*.

Sir Rudolf Slatin is an Austrian, four years Sir Francis's senior. He left Vienna for Cairo in 1874 at the age of seventeen. In 1878 General Gordon offered him a position at Khartoum, and he was afterwards appointed Governor of Darfur. In attempting to stem the tide of Mahdism he fought no fewer than seven-and-twenty battles and lost most of his troops and ammunition. He was ultimately forced to surrender, and placed in chains by the Mahdi, on whose death in June, 1885, he was made one of the Khalifa's body guard. He tried to escape nine times, but had to remain captive for eleven years, ultimately, by the aid of Sir Francis Wingate, eluding his captors. He afterwards had the keen satisfaction of being present at the fall of Khartoum. At the present moment he is on a visit to his native Vienna and is going to the Austrian mountains for a holiday. He told a newspaper correspondent that the country is perfectly quiet and in good order, but that he would not undertake to guarantee that it would remain so unless the greatest caution is observed.



THE KHEDIVÉ

of commander-in-chief of the army. Abbas never disobeys the command of the Koran by tasting wines or spirits; he is also a total abstainer from tobacco, while everyone around him smokes from morning until night.

His daily work is done in Abdin Palace, after which he is escorted by a cavalry guard to the Palace of Knoubeh (five miles out of Cairo), which looks like the seat of a rich European family of country tastes. Being a monogamist, there he lives with a beautiful, attractive Circassian whom he married five years ago, and he has three daughters and a son. During the hot summer season the whole court, with its army of officials and attendants, move into the Palace Ras-el-Teen, on the sea-shore at Alexandria, from whence the Khedive often takes unofficial trips in the beautiful Scotch-built yacht of 700 tons, called *Safa-el-Bahr*—"Joy of the Sea." The yacht *Mahmoud* of 1,500 tons, one of the largest pleasure vessels in the world, is used to convey His Highness and suite to Constantinople, where he often goes to the magnificent palace (the present of the Sultan) at the Bosphorus, between Arnautkey and Bebek.

Sir Francis Wingate, who succeeded Lord Kitchener as Sirdar, had a Scotch father and an Irish mother, and was born in Renfrewshire in 1861. He entered the artillery twenty years ago, and saw service in India and at Aden before he joined the Egyptian Army in 1883. Since then he has seen all the fighting we have done in Egypt. He acted as military secretary to



THE SIRDAR (SIR FRANCIS WINGATE)
In khaki



THE SIRDAR (SIR FRANCIS WINGATE)
In the costume of an Egyptian general

WHAT THE MISSIONARIES ARE DOING IN CHINA

A School for the Blind at Peking.

Among the many points to which our thoughts turn anxiously at this time of dire anxiety concerning all our fellow Christians in China, and more especially those in Peking and Tientsin,



MRS. MURRAY, FIVE OF HER CHILDREN, AND SEVEN BLIND CHINESE GIRLS AT PEKIN

there are none of more pathetic interest than Bishop Scott's school for European children, in the turbulent city of Tientsin, and the home in Peking (now isolated from Tientsin by the destruction of the railway and telegraph), where the parents of four of those little ones are enduring mental anguish on their account as well as on that of three younger children, who with a large party of helpless blind men and boys, women and girls, are in momentary danger of martyrdom within the city of Peking.

Only a month ago all seemed so peaceful within these two schools; in each the course of life flowed on so calmly. In the one were the happy European children, in the other the blind "salvage from the slums" of Peking and other cities, glorying in their recently acquired powers of reading and writing, and above all of working usefully as compositors and printers for sighted persons, many of whom have already been taught by blind teachers how to read and write by means of the wonderfully simple type representing numerals, invented by Mr. Murray, for the use of blind and illiterate persons in China.

The great importance of this invention lies in the fact that as there is no alphabet in China it is necessary to represent each sound, or combination of sounds, by a separate very complicated character, and it is absolutely necessary for any person desirous of learning to read to recognise at sight at least 4,000 of these. The difficulty of doing this is so great that only five per cent. of the men, and one in two hundred of the women, succeed after about six years of study in learning to read, and then they have not begun to learn to write the same intricate characters.

Mr. Murray (who early in life was crippled by an accident in the Scottish sawmill where his father worked) went to Peking as a street bookseller. His attention was naturally attracted by the number of the blind, due to leprosy, small-pox, ophthalmia, &c., and his amazement was great when now and again a blind man came to buy a copy of the Bible in the hope that some day he would be able to persuade someone to read it to him.

For eight long years he strove to solve the problem of how to teach the blind in China, and finally in 1879 he decided to adopt the system of embossed white dots which Dr. Braille invented to represent the alphabet, punctuation, and music. Mr. Murray decided to make the same dots represent numerals, tones, and music, and then he numbered all the sounds in the language and wrote only the number, trusting to memory to supply the sound.

The result has far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The poorest, dullest

blind beggars who will take the trouble to try to learn to read do so fluently in less than three months, and acquire the art of writing at the same time. Though for some years Mr. Murray

received no help from anyone, yet such was his self-denying frugality that with only the salary of a poor street bookseller he contrived to feed, and lodge, and clothe a large class of blind men and boys he had gathered in from the streets of the walled city to share a protection they had never known before.

Presently a small blind boy taught a grown-up blind woman, who subsequently taught other women, and thus commenced the first school for blind women, some of whom are now engaged in teaching women endowed with sight. For fully ten years Mr. Murray's invention was applied solely to the benefit of the blind. Then its much wider scope was discovered. As all our Christian converts are poor working people it follows that they are illiterate. Some of these came to ask Mr. Murray if he could not devise for their use some simple system of reading such as he had adapted for the blind. After much thought he found that by simply connecting the raised white dots by means of straight black lines he produced a series of the simplest geometric forms—lines, angles, and squares—forms actually held in reverence by the Chinese, as are numerals. These he had cast in metal printing type, which he gave to the blind men, who were busily engaged in embossing the books of the Bible for their own use. They at once recognised their own symbols, and asked why Mr. Murray had used lines instead of dots? "Because," he said, "you blind men are henceforth to print books

for sighted persons, and you are going to teach them to read."

This is what is now being done by many of Mr. Murray's blind pupils in various parts of China; one blind girl taught a large class of ignorant farm women to read and write well within three months. But the mission premises and the excellent printing press, both of which were acquired only last year, after long difficulty in raising the necessary funds, are now (together with the Murrays themselves and all their blind students) in imminent peril, if, indeed, they have not already fallen victims to the mob.

It might be supposed that nothing could exceed the discomfort of the Peking covered mule cart balanced on two heavy wheels, which is the equivalent of a carriage and pair in the Chinese capital, and in which the passenger is mercilessly jolted along over the streets full of pitfalls. But far greater is the pain endured by poor travellers who must avail themselves of a Chinese wheelbarrow—a vehicle with no resemblance to its good British namesake, but consisting of a large central wheel with a perch on each side, whereon are balanced the passenger on one side and her baggage on the other. A very brief journey on such a vehicle results in aching bones. Nevertheless, I know of at least two instances in which Christian blind women have induced their relatives to bring them a whole month's journey to Peking in the depth of a bitterly cold winter in order to be taught to read at Mr. Murray's school for blind women.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

THE FAMOUS TAKU FORTS

The famous Taku forts, which guard the Peiho River, have played an important part in the history of British intercourse with the Chinese. First in 1858, when Sir Michael Seymour reduced them and cleared the river. In June, 1859, the allied forces of England and France were unsuccessful in their attack, and had to retire, suffering severe loss, as the troops sunk in the mud-flats facing the forts. A third expedition in 1860 proved successful, when the army advanced on Peking, occupied the capital, and dictated terms to the Chinese. There is a bar at the mouth of the river set there by heavenly favour to prevent the entrance of hostile fleets until they have been dealt with by the forts. The Chinese protest against their forts being taken in the rear, holding that an enemy, unless wholly barbarous, should always attack in front where suitable arrangements have been made for his reception. There is an inner and an outer harbour, parted by the bar, and the Chinese supposed that safety lay in guarding the former, but our modern weapons of precision and far-reaching missiles of destruction coming from a fleet in the outer harbour must have carried an unpleasant up-to-date message to the defenders of this key to the Empire's capital.



MR. WILLIAM H. MURRAY, TWO OF HIS SONS, AND SOME BLIND CHINESE MEN AND BOYS

THE KERNEL OF THE CRISIS IN CHINA—*The Boxers.*

Italians Germans English Japanese Americans Austrians French Russians
THE MARINES OF THE GREAT POWERS IN FRONT OF THE ENGLISH EMBASSY AT PEKIN

For more than two years the northern provinces of China have been disturbed by hands of men connected by one of those secret sects for which the Celestial Empire has for long been famous. The majority of them belong to the lowest class of the people, but they have been joined by some of the older men of the educated and better classes, who from ignorance or for various other reasons are bitterly opposed to seeing their country thrown open to the hated "outside barbarian."

In Shan-tung province, where they originated, they were known as the "Long Swords," but afterwards, in the adjoining province of Chili, they chose the name of the "I-ho-chwan," the three Chinese characters of which the name is composed standing for "I" righteous, "ho" united, and "chwan" "the fists," or "defending with the fists": hence the English designation of "Boxers." This name is said to have had its origin in the fact that the drill of the Boxers is not simply an exercise in the use of their weapons of warfare (with which, by the way, many of them are but poorly supplied), but extraordinary and mysterious athletic exercises. By means of these gymnastics, which have a spiritual significance, the Boxers believe they become invulnerable to all weapons of warfare. They have about sixteen mysterious watchwords, the correct understanding of which, they say, enables one man to face ten thousand, and gives him power with the greatest ease to demolish foreign buildings. During the past two years the Boxers have passed from city to city diligently instructing the youth of these places in their mystic signs, and firing their hearts with an ambition to fight the foreigners. It was the Boxers who, under their original name of the "Long Swords," nearly three years ago, murdered some German priests in the province of Shan-tung, which resulted in the seizure by Germany of the port of Kiau-chau, and to some extent the occupation of the province. Since then the movement has steadily progressed, and has developed into a crusade against all foreigners, whether merchants, missionaries, officials, or those connected with the telegraph or mining and railway undertakings.

In the interior of Shan-tung and Chili native Christians of the Roman Catholic faith alone were

at first persistently pillaged and murdered without mercy. But early last year attacks began to be made upon the Protestants. For more than a year, by the request of the British and American consuls in Tientsin, many of the interior mission stations have each been guarded by a detachment of 150 Imperial soldiers to protect them from the attacks of the Boxers. Hundreds of the Protestant converts have been robbed of all their possessions, and their homes burned to the ground. Not a few, principally Roman Catholics, have been murdered and their heads exposed in cages or carried on

to attack the Boxers. The usual course pursued, however, was for the Boxers to be fettered and bribed by the magistrates, and persuaded to proceed to another district to commit their depredations.

From the first the Boxers have claimed that they had the support of the Empress Dowager, but the statement was usually discredited by foreigners. It was gradually made clear, however, that she had decided to throw around the Boxers the strong shield of her protection. At the time of the brutal murder of Mr. Brookes, of the English S.P.G. Mission, in the early spring, the general sent (at the urgent representation of the foreign Ministers) to suppress the Boxers in that district was severely reprimanded for attacking them, and similar treatment has been meted out to every Chinese general who has obeyed the Empress Dowager's public orders instead of her private commands. The present policy of the Empress, for the perfecting of which she has been secretly but industriously working for some time past, is to rid the country completely of all foreigners and every native associated with them. The banners of the Boxers bear the motto, "Exterminate foreigners—Support the Ching (i.e., the present) Dynasty"; and these, it is well known, are sentiments approved by the ancient dame who rules in Peking.

Recruiting has been going on quite openly in the country around Tientsin for more than a year.

When the British Minister came down to interview the Viceroy regarding the troops of Boxers which had been threatening for months an English mission station on the borders of Chili and Shan-tung, Sir Claude MacDonald warned that high official that he had reason to believe that the rebels were drilling and recruiting in Tientsin. The Viceroy assured the British Minister that he was misinformed.

At that time an Englishman who had seen Boxers drilling within the walls reported them to the Yamen. A few were seized and given the bamboo, but were released in three days, and immediately retaliated by placing the mission chapels with notices of their approaching destruction, and the annihilation of the foreigners.

A CHINESE RESIDENT FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.



H.M.S. "ALGERINE" WHICH HELPED TO CAPTURE THE TAKU FORTS
The "Algerine" is a turret ship, 1,020 tons, and was constructed in 1897. One officer and four of her men were wounded at the recent bombardment of the Taku forts.

poles from town to town, to warn the inhabitants to beware of any association with foreigners. Single mission compounds have sheltered nearly 200 destitute converts at a time, tried men and women of good character, who had suffered the loss of their all.

The treatment meted out to the Boxers has depended largely upon the spirit and views of the mandarin in whose district their attacks have been made—if he was pro-foreign and progressive, as was the case with a small minority, or anti-foreign as more frequently happened. Occasionally the mandarins ordered their troops



M. PICHON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT PEKIN, HIS STAFF AND GUARD

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

Gathering up the Threads of the Campaign.



Facsimile sketch by W. B. Wallen, R.I.

THE KHAKI BARRIER OUTSIDE KROONSTAD
Patrol to an officer: "I'm a sorry, sir, but my orders are to let no one pass." This picture shows how we have to guard against Boer "sneakiness"



Facsimile sketch by S. M. Paxton

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CHRISTIANIA

Our artist, Mr. R. M. Paxton, congratulating the "Daily Express" correspondent on their being the only newspaper representatives at Christiania

The trouble in South Africa has been almost forgotten in the intense anxiety over China, and yet our special artists are sending home sketches as usual, for the work of the soldier is by no means done. One of our special artists, Mr. R. M. Paxton, has sent some capital sketches of Christiania, which General Hunter occupied on May 15. Mr. Paxton and the correspondent of the *Daily Express* were the only newspaper representatives present, and he

in fact, everything that represents the advanced mechanicalism of our civilisation. Even the typewriter has been used for a great deal of the clerical work that is as necessary in a campaign as a rifle or a Maxim. One of our special artists has sent a sketch of a Remington in use.

General Roberts has set his face dead against looting, and yet even he finds it impossible to stop hungry men from having a chance to get food. One of the pictures reproduced here represents a soldier and some Kaffirs pursuing a rabbit. Mr. Hale of the *Daily News* has described very vividly how nothing will induce a Kaffir to do any work when there is a rabbit to

Lord Rosslyn writes to me from Pretoria on May 19, that is before he was liberated:—

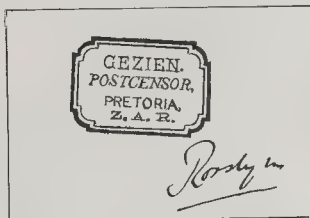
The spoils you have sent are of no use here, as my camera has been taken from me, but I have sixty photographs by me that are very interesting, and which I will try to get permission to send to you. It is an awful life, and I am unfairly detained on the strength of my diary, written after I was taken prisoner. I suppose I must wait patiently for Roberts. I am well, but it is a fearful life in this cage.



THE REMINGTON TYPEWRITER AT THE FRONT

has drawn the picture of himself and comrade congratulating one another on the invasion of Mr. Kruger's kingdom.

One of the great features of the present war has been the use of all sorts of mechanical apparatus—heliographs, radiographs, telegraphs;



BOER CENSOR'S MARK ON A LETTER

From our special correspondent, Lord Rosslyn, when a prisoner

be pursued. An officer of the Honourable Artillery Company with Ian Hamilton, relates that just before an action north of Bloemfontein a hare ran through the regiment and was kicked over by a man, who carried it, plus his kit, ammunition and rifle, from 8.30 in the morning until 7 at night, right through the fight, never parting with it, and he and his chum had it for supper and pronounced it excellent. Soldiers have occasionally found fowls on the farms on the route deserted by their owners, and have not thought twice about carrying off something for their well-earned supper.



BOER PRISONER AT CHRISTIANIA

I reproduce the censor stamp attached to this letter, which of course had been opened and the reference to waiting for Lord Roberts underlined. Doubtless Lord Rosslyn has by this time procured a new camera and is using it on behalf of THE SPHERE.



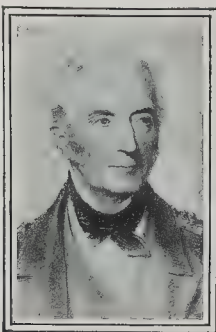
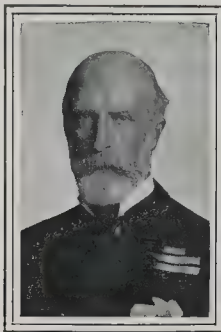
Facsimile sketch by R. M. Paxton

SOLDIER AND KAFFIRS AFTER A RABBIT ON THE VELDT



Facsimile sketch by W. B. Wallen, R.I.

SOLDIERS CHASING FOWLS ON A BOER FARM AT FETS RIVER

A FAMILY WHO HAVE FOUGHT IN CHINA—*The Story of the Seymours.*SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR, R.N. (1788-1834)
Grandfather of Sir Edward SeymourSIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR, R.N. (1802-37)
His third son: fought in the China War, 1859SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, R.N. (b. 1838)
His grandson: fought in the China War, 1858

It is doubtful whether any family can show such a wonderful record of service in the navy as that from which Sir Edward Seymour springs. For four generations, extending over 120 years, they have served in the navy without the break of a year. Furthermore, Sir Edward, his cousin (Sir Michael Culme-Seymour), and his uncle (also Sir Michael) were all fighting in the Chinese War in the year 1858, when the last-named was in command of the China station.

The Seymours belong to a younger branch of the ducal house of Somerset, which settled in Ireland in the spacious times of Queen Bess. In 1768 the Rev. John Seymour, a Limerick parson, had a son born to him who founded the long line of sailor Seymours, so brilliantly represented by the present Commander-in-Chief.

Sir Michael Seymour, No. 1.

Michael Seymour became a midshipman on board H.M.S. *Merlin* in November, 1780, as a boy of twelve. He saw no real service until 1794, when, as lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Marlborough*, he was present under Howe at the famous action of June 1, 1794, losing an arm. In 1808 he commanded the 36-gun frigate, *Amethyst*. One eventful day he fell in with a French frigate, *Thétis*, which was carrying a detachment of troops to Martinique. He attacked, and after a heroic fight completely wrecked her. She lost 236 killed and wounded out of 436, while the *Amethyst* lost only 70 out of 261. Seymour's gallantry was rewarded with a gold medal, a sword of honour and a piece of plate, and the freedom of the cities of Limerick and Cork. In the following year, still sailing in the gallant little *Amethyst*, he captured a French frigate off Ushant, which lost 120 men in the action, and on his return to England he was created a baronet. He commanded the *Amethyst* until 1812, when he was appointed to the *Hannibal*, on which his third son, Sir Michael, served under him. He married the daughter of a naval captain, and died in 1834 at Rio as commander-in-chief of the South American station after fifty-four years of gallant service afloat.

Sir Michael Seymour, No. 2.

His eldest son became a parson. Indeed, the Seymours either enter the Church or go to sea, for the father of our present Commander-in-Chief at China was also a parson, as was the father of the first Sir Michael. The third son, Michael, joined him on the *Hannibal* in 1813 as a boy of eleven. He was present at the demonstration against Algiers, 1824; was wrecked on the *Challenger* near Leubu in the Pacific Ocean in 1835; and was captain

of the Baltic fleet in 1854 (losing an eye through an accident). He was put in command of the China station in 1856, and went through the war that followed, seizing the Canton forts, the Bogue forts, destroying the junk fleet at Fatshan creek on June 1, 1857, capturing Canton in the same year, and making a prisoner of the Chinese Viceroy. On May 20, 1858, he captured the Taku forts, and forced a passage up the Pei-ho to Tientsin, where a treaty was signed on June 20. He was made G.C.B. in 1859, sat in Parliament for a few years, and died in 1887 as Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom. He left no son.

Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, No. 2.

The third Sir Michael, the present baronet, who is grandson of the first and cousin of Sir Edward, entered the navy in 1850 as a boy of fourteen fresh from Harrow. He served in the Burmese War of 1852; in the Baltic with his uncle in 1854; in the Black Sea, 1854-5, fighting with the Naval Brigade in the Crimea; and he went through the China War of 1858 with his uncle and cousin, being present at the taking of the Taku forts. His father, who was a Canon of Gloucester, adopted the name of Culme in 1842, and hence the third Sir Michael is known as Sir Michael Culme-Seymour.

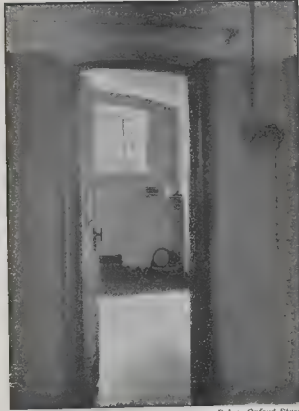
Sir Edward Seymour.

His cousin, Sir Edward Seymour, is a man of the moment in China. He entered the navy in 1852 as a boy of twelve and began his career in H.M.S. *Terrible*, the namesake of which is now under his command in China. He went through the Crimean War and was present at the bombardment of Odessa, Sebastopol, and Kinburn. He served throughout the China War, 1857-60, under his uncle, Sir Michael (No. 2), and was present at the taking of the Taku forts, which he missed the other day as he was then on his way to relieve Pekin. He commanded a small-arm party at the relief of Sing-poo and the capture of Kahding in 1862. He was severely wounded in the Congo in 1870 when engaged in chasing pirates. He commanded H.M.S. *Iris* during the Egyptian War and was present at the bombardment of Alexandria. From 1887 to 1889 he was a Naval A.D.C. to the Queen. He commanded the Channel Squadron for five years, and was selected as Commander-in-Chief on the China station, December, 1897. All the world knows how he has filled that difficult post. Sir Edward is unmarried, but he has a nephew, Hugh, in the navy. Thus four generations of the Seymours have helped to make Britannia rule the waves.

SIR EDWARD HOBART SEYMOUR
The present Commander-in-Chief on the China station. His uncle and cousin and himself all fought in the China War of 1858THE ATTACK ON THE TAKU PORTS, MADE BY SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR MAY 20, 1858
On this occasion Sir Edward Seymour's uncle, Sir Michael Seymour, was Commander-in-Chief on the China station. The Chinese had completed batteries and earthworks armed with 8 guns, and had obstructed the river with junks chained together. The British and French squadrons forced a passage. This picture is from sketches made on the spot by Commander A. T. Thrupp, and appeared in "Sixty Years a Queen"

THE FORTHCOMING DEMOLITION OF NEWGATE PRISON.

Mr. E. W. Mountford's design for the new Sessions House in the Old Bailey has been accepted, and Newgate Prison, one of



Bolan, Oxford Street

THE INTERIOR OF A CELL

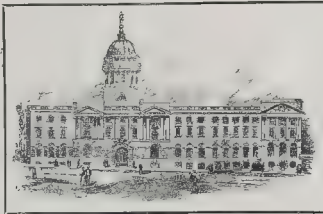
the most interesting structures in London, will be demolished. This is not to be regretted, for its history is of the most unsavoury order. Newgate was the fifth principal gate in the old city wall, and was so called because it was "latelier built than the rest." A prison has occupied the present site since the twelfth century. The space inside the gate was used for this purpose until 1672, when the gate was rebuilt. The same cramped accommodation served until the date of the structure which is about to be destroyed, 1780. The evils which arose in consequence were a disgrace to the city. One of the keepers of the prison, who gave evidence before the House of Commons in 1770, stated that independently of the mortality among the prisoners, nearly two sets of servants had died of the gaol fever during his term of office. He also recalled that in the spring of 1750, "two of the judges, the Lord Mayor, and several of the jury, and others to the number of sixty persons and upwards," died of the distemper communicated from the prison.

The first stone of the existing building was laid on May 31, 1770, by the Lord Mayor,

William Beckford, the father of the author of "Vathek." The work advanced but slowly, and part of it only had been completed by 1780, when the old prison was attacked by the mob in the so-called Lord George Gordon Riots and burned to the ground. After this the work advanced more quickly, and on December 9, 1783, the first execution took place before its walls. Lord George Gordon died here in 1793.

The most notorious part of the old prison was the press yard, where the barbarous practice of pressing to death was in force until abolished in 1772. This was the enforcement of the law known as "peine forte et dure." Persons charged with felony, who in order to save their property for their relatives refused to plead at the bar, were literally pressed to death. They were tied to the floor, their limbs were stretched to breaking point, and weights were placed on their body until death ensued.

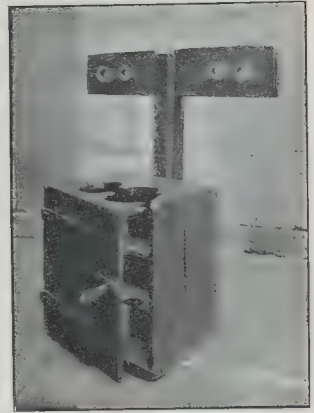
Noted tenants of the old prison were Anne Ascu, the martyr; Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania; Ellwood, Milton's friend; Lord William Russell; and Defoe, who began his "Review" here. Milton's books were burned by the common hangman at the Old Bailey in 1660. The notable escapes from Newgate of Jack Sheppard are well known. In addition to those people already named, the following persons, "variously eminent," have inhabited Newgate: the Earl of Shaftesbury, Jonathan Wild, Richard Savage, Elizabeth Canning, and Fauntleroy. Dr. Dodd, a clergyman who had achieved some eminence in his day, fell a victim to the laws against forgery. After leading a fast life and making a foolish marriage, he took orders and wrote the *Beauties of*



THE NEW SESSIONS HOUSE FOR NEWGATE

Shakspeare. He forged a bill for £4,200, and on the forgery being discovered he returned the entire sum plus £100. Nevertheless he was tried, found guilty, and hanged at Tyburn in 1777.

Executions in front of the Old Bailey were begun in 1783, and many dreadful and degrading scenes were witnessed. The gallows was erected in front of the Debtors' Door. In 1807,

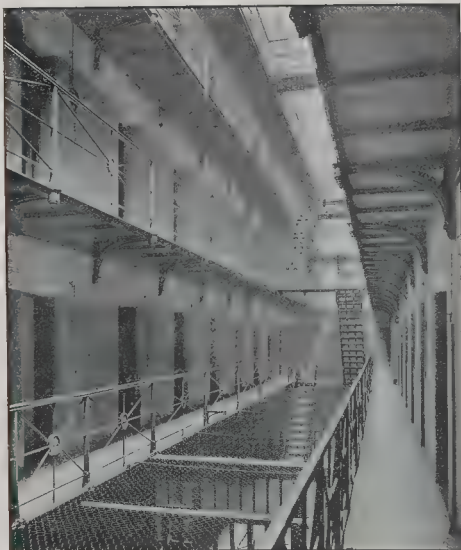


Bolan, Oxford Street

A WHIPPING STOCK AT NEWGATE

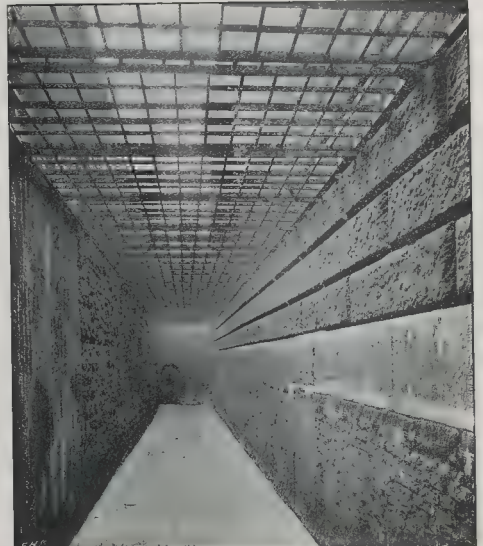
when two murderers, Holloway and Haggerty, were hanged, it is computed that 40,000 persons were present, and so great was the pressure in the crowd that thirty persons were trampled to death, many others being seriously injured. Another enormous crowd assembled in 1812, when Bellingham, who murdered the Prime Minister, Spencer Perceval, was hanged. At the execution of Fauntleroy, the banker, for forgery in 1824, there were, it is said, 100,000 persons in the immediate neighbourhood of the scaffold. The last public execution in front of Newgate took place in 1868, when the Fenian, Michael Barrett, was hanged for complicity in the Clerkenwell explosion.

Forgery has given many victims to Newgate, and it was not until 1837 that the punishment of death for this offence was abolished. In the years 1781-7 as many as twelve, fifteen, and twenty people were hanged together for this offence. Between 1805 and 1815, 207 people were hanged for this crime, a greater number than those who suffered the extreme penalty for murder, burglary, and robbery with violence. A. B.



Bolan, Oxford Street

CELLS IN NEWGATE—VIEW FROM THE GALLERY



Bolan, Oxford Street

THE GRAVE YARD (where prisoners used to scrawl their initials on the walls)

AMUSEMENTS

In the little theatre which is sheltered by the big opera house in Munich they have made a special study of Mozart in a way that makes the revivals of the master at Covent Garden a jest. In this country we have only one musical humorist—Sir Arthur Sullivan; and he and his colleague, Mr. Gilbert, have made the Savoy, our one school of operatic acting, unique and perfect in its way. That is why every Gilbert-Sullivan revival is of value, for it helps to keep up a high standard of stage work—to be found nowhere else; and the reproduction of *The Pirates of Penzance* is all the more delightful in that it is a fine specimen of the remarkable series to which it belongs, and despite its twenty years of age is full of unmatched gaiety. *The Pirates* saw the light first in a little theatre at Paignton, where a copy-right performance was given on December 30, 1879, with Mr. Richard Mansfield (of all people) as the Major-General. Mr. John le Hay played a part which has disappeared even from the printed text; and that fine artist, Mr. Fred Billington, who is still a member of one of Mr. Carte's provincial companies, was the Sergeant. Next night the opera was produced in New York, while London did not see it until the following April.

The chief charm of *The Pirates* as revealed by Saturday evening's enthusiastic revival lies in the very adherence to the somewhat mechanical formula that Mr. Gilbert has devised to such purpose. The book strikes me as being curiously dehumanised—as something quite apart, a type of humour that will not bear imitation, or even repetition, in new guises. Had it been quite human it would have reflected the world of 1879, whereas it might belong to 1979 or any other year. Mr. Gilbert's jests about middle-aged ladies and their faded looks still make one almost shiver; but in spite of that the opera is immensely gay—a rare quality on our stage. And it is infectious, for everybody on Saturday rippled with laughter over the old quips and were charmed once again by the pretty music of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Enthusiastic as I am over much of Mr. Gilbert's work I am bound to acknowledge that some of it palls on me, and that his humour is a trifle narrow and at times old-fashioned. But *The Pirates* has become a classic without acquiring the dust that is beget of that doubtful distinction. The present war, for instance, has

proved that Major-General Stanley is still "the very pattern of a modern major-general." "A policeman's lot is not a happy one" has passed into our verbal currency, and in the last twenty years Sir Arthur Sullivan has written nothing prettier than Mabel's song, "Poor wandering one."

What a model of artistic production the performance is from the players' point of view. The chorus is perfect; the principals could scarcely be improved on. Mr. Robert Evett, the best tenor that

in short, he is one of the few English artists we have who could look at a Mozart opera at all. His Major-General Stanley, like everything he does, is the very pink of good breeding. Mr. Walter Passmore is always a little too unctious and self-conscious for my taste, but his style fits in well with the part of the police sergeant. Miss Brandram is back in her place with her voice in perfect condition. Her Ruth is one of the best things she has done. Mr. Jones Hewson looks an imposing pirate king. Altogether

The Pirates of Penzance is a sheer delight, to which I for one will return again with keen pleasure.

Mr. Jerome's play, *Miss Hobbs*, was performed at the Duke of York's Theatre for the two hundredth time on Tuesday, and will be withdrawn on Friday next week. By the time it is revived Miss Evelyn Millard will be Mrs. Robert Coulter. Miss Millard has been nearly ten years on the stage. She started with Miss Thorne at Margate in July, 1891, but she has never done anything so well and so touchingly as the deserted Japanese girl in Mr. Belasco's playlet, *Madame Butterfly*, at the Duke of York's, although she very nearly reached the same high level in Mr. Esmond's clever play, *The Divided Way*. *Madame Butterfly* grows on one, for it makes a brilliant production—music, acting, and writing; and I have stepped into the pit three times to see it, preferring to omit *Miss Hobbs*, which is but differently played. Miss Millard is excellent as Madame Butterfly.

Another of Mr. Frohman's productions, *Zaza* at the Garrick, is nearing the close of its career here, for Mrs. Leslie Carter has engagements which demand her return to America. The play was denounced by most of the critics, but has been a triumphant success. This is not surprising, for Mrs. Carter's is a remarkable performance that could only be imitated and not improved by any other English-speaking actress. *Zaza* is going to the provinces, where Mr. Lewis Waller will play the title-role. If Mr. Belasco coaches her, as he is understood to have coached Miss Millard and Mrs. Carter in two very different rôles, she is bound to make a success.

I am very curious to see the result of *The Casino Girl*, which will be produced at the Shaftesbury on Monday *vice* the unlucky *American Beauty*. The great success of *The Belle of New York* took its producers and all Americans I have met by surprise. It came at a time when native "musical comedy" was in a very bad way indeed, and yet in retrospect one finds it difficult to single out its inherent excellence. *The Casino Girl* will prove whether the American musical comedy has really come to stay. J. M. B.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS MADAME BUTTERFLY (at the Duke of York's Theatre)

the Savoy has ever had, makes Frederic a delight, while Miss Isabel Jay, the Mabel, has humour as well as a voice. Of course, the Major-General Stanley of Mr. H. A. Lytton is unapproachable. Mr. Lytton has long seemed to me to be the best all-round Savoyard. He sings well, he acts even better, he dances nimbly;



MISS NORA H. SAMUEL



MISS E. D. BASS



MISS ENID THOMAS

A fairy play, "The Enchanted Fountain," in two acts, written by Mrs. de Lacy Lacy, with music by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncreiff, was given at the St. James's on Friday afternoon, June 22. The little players were delightful. Among them was Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter, whose grandmother (Mrs. Crowe) made her first London appearance at this theatre as a child just half a century ago. Four hundred boys from the Duke of York's School had places in the gallery

THE OUTLOOK ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS—By A. R. Ropes.

The situation in China has improved in the main. Tientsin has been relieved and Admiral Seymour's force enabled to return in safety after a dangerous advance and retreat. The heterogeneous contingents of the allies have acted together with commendable courage and good sense, and the most serious danger is over. On the other hand, the Ambassadors and the Europeans in Peking, though apparently still safe, have not been withdrawn from the city, and until they are rescued or allowed to depart there can be no security that they will not be massacred, or at least held as hostages. The railway to Peking is hopelessly destroyed, and a very large force will be necessary in order to penetrate to the capital.

The chief uncertainty is whether the Dowager Empress and her clique will brazen out their resistance to foreign influence, or whether they will throw the responsibility on the Boxers and others, make a feigned submission, haggle over an indemnity, and decapitate a few of the wrong people. But if, as seems clear, the force of Admiral Seymour was checked, and the settlements at Tientsin besieged by regular Chinese troops, commanded by Prince Tuan, father of the Heli Apparent, the Dowager would seem hardly able to disclaim the guilt of the massacres and destruction already perpetrated.

It is a pity that the Russian newspapers are still harping on the "Perfidious Albion" theme—a pity, not because these journals are in themselves of much importance, but because anything they publish must of necessity be permitted, if not approved, by the Russian Government. The capture of the Taku forts and the relief of Tientsin are reported as exclusively Russian feats, and the existence of the Sikhs and Welsh Fusiliers is ostentatiously ignored. It is natural that each nationality should praise its own doings, but the Russians go a little farther than this, and their attempt to monopolise the credit would seem to cover a similar wish to monopolise the spoils. However, it is not probable that any very serious attempt will be made to aggrandise Russia just at present. There will soon be 20,000 Japanese, 10,000 Indian troops, and 5,000 Americans on the scene; and the Russian forces will certainly not be so large as to be able to impose their own solution on the other Powers.

There is no doubt that the Legations must be freed, the railways restored, and reparation exacted for damage to life and property. But

The immediate cause of the present rising is undoubtedly the encroachment of Russia. Germany began it, but Germany only took an outlying part. But since then Russia has followed suit, seizing the most important ports, pushing on railways, treating native proprietors with brutal roughness. For the Russian press to ascribe the Boxer outbreak to the zeal of proselytising missionaries is obviously futile. The missionaries have not been specially active lately as compared with former years. The British occupations were small in extent and avowedly made as a mere answer to Russia. In Southern and Central China the missionaries are active enough, yet no outbreak of importance has occurred there; and if there is a rising it will have spread from the north.

The morganatic marriage of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian Crown with the Countess Sophie Chotek is a romantic episode, but it has also its comic side. The catalogue of the disabilities and petty marks of inferiority to which the bride will be

subject reads like an excerpt from the operas of a distinguished litigant. She will be able to ride with her husband in an ordinary carriage, but not in one with gilt spokes; she can sit beside him at some theatrical performances, but not at others. In short, she will need a whole code of etiquette as to herself. The lot of the Countess Sophie, who was duly married on Sunday morning, is somewhat mixed.

The reason for the elaborate discouragements of morganatic marriages for royal personages is obvious. If princes and princesses could marry anybody freely they would be a prey to all sorts of intrigues and persecutions. But it seems hard that some compromise could not be come to which should provide for the continuance of a royal line without raising up a race of half-princes, excluded by artificial restrictions from succeeding to the crown and from claiming the dignities of which they may be eminently worthy.

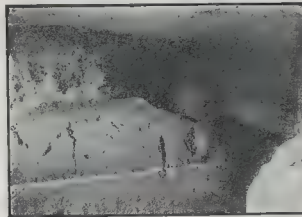
The number of sovereign houses which can intermarry without derogating from their dignity is already small and is likely to grow smaller, and too much intermarriage may bring us to a state of things such as has occurred in Europe twice already, when nearly every hereditary monarch of importance was made.



NEW STATUE OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE AT ODESSA (which she founded)

It is mentioned, the most work of the sculptor Popoff and a young Oleson or, later, M. Donschenko, 35 ft. high, and was begun six years ago. The statue of Catherine II, founded, was 17 ft. high. The pedestal is of granite and in each statue of four of Catherine's greater subjects: Tolstolitsin, or favourite like Volyn, Dvornik, or Grand Marshal, and Land-Gravine, which the pedestal of the harbour of Odessa was built, and founded in 1792. In her youth Land-Gravine was the first for the population of the city, and with this she points to the star. Catherine was the wife of German, married Peter III, grandson of Peter the Great. She was very brave. Apeletry ended her life in a great catastrophe, 1796.

when this is done we shall also need a security against the recurrence of such troubles in the future; for the masses of the Chinese nation are



THE TOMB OF ROMULUS (as we know it in Rome)

What is believed to be the tomb of Romulus the founder of Rome has just been discovered there in the Via Sacra and the site of the forum. Seven miles from the city, it is a few feet from the floor. The house of the founder of Rome is now a ruin.

undoubtedly penetrated with fear and hatred of the foreigner, and nothing is so likely to make the Tartar governing clique popular as its dogged resistance to outside innovation and influence.



THE INVASION OF CIVILISATION IN CHINA

This shows how the Great Wall has been pierced near Shan-hsi Kuan by the railway, passing northwards to Peking from Tientsin.



THE PEI-HO RIVER, SHOWING PART OF THE EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT

The Pei-ho rises beyond the Great Wall, and flows into the Gulf of Pechili, near the Taku forts, 280 miles distant. It is now usable for boats to opposite Peking, a distance of 100 miles from its mouth.

EAST AGAINST WEST—THE CRISIS IN CHINA

Some Men and Places of Interest in the Struggle.



PAVILION IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, PEKIN (*within the Forbidden City*)



MARBLE BRIDGE AT THE SUMMER PALACE, NEAR PEKIN

J. Thomson



CHINESE SOLDIER, WITH ANTIQUATED BREECHLOADER

J. Thomson



SIR ROBERT HART, BART.
Director of Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs since 1885



CHINESE SOLDIERS AT PEKIN

J. Thomson






SOME OF THE CHINESE TROOPS WHO HAVE BEEN DRILLED BY EUROPEANS
The greatest jealousy has been displayed by the foreign soldiers who have from time to time drilled the Chinese

J. Thomson




CHANG-CHI-TUNG, VICEROY OF HUPEH AND HUNAN
Entertaining Prince Henry of Prussia at lunch at Wuchang last summer during the peaceful times in China

BRITAIN'S FIRST WAR WITH CHINA, 1840-42.






1840. Jan. 5. Chinese Emperor forbids all intercourse whatsoever with England for ever.
 June 25. Canton blockaded by British fleet under orders from Sir Gordon Bremer.
 July 10. Chinese coast blockaded.
 Nov. 5. Captain Elliot arranges a truce with Chinese Commissioner, Keshin.
 1841. Jan. 6. Negotiations broken off owing to Emperor's breach of faith.
 Jan. 26. Hong Kong, ceded by Keshin, is taken possession of.
 Feb. 11. Emperor repudiates Keshin's treaty and war is again resumed. Rewards offered at Canton for bodies of Englishmen dead or alive (50,000 dollars was to be the reward for an English chief).


1841. Feb. 26. Bogue forts taken by Sir George Bremer.
 Mar. 2. Sir H. Gough takes command of the army.
 May 25. Heights behind Canton taken.
 May 31. City ransomed for 5,000,000 dollars in cash, and 1,000,000 to be paid later.
 Aug. 27. Amoy taken.
 1842. June 19. Shanghai taken.
 Aug. 9. Fleet arrives before Nankin.
 Aug. 29. Treaty of peace signed on board H.M.S. Cornwallis. Treaty ports thrown open, Hong Kong ceded, China to pay 21,000,000 dollars.



V. SCOUNT GOUGH
Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces



S.R. GEORGE BREMER REDUCING THE BOGUE FORTS IN THE CANTON RIVER, FEBRUARY 26, 1841. THE CHINESE ADMIRAL WAS KILLED AND 469 GUNS CAPTURED



Lord Gough
Sir H. Pottinger
Keying

SIGNING OF TREATY OF NANKIN BY SIR HENRY POTTINGER AND KEYING ON BEHALF OF CHINA

BRITAIN'S SECOND WAR WITH CHINA, 1856-60.



1856 Oct. 23. Canton forts taken.
 Nov. 4. Chinese fleet destroyed by Sir M. Seymour.
 Dec. 14. European factories burnt.
 1857 May 27. Destruction of a Chinese fleet by Commodore Elliot.
 June 1. Sir M. Seymour and Commodore Keppel destroy remaining Chinese fleets.
 1858 Jan. 5. French and English forces enter Canton.
 May 20. Peking forts captured.
 June 29. Treaty of Peace signed at Tientsin by Lord Elgin and Kiyong.



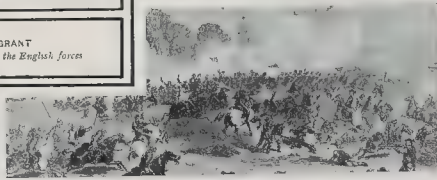
SIR HOPE GRANT
Commander-in-Chief of the English forces



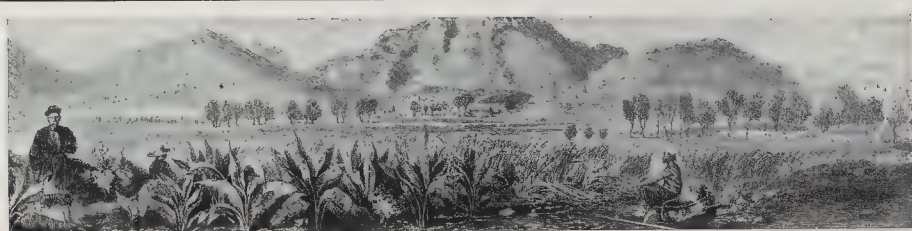
1859 June 25. Admiral Hope attacked in Pei ho River, with 81 killed.
 1860 Aug. 21. English under Sir Hope Grant, and French under General Montauban, take the Taku forts.
 1860 Sept. 11. British envoys confined and two beheaded.
 Oct. 12. Peking surrenders.
 Oct. 24. Convention signed by Prince Kung ratifying Treaty of Tientsin; apology made for Pei-ho attack. Kowloon ceded in exchange for Chusan.



PREPARING TRANSPORTS IN KOWLOON BAY
From a contemporary print



KING'S DRAGOON GUARDS CLOSING WITH TARTAR CAVALRY NEAR PEKIN, SEPTEMBER 21, 1860



CAMP OF THE SECOND DIVISION OF THE BRITISH FORCES AT TALIEHWAN
From a contemporary print



ENGAGEMENT WITH THE TAIPING REBELS AT NANKIN, NOVEMBER 20, 1860
From a contemporary print

HOW ENGLAND IS MEETING THE CRISIS IN CHINA.



THE DEFENDERS OF SHANGHAI—A COMPANY OF THE LOCAL VOLUNTEERS

Despite our difficulties in Africa we are facing the situation in China with plenty of men. On Saturday the transport *Jelunga* left Portsmouth with 430 seamen, 124 Royal Marine Artillery, and 226 Royal Marine Light Infantry, and several officers, including Major F. Kappey, who went through

the Egyptian War of 1882, and Captain Hugh O'Sullivan. Woolwich is sending out forty naval Maxim guns and 5,000,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition. H.M.S. *Argonaut* left Sheerness for the China station on Tuesday, and the first-class gun-cruisers *Bramble* and *Britomart* left Devonport on Monday morning for the Far East.

The Indian contingent is under the command of Brigadier-General Sir Alfred Gaselee, who has had great experience in fighting since 1863, when he began his career as a soldier at seventeen. He went through the Abyssinian Campaign of 1867, fought in Afghanistan in 1889, and commanded the second campaign

of the Tirah Expedition in 1897. New South Wales, with all the enthusiasm that Australasia has displayed for the extension of the Empire, wants to send from 2,000 to 3,000 men to China. Meanwhile the volunteer forces at our command in China itself, notably at Shanghai, are ready to meet emergencies. The corps at Shanghai is composed chiefly of young business men, who are likely to give an excellent account of themselves.

MAJOR F. KAPPEY, R.M.A.
In command of marines for ChinaBRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR ALFRED GASELEE
In command of the Indian contingent for China

Sir Alfred is the son of the late Rev. John Gaselee, rector of Little Yeldham, Essex. He entered the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in 1863 and was transferred to the Bombay Staff Corps three years later. His first wife was a Scotswoman; his present wife, whom he married in 1895, is an Irish lady. He was created a K.C.B. (Military) in 1898 and is an A.D.C. to the Queen

Reports are slowly coming in about the work of the Powers. Admiral Bruce reports that the conduct of Commander Stewart, of H.M.S. *Algerine*, and Commander Lanz, *Ilbis* (German), at the bombardment of the Taku forts was magnificent, and elicited the admiration of the allied ships. The fort which commanded the view thirteen miles above Taku was found deserted by Lieutenant and Commander Keyes, and was blown up by him, leaving passage up the river free. Lieutenant Colomb, H.M.S. *Endymion*, was slightly wounded. Giving details of Admiral

CAPTAIN HUGH O'SULLIVAN, R.M.L.I.
Taking a draft of marines to China

Lieutenant Powell, of the *Awara*, severely wounded in the chest. A portion of the Chinese Regiment, numbering 266 men, under Captain Bower, were very keen during the fighting, and have been doing good work. The men landed in China by the Powers to date are:—

Italy	131
Germany	1,700
Japan	3,709
Austria	247
America	190
France	397
Total	5,517

with 53 field guns and 36 machine guns.



H.M.S. "ORLANDO," WHICH HAS LANDED MARINES, GUNS AND BLUEJACKETS IN CHINA

The "Orlando" is a first-class twin-screw cruiser of 5,000 tons, and was commissioned at Portsmouth on February 16, 1899. She is commanded by Captain Burke.



H.M.S. "LINNET" ON THE PEI-HO RIVER AT TIENTSIN

During the winter a gunboat is usually quartered at Tientsin for the protection of British subjects. In order to keep out the cold she covers herself up for the winter.

THE ETON AND HARROW CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S

A Glimpse of the Crowd.

DRAWN BY HAL HURST

The historical cricket match between Eton and Harrow was brought to an exciting finish on Saturday at Lord's, when Harrow won by one wicket. The sensation of the match was Wisdell's "bat trick," when he took three Harrow wickets in succession. The best score for Eton was made by Tod. Lord Dalmeny had the highest, however, in the first innings,

namely, 52 runs. Cookson, the Captain of Harrow, had the best record of any of his men—107 runs in the two innings. Of the seventy-five matches that have been played between the two great schools, Harrow has won thirty-one to Eton's twenty-eight, while sixteen games have been drawn. The weather last week was perfect.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY AT PEKIN

The Wholesale Massacre of the Hated Foreigner.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD

Elliot & Fry



LADY MACDONALD, WIFE OF OUR AMBASSADOR

Thomson

Massacred in the British Legation at Peking, July 6-7

After weeks of dreary suspense the truth has come out—the Europeans in Peking were massacred to a soul on the night of July 6-7. The doomed foreigners had taken refuge in the British Legation. The final attack on the Legation was made by the troops of Prince Tuan. Prince Ching and General Wang Weng Shao came up to beat off the attackers, only to be defeated. The general was killed and Prince

Ching fell. The Ambassadors left to fight to the last were:—

Great Britain.—Sir Claude MacDonald, his wife and two children, his sister-in-law, a guest, ten officials of the Embassy, and fifteen student interpreters; nineteen officers of the Imperial Customs; three professors at the Imperial University, three English bankers.
France.—Mr. Delon, originally a doctor. *Italy.*—The Marquis Salvo Ragel (with his wife and only child, a boy). *Austria.* Dr. Arthur von Rosthorn. He was Secretary, his chief, Freiherr Colmann von Wahlhorn, being on leave. Dr. von Rosthorn studied Chinese at Oxford. Sir Robert Hart got him a post in the Customs. He was

married to a beautiful Viennese. *Spain.* Señor de Colan. *Belgium.*—M. Joostens. *Holland.* M. Knobel. *Japan.* Baron Nishi. *United States.*—Mr. E. H. Conger (originally a lawyer).

About a hundred Europeans connected with missions are also included in the ghastly death list. Among the more noted British subjects are Sir Robert Hart, Director-General of Chinese Imperial Customs, and Dr. G. E. Morrison, the brilliant correspondent of the *Times*.

THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR, DR. VON KETTELER
Murdered in the street at Peking, June 20THE AUSTRIAN ACTING AMBASSADOR, DR. ARTHUR VON ROSTHORN
Secretary to the Embassy: massacred July 6. He studied Chinese at Oxford

THE ENTRY OF OUR ARMY INTO PRETORIA

Photographed by the Earl of Rosslyn.

It was on June 5 that Lord Roberts crowned his remarkable progress through South Africa by entering the Boer capital, having been preceded by the great bulk of the infantry earlier in the day. The cavalry did not witness the formal entry of the

Field-Marshal, for they had been told off to keep various positions on the outskirts of the town under the indefatigable General French. Unfortunately many of the letters written by correspondents dealing with the entry of Lord Roberts into Pretoria seem to have been seized by the Boers during the attack on the post office train, when 2,000 bags of mails were captured and destroyed. It is certain that the sketches sent off by Mr. W. B. Wollen, one of the special artists sent out by THE SPHERE, fell into the Boers' hands on that occasion, but THE SPHERE had another representative in Pretoria in the person of the Earl of Rosslyn, who has just returned home. Lord Rosslyn, stationed at a window with his camera, managed to get some capital snapshots.

At the head of one body of troops rode the Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Winston Churchill, and they recognised Lord Rosslyn's head at an upper storey window with "Halloo, Harry!" Lord Rosslyn, it may be remembered, was made a prisoner when attempting to join Lord Roberts from Basutoland. Later on in the campaign he was joined at Pretoria by Lord Cecil Manners, the third son of the Duke of Rutland, who was captured

by the Boers not long before our entry into Pretoria. Lord Cecil has written for his paper a vivid account of the last days in the Transvaal capital. Early on the morning of June 5 some British officers

came into the town under a flag of truce to make arrangements for the surrender. An hour after an advance party of the Guards marched in to clear and hold the streets. Lord Cecil describes in the *Morning Post* the entry of Lord Roberts and his army as follows:—

At 2 p.m. Lord Roberts, at the head of his numerous staff, followed by the foreign attachés, rode in, acclaimed by loud cheers and shouts of welcome (not quite all, it may be feared, absolutely genuine), took up a position in the Market Square under the walls of the great Dutch church in the centre, and then the victorious army defied past him. His generalship and their own courage had brought them through countless perils and difficulties to the enemy's capital and stronghold, and in spite of present appearances—it may be sincerely hoped—to the practical close of the war. It was, indeed, a grand and stirring sight, and such as one can hardly hope to see twice in a lifetime; and, marking the splendid bearing and appearance of all arms, one could not help wishing that the spectacle could have been witnessed by an enemy that is brave enough to continue fighting in a hopeless cause, and further, that it might have "made for peace," in the words used

by somebody at the naval review of 1897. Next day Pretoria had settled down with the same extraordinary quietness and rapidity which I witnessed in the case of Bloemfontein into its new status as a British town.



THE GUARDS ENTERING PRETORIA



THE ENTRY INTO PRETORIA

This picture shows the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough (on the grey horse), his cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill, and a few other officers in Pretoria, shortly before the formal entry of Lord Roberts

THE UNEASINESS ABOUT TIENTSIN

What the "City of the Heavenly Ford" is Like.

The anxiety over the crisis in China has now been accentuated by the feeling of uneasiness concerning Tientsin, whence some sensational telegrams came through last week.

Tientsin, or the "City of the Heavenly Ford," stands on the banks of the winding, muddy Pei-ho, or North River, about fifty miles by water from Taku, where it flows into the Gulf of Pechili. The railway along the river bends and shortens the distance to about thirty miles. Some time ago a Chinese official remarked that he estimated every bend of the Pei-ho was worth two ironclads to China, since it made her capital more difficult of access to a hostile army. Tientsin stands on a featureless plain which at no very remote period must have been below the level of the sea. It is almost as destitute of any natural beauty as the alkali deserts of the American plains.

But energetic strangers from the West have transformed the bit of mud flat, conceded to the Foreign Powers by the treaty of 1858, into a fine settlement, with handsome residences, substantial public buildings, and broad well-kept thoroughfares shaded by trees, which have only attained to their present growth, in this saline soil, by constant watchfulness and care. There could hardly be found a greater contrast than that presented by this orderly foreign quarter and the crowded, dirty, evil-smelling native city. The walled part is about two miles from the foreign settlement, but a crowded suburb has grown up uniting it with the European settlement. Numberless Chinese buildings have also been erected within the French concession especially, and run continuously along one side of the Taku road—a Chinese highway connecting Peking with Tientsin and Taku, and bounding the foreign settlements, as originally granted to the Western Powers. The compounds of two American and two English missions are on this road, outside the concession bounds. The London Mission lies nearest the native city, with its fine hospital, where many thousands of Chinese citizens are every year relieved and cured of diseases quite beyond the skill of native physicians. Opposite to it is the "Walford Hart Memorial College," a fine building belonging to the same mission, and a Women's Hospital belonging to the Americans. There is also a temperance hall for the benefit of sailors coming to the port, and much farther on the Y.M.C.A. building, erected with funds supplied by an American lady for the benefit of the English-speaking Chinese of the city. The two principal roads of the foreign concession are the Victoria Road and the Bund, both running parallel with the Taku road, while numerous shorter streets intersect them for the distance of about a mile and a half.

The British settlement is the oldest, and possesses the finest buildings. Among them is the Gordon Hall, constituting the municipal buildings of Tientsin, containing a fine large hall with galleries used for many public functions. The walls are adorned with magnificent embroideries, presented to the municipality by His Excellency Li Hung Chang, who received them as presents from many high officials on his seventieth birthday.

Besides the municipal chambers it contains a good library and reading room, rivaling those of many important English towns. Other fine buildings are the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the Chartered Mercantile Bank, the Taku Tug and Lighter Company's offices, the German Club, the Astor House, the British Consulate,

Messrs. Jardine & Matheson's hong (which a recent telegram mentions as sheltering seventy refugees), beside many other residences of merchants and officials, in addition to hotels, stores, and other public buildings.

The French settlement, which is nearer the native city, contains many good foreign streets, but is largely filled up with native houses. The handsome new Imperial Post Office is in French territory. The Roman Catholics have a fine cathedral there, also schools and a hospital, in addition to the old cathedral destroyed in the riot of 1870 and repaired two years ago, which is within the native city.

The German settlement bounds that of the British on the side nearest to Taku. It has only recently been laid out, and as yet very few houses have been erected upon it.

Beyond the Taku road, to the west, stretched until recently a treeless plain dotted with innumerable graves, interspersed with stagnant ponds, bounded by the low mud wall which was erected during the first Chinese war by a native general, and is known as "San-ko-lin-sen's folly." Within the last three years a large portion of this plain has been granted as an extra British concession, through the good offices

of Mr. Bristow, a former British consul, and Mr. Cousins, of Messrs. Jardine & Matheson's, both gentlemen being in high favour with progressive Chinese officials.

This extra concession is now the suburban quarter of the Tientsin foreign settlement, and many fine villas, the residences of Russians and Germans as well as English and Americans, have been erected there. A road planted with trees passes through it out to the racecourse, a distance of nearly two miles.

The Jubilee Hospital for foreigners, All Saints' School, and All Saints' and Union Churches are all in this locality, also the gas-works and the new waterworks. A large piece of land has been set apart as a recreation ground by the municipal council, and is constantly used by the residents for polo, tennis, cricket and football matches.

Perhaps the finest residence in the extra concession is that of Chang-Yen-mao, chief director of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company, and holding also many other high offices. He is a man who has risen from the ranks, having been formerly a servant in the Imperial family, and possesses considerable ability and great wealth. He is very friendly to foreigners.

The American consulate, said to have been destroyed, is in this locality, and all the buildings of the extra concession would be easily open to

attack from the low mud wall. Of late years a great number of houses built in superior native style, to suit the better classes of the Chinese, have been built upon the extra concession and rapidly let.

They feel more secure there than in the native city, and many young Chinamen employed in work connected with foreigners, such as the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company, the Telegraph Company and the Railway Company, and in merchants' service, prefer to live in the foreign settlement.

For some years past the extreme shallowness of the Pei-ho has been a source of much anxiety to all interested in the prosperity of Tientsin. Formerly during the greater part of the year sea-going vessels from Shanghai and other ports were regularly moored at the Tientsin Bund. Gunboats of different nationalities came up every winter, and were frozen in by the middle of December, remaining there till the river opened at the end of February, for the defence of the settlement. But the river has silted up so much, and so many small canals have been cut by the Chinese, that for the last year vessels of the lightest draught have been unable to attempt the passage to Tientsin.

About a year ago it was decided to place the schemes for the improvement of the river in the hands of an experienced engineer, the expense being shared by western and Chinese merchants. No very great improvement is as yet apparent, which is the reason why the fleet of the Powers anchors outside Taku and is unable to ascend the winding river. For the last three years Tientsin has been able to communicate with Peking by rail, and for the last year an electric tramway has taken passengers from the terminus (which was not allowed to approach nearer than two miles to the Imperial city) to one of the gates.

The journey of eighty miles takes the traveller through a flat uninteresting country, but certainly not a desert, as it has often of late been described. A number of villages and towns are passed on the way. The soil, though not fertile, will grow good crops of Chinese millet, which often rises to the height of from six to eleven feet, forming therefore at this time of year a shelter for the native troops and a source of danger to the allied army. The rainy season begins at the end of June, then much of the country is flooded, but troops could use the railway if repaired. The Tientsin railway station is on the opposite side of the river to the foreign concessions. Many improvements have been introduced in the railway company's arrangements during the last few years. Before the outbreak of the present trouble passengers could travel in five hours a distance of 180 miles, from Tientsin to Shan-hai kwan on the shore of the gulf, where the Great Wall meets the sea. The native carts in years gone by were accustomed to take about five days travelling to cover this distance, so that it is not to be wondered at that the railway is largely patronised by Chinese business men.

The native police of the British settlement of Tientsin have for some years been reinforced by the addition of Sikh policemen. Volunteers have drilled there also, and lately they have become very active under the command of prominent British merchants. Last year they sent home for a Maxim gun, which has doubtless been of use of late. The Germans have also a volunteer corps.

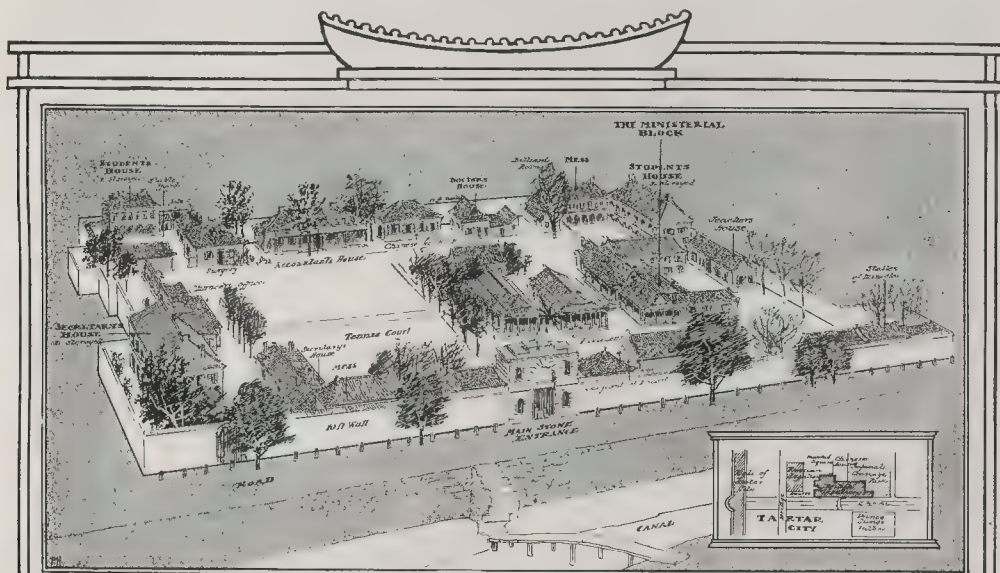
A CHINA RESIDENT FOR
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.



MANDARIN'S FUNERAL PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF TIENTSIN

THE PERIL OF PEKIN

The British Legation, where the Europeans made their Last Stand.



AN ISOMETRIC PLAN OF THE BRITISH LEGATION COMPOUND AT PEKIN

The spectator is standing within the walls of the Tartar City, a little to the southward (the left-hand on the small plan) of Prince Sung's palace. Immediately in front is the Imperial Canal, sometimes full and sometimes half empty, with muddy banks exposed. A small flight of worn stone steps leads up to the roadway in front of the Legation compound. The surrounding wall is 10 ft. to 15 ft. high, and encloses an area of nearly seven acres. There are, or were, at least twenty-four separate buildings forming the Legation. A pathway leads up from the main gateway to the first of the two open pavilions, which possess gorgeous, painted pillars and carved

woodwork. Photographs of the front of the first pavilion have frequently been described as the British Legation at Peking. The pavilions are but an extended entrance to the Minister's house, and form a minute portion of the whole. It will be seen that there are, including the Minister's house, four large two-storeyed houses. The others are commodious, but of a bungalow pattern and not useful for defensive purposes behind such a high wall. Two smaller gates pierce the wall, one facing the canal and one leading into the market at the rear. Tennis and fives courts provided means of exercise to the occupants of the huge compound



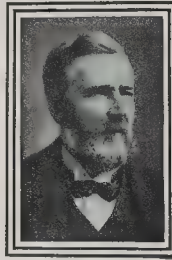
BACK ROW: Hewlett, Peaches, Kirby, Rose, Britton, Porter, Flaherty, Hancock
SECOND ROW: Phillips, Graham, French, Thomas, Russell, Pearson, Pratt
FRONT ROW: Lewis, Jure, Warren, Gile, Townsend

The consular students at the Peking Legation who occupied the two double-storeyed blocks indicated in the rear corners of the above view

WHAT THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY IS DOING IN CHINA.



Barrett
REV. GEORGE OWEN OF PEKIN
Who has spent 30 years in China



Russell
REV. TIMOTHY RICHARD
Baptist Missionary Society



Abraham
BISHOP CASSELS
Church Missionary Society



Lanham
BISHOP HOARE
Of Hong Kong



Elliot & Fry
ARCHDEACON WOLFE
Of Fuh-shen; went out in 1861

Some Notable British Missionaries to China. In 1896 there were 89,000 Protestant communicants in China

One has only to glance over the reports of some of our own missionary societies to understand the great interests at stake in China, and the intense anxiety with which the rebellion of the Boxers has been followed by thousands of willing helpers at home. All the religious sects of Christendom are affected, from Catholics to Presbyterians. One cannot do more here than name a few of the more important missionary societies of the country —

The China missions of the Church Missionary Society are not in the province now disturbed. Many years ago this society had a mission in Peking, but the station was resigned to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in North China. The missions are situated in Mid-China, Fuh-kien (Fuk-chow and many other stations), Hong Kong and Kwantung, and in West China (Sichuan). By far the largest work is in the two first named, both of which have been occupied for about fifty years. In the Cheuk-kiang province, that is, in Shanghai, Ningpo, Hang-chow, and the smaller stations, there are in all fifty-eight missionaries, including wives. These missionaries are clergy, laymen, medical men, and lady doctors, and unmarried lady missionaries. The *doyen* of the mission is the Bishop—Bishop G. E. Moule brother of Professor Handley C. G. Moule, of Cambridge. Bishop Moule went out as a missionary in 1857, and was consecrated in 1880. He has, therefore, seen forty-three years' service. The number of baptised Chinese Christians attached to this mission is 2,606, of whom sixteen are clergy, and ninety-one are lay and female helpers. A strong feature of the work in this province, as elsewhere with the society's missions, is the medical missions. There are hospitals at Hang-chow and Ningpo, manned by fully-qualified medical men with British diplomas. The former hospital has 200 beds, and recorded no less than 56,571 visits of out-patients last year. This is the hospital which Mrs. Bishop praises so highly in her last book, *The Yangtze and Beyond*. Its influence is felt over a wide area. In Fuh-kien the Church Missionary Society has 8,039 baptised adherents, of whom sixteen are clergy. The missionaries number seventy-eight. The leading missionary in Fuh-kien is Archdeacon Wolfe, who went out in 1861. A singular fact about this mission is that for the first ten years of its existence there were no results at all; now there are

nearly 9,000 baptised Christians. It was in this district that the Ku-cheng massacre (1895) and the Kien-ning outbreak (1899) took place. In the Ku-cheng disaster eight missionaries, two children and a nurse were murdered by the "Vegetarians." Bishop Hoare, of Victoria, Hong Kong, though not now a missionary of the society, may be regarded as the leader of this work. The large and flourishing hospital at Pak-hoi contains 200 beds, and makes a speciality of leper work. An interesting

The following table gives an idea of the work of its 113 European workers and 334 native agents:

	Native	Children
	adherents	in schools
SOUTH CHINA:		
Hong Kong (1843)	345	1,330
Canton (1807)	921	27
Amoy (1841)	4,400	646
Chiang-shai (1862)	774	117
CENTRAL CHINA:		
Shanghai (1843)	450	211
Hankow (1861)	3,381	246
Wuchang (1891)	45	45
	Included in	
Hiao Kan (1886)	Hankow	195
Tao-shih (1898)	"	"
Yo-chow (1899)	"	"
Chung King (1898)	72	113
NORTH CHINA:		
Tientsin (1861)	221	54
Tsang-chow (1899)	869	152
Chi-chow (1893)	1,232	72
Pekin (1861)	901	91
Tung-an (1896)	360	—
Loao-yang (1897)	384	75
Total	14,679	3,497



CHINESE MANDARIN VISITING A MISSION STATION
To arrange about the Boxer troubles. The picture was taken last year

new venture is a mission at Kueilia on the West River, a city on the borders of the fanatical province of Hunan. The West China mission was founded so recently as 1892. It has thirty-six missionaries in all. Bishop Cassels is its head. Ordained in 1882, he was made Bishop of Western China five years ago. The London Missionary Society has sent out some very able men, notably the Rev. Griffith John, D.D. This veteran — he is nearly seventy — has laboured among the Celestials for forty-five years. Another veteran is the Rev. George Owen, who spent thirty years among the Celestials. The society is widely represented, having started work at Canton so long ago as 1807.

The Baptist Missionary Society has most of its missions in the province of Shan-tung, to the south of the Gulf of Pechili and in the province of Shan-si. The 108th annual report, issued only last May, opened with these words: "It has recently been said by one of China's most experienced missionaries 'the outlook for all forms of missionary work in China was never so bright as it is to-day.'" Again, "there has been no real abiding reaction among the peoples of China, only a temporary arrestment of expression and action such as sometimes happens in early spring, when chilly winds strike opening buds. But there is no return to winter, only a staid still for a brief space before buds open and flowers bloom." That, to say the least of it, is optimistic in view of the crisis which June brought forth. The Rev. Samuel Couling, who was the principal of the Normal School, informs us that he was teaching the Chinese not only religious subjects but also chemistry, physics, and Euclid and algebra. From Chou-ping much good has been done by hospitals and dispensaries. The society published 18,000,000 pages last year. A great deal of its work in this direction has been done by the Rev. Timothy Richard. Like so many missionaries he is a Welshman, and was born in Carmarthenshire in 1845. He was baptised at the age of thirteen (in the open river) and set sail for China in 1869. He has had some remarkable experiences in his long career. He has translated an enormous number of books. On several occasions "Li Timotai," as the Chinese call him, has been consulted by high functionaries on matters of Imperial moment, and he has been in close relationship with the Emperor's tutor. His wife is an Edinburgh woman.



LONDON MISSION COLLEGE ON THE TAKU ROAD AT TIENTSIN



PROTESTANT MISSION STATION (in a country district, North China)

MEN AND WOMEN

It may perhaps serve as an indication of the slackening interest in the war in South Africa that some of the most distinguished of the war artists are now back in England. Mr. Maud of the *Graphic*, Mr. Melton Prior of the *Illustrated London News*, and Mr. W. B. Wollen of *THE SPHERE* have all turned their backs on South Africa. *THE SPHERE*, however, has still Mr. R. M. Paxton with two other artists

the second Chinese War. He sat as a Liberal Member of Parliament for South Somerset from 1885 to 1892.

Death has claimed Max Koner, Berlin's famous portrait painter, to whose dexterous hand and sure eye a host of distinguished "sitters" have had recourse. At the head of these was, on many occasions, the Kaiser himself, and in transferring the Imperial features to canvas the artist was singularly successful, his most recent triumph, indeed, having been the winning of a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition for a living, breathing picture of his royal patron. At the time of his death Max Koner wanted but nine days to complete his forty-sixth year; on July 17, 1894, he

the treatment which he and his servant—both of whom barely escaped with their lives—received at Oumwaldjik at the hands of the Tchukchi Chief Kora. Mrs. de Windt will, after accompanying her husband as far as Irkutsk, in Eastern Siberia, return to Europe, and subsequently meet Mr. de Windt at Winnipeg on the conclusion of his voyage in 1901. From 1876 to 1878 Mr. de Windt was aide-de-camp to his brother-in-law, Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, and his earliest expeditions to foreign countries included a journey from Peking to France by land. During his forthcoming trip it is intended to keep a sharp look-out for any traces of André.

OBITUARY



HERR MAX KONER
Portrait painter



MR. A. P. DONALDSON
Died at Tientsin



MR. R. D. GOULD
Distinguished architect



MR. RICHARD EVE
Well-known politician



THE EARL OF CAVAN
Irish peer

and three photographers watching events at the front. The principal interest, however, is now centred in the troubled state of things in China, and every month fresh newspaper representatives will start for that country. On another page I have given the portraits of the representatives of Great Britain, Germany, and Austria who have lost their lives in the massacre at the Legations in Peking. I give here a portrait of another of the victims, M. Pichon, the French Minister to China. M. Pichon was a trenchant writer in Socialist newspapers in earlier years, and in 1884, as a municipal councillor for a Paris ward, he actually moved for the erection of a monument to the men who had fought for the Commune. In 1886 he sat in the Chamber of Deputies, but being defeated in 1893 he was appointed Minister to Hayti, whence he passed in 1896 to Brazil. In 1898 he was made French Minister to China. He was forty-two years of age.

Mr. Archibald Philip Donaldson of H.M.S. *Barfleur*, who has just died of his wounds at Tientsin, was only nineteen years of age. He was a son of Mr. Archibald Donaldson of Neri House, Wimbledon. Much sympathy will be felt for the friends of this brave young midshipman.

Mr. R. D. Gould, who has just died at Barnstaple, has filled for fifty years the position of borough surveyor. He was an architect of very considerable talent; Barnstaple market was designed by him, and he carried on several schemes of church restoration. Mr. Gould was the father of Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, the amusing cartoonist, now the assistant editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

Mr. Richard Eve, who died at the age of sixty-nine, was very popular among his political friends, although he failed five times in succession to obtain a seat in Parliament. He was solicitor for Arabi Pasha when the Pasha was put upon his trial at Cairo. Mr. Eve was Lord of the manor of Farnborough and a county councillor for Hampshire.

The Earl of Cavan, who has just died at his seat, Wheathampstead House, Hertfordshire, was a well-known Irish peer. He was born in 1839, and as Lord Kilcourse served as a lieutenant in the navy throughout the siege of Sebastopol. He was at the bombardment of Canton in 1856 and served throughout

came into the world, and on Sunday, July 8, he passed out of it. He was born in Berlin, studied in its Royal Academy, and gained his first success ten years ago through a picture which he painted of his pupil, Sophie Schaffer, the lady who eventually became his wife, and who with two children survives him. Jerusalem Cemetery is Koner's last resting-place whither he was carried on July 11.



M. PICHON
French Minister in Peking

son's publications before he assumed the editorship of that journal. Mr. Mackenzie hails from Ross-shire; he is an enthusiastic Celt and has published three volumes of poetry, much of it containing a distinctively musical note.

John Papadiamantopoulos is the first aide-de-camp of His Majesty the King of Greece, the clearest political person near the King. He is Colonel of the General Staff, ex-Minister of War, and is the right-hand of the Court.

Mr. Harry de Windt, the well-known traveller, is leaving Paris on August 10, or thereabouts, on his overland journey to New York, which he attempted some time ago in the reverse direction, but unsuccessfully, owing to the ice condition in Behring Straits, and

The diocese of Exeter has a wholesome feeling that its cathedral dignitaries should be west countrymen. Indeed, the great Devonshire families were long understood to regard the residentiary stalls at Exeter as the natural rewards of clerical members of their families. The return of the Bishop of Marlborough to his old diocese as Dean of Exeter ought therefore to satisfy west country feeling. Bishop Earle was born as long ago as 1828. He was educated at Eton and at Hertford College, Oxford, was ordained in 1853, and drifted into the diocese of Exeter. When the orthodox, angry at *Essays and Reviews*, resented Dr. Temple's appointment to the see of Exeter, Mr. Earle joined locally in the outcry. But he did not carry his resentment far, and Bishop Temple poured upon his head coils of fire in the agreeable form of a prebendal stall, an examining chaplaincy, and an archdeaconry. When Dr. Temple came to London he found occasion to bring up Archdeacon Earle and make him a suffragan. London clergy sniffed at the appointment; but they came to like the man from Devonshire, and his resignation (from ill-health) of the suffragan bishopric was greeted with general sympathy and regret. The new dean leaves a fat living for a fat deanery, but will hardly be a gainer pecuniarily.

Mr. J. R. Coulter, who has just been married to Miss Evelyn Millard, the charming young actress, is thirty-nine years of age. He has made money in connection with many lines of business, as partner in a well-known firm and as a director of City companies. The engagement of Miss Millard took place while the happy couple were staying at Pontresina last August. The honeymoon has taken the form of a yachting tour to Norway.

The Rev. Francis Clarke, who established the Christian Endeavour Society of which one has heard so much of late, was a Baptist minister in Maine, U.S.A., and the society was started by him with a view to securing a stronger hold over the young people of his own congregation. There are now over 3,000,000 members of the society. Each individual member solemnly promises "to strive to do whatever Jesus Christ would have him do, to pray, and read the Bible every day, to support his church, and endeavour to lead a Christian life." The society works with the existing churches, as part of them, and does not attempt to form church organisations of its own.



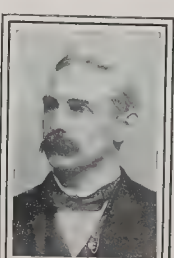
THE VERY REV. ALFRED EARLE
New Dean of Exeter



MR. HARRY DE WINDT
Well-known traveller



JOHN PAPADIAMANTOPOULOS
A.D.C. to the King of Greece



REV. FRANCIS CLARKE
Founder of Christian Endeavour Society



MR. J. R. COULTER
Married Miss Evelyn Millard

AMUSEMENTS

Whether American musical comedy is to become thoroughly acclimatised in London or not, there can be little doubt that *The Casino Girl* will keep the Shaftesbury Theatre open for several weeks to come. I had already heard at the Casino, New York, some of the songs which were used in *The Rounders*, a musical adaptation of *Les Filards*, the French original of *Kitty Grey* at the Vaudeville. I saw the first-night production of *The Casino Girl* at the Shaftesbury last week, and after a vain endeavour to buy seats for other musical pieces in town which some country cousins wanted to see, I was forced back to the Shaftesbury on Friday evening; so that I know *The Casino Girl* pretty well by this time.

The story of *The Casino Girl* is not worth detailed telling. Suffice it to say that by hook or by crook Cairo becomes the meeting place of a German brewer, a young American doctor, a New York actress, and various other Americans, including a feeble sort of Mrs. Malaprop. Frankly, the piece is a variety show, but as its variety is mostly strange to us it amuses.

In lieu of a story that no one need care a cent about we have a motley medley of items such as *The Belle of New York* accustomed us to. There is an acrobatic comic pair, evidently suggested by the thieves in *Erminie*. There is the low *comédienne* who appears in short skirts and blue socks. There is the laconic comic song (in the second act), so very different from our own music-hall humour, which is always so obvious. There is an imitation sand dance, a cake walk, a nigger song (with a real picaninny). There is the young lover whose song about "pretty Isabella" reminds one of an air in *The Geisha*; there is a doll song (which has been much more prettily done at Daly's); and the whole is served up with that touch of dot-and-dash audacity which is so American.

As in *The Belle of New York* the stage management is full of little novelties. This is most noticeable in the very clever manipulation of an electrically-lighted group of six dancing girls, whose costumes become kaleidoscopic, the electric lights ending in toques formed of butterflies' wings, which are suddenly lighted up with green, and glitter in the darkness of the stage. Indeed, the entertaining quality of *The Casino Girl* is almost entirely dependent on the players and the stage manager, all of whom work with tremendous energy upon poor material.

Miss Edna May, who occupied a box on the first night, contributed largely to the enormous success of *The Belle of New York*, and Miss Mabelle Gilman, the new *prima donna*, does much for the liveliness of *The Casino Girl*. Miss Gilman is one of the most clever manipulators of musical comedy we have had in London for a long time. Not only does she sing well, but she dances prettily, and possesses a real sense of humour which does not limit her capacity to the particular part she is now playing. The sense of life about her is shown in the mobility of her face, from her smile to the fear or frown that puckers her brow in a pretty way. Her frock in the second act is peculiarly ill-suited to her, especially as it denies the existence of a waist. Miss Gilman is a San Franciscan and is only twenty. She was discovered among a band of amateurs by the late Mr. Daly, who engaged her to play a small part in *The Countess Gucki* when she was only sixteen. Then he found that she had a singing voice—her speaking one is very melodious—and she appeared in the Gaiety pieces which Mr. Daly ran in America. After his death she joined the Casino in *The Rounders*.

Miss Marie George (who wears blue socks) and Miss Ella Snyder have parts too small to show them to any advantage. The tenor, Mr. Cyril Scott, is somewhat thin. Mr. Sullivan is still amusing as a German, though there is a trifle too much of him. The rest of the cast calls for no special note beyond this—that all work with energy in an unmistakable western way, and are very amusing for the time being.

The Shaftesbury piece has just come in time to keep the theatrical season alive, for several West-end theatres have closed or are shutting up to-day. Among these is the Haymarket, where the company goes on tour. When they return to town they will reopen with *The School for Scandal*, which is one of the brightest of all the old comedy revivals undertaken by Mr. Maude and Mr. Harrison. The picture of Miss Winifred Emery reproduced here gives but a faint idea of how pretty she looks as Lady Teazle.

Miss Evelyn Millard was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Thursday to Mr. Coulter-Coulter; and curiously enough Miss Eily Desmond, who played the part of Lady Ursula on tour, left London on Saturday for South Africa, where she is to be married to Mr. Andersson, a mining man, who is now serving with the Imperial Light Horse. Miss Desmond is Irish; Mr. Andersson is partly Swedish and partly Welsh. The marriage is to take place in Johannesburg from the house of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the wife of the author of *The Transvaal From Within*. J. M. B.



MISS MABELLE GILMAN, THE NEW PRIMA DONNA AT THE SHAFTESBURY
She made her first appearances as the *Casino Girl*, and scored an instant success



MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS LADY TEAZLE



MISS BEATRICE FERRAR AS MARIA

In "The School for Scandal" at the Haymarket Theatre, which closes for the season on July 21

THE KAISER'S VENGEANCE

A Letter from the North Sea, by A. R. Ropes.



THE KAISER'S VENGEANCE
The "Kaiser Friedrich III" and on its way to China

The German flag has been insulted and the German Empire has been set at defiance. That calls for exemplary punishment and for vengeance. . . . I sent you forth now to avenge the wrong, and I will not rest until the German flag, together with those of the other Powers, floats victoriously above the Chinese standards and, planted upon the walls of Peking, dictates peace to the Chinese. You are to keep good fellowship with all the troops whom you meet in China. The Russians, the English, the French, or whoever they may be, they are all fighting for the same cause, which is that of civilization. We think, too, of something yet higher of our religion and of the defence and the protection of our brethren in China, some of whom have risked their lives for their Saviour.—The German Emperor to a body of troops sent to China in the fleet sighted by Mr. Ropes

We had danced and joggled uncomfortably over the North Sea with a light steamer and a northerly wind that must have been an appreciable fraction of a gale, and the mouth of the Elbe was a haven of rest, low and uninteresting as were its shores, and brown and opaque its current. "Mud," as the Kaiser has said, "is thicker than water." All that morning the talk was of the squadron going to China. Should we meet it in the ship canal, or should we not? Would the Kaiser himself be with the fleet, or would he be hurrying off to some new function? And still we slid on through the quiet canal, dropping the kilometre stones one by one, and still the way lay open and peaceful. There were lumberladen boats from the Baltic, and others with horses—perhaps for South Africa—and frowsy emigrants, perhaps for White-chapel. Then about half-way to Kiel came a pale leaden-grey steamer with a long ram and lean guns pointing out from shelters—a small but vicious craft. She was the *Helia*, sent to clear the course. We passed her and went on. Perhaps, after all, we should reach Kiel unchecked. But at Rensburg a string of dull red cones went up on a flagstaff, and we drew in to the side and made fast. It was just lunch-time, and we lunched and then sat lazily on the hurricane deck, as I believe they call the top of the saloon, and looked up the canal. There was a big bend and tall trees on each side. But for some distance we could see the steep raised bank with a road running along it. There seemed to be a curiously painted fence along the road. It had a bright strip at the top, a dark blue band in the middle, and the lower part was white. Such a regular fence, too, not a single board out. And then one realised that it was a line of soldiers. Below them, beyond them, groups of people sprawled or stood on the steep bank; but the line of men remained rigid. Wherever one looked there was the fence, bright streak, blue streak, white streak, and not a board loose. And we waited there three hours and a half.

Beyond the fence of soldiers were trees, and out of them appeared the roofs of big official-looking houses. Beyond these, again, came another bend of the canal. Over the roof of what seemed a church three masts loomed hazily. Were these the masts of the Kaiser's big white *Hohenzollern*? Smoke curled up above the tree screen; was it from the ironclads or only from an irresponsible factory chimney? Nobody knew.

At last, above the tall trees round the bend came two mast tops, and a faint sound of cheering struggled up against the wind. Slowly, slowly they moved, and then came the grey collar-boxes of the fighting tops, and lastly the broad bows of an ironclad. Very slowly she slipped on, keeping to the exact middle of the wide canal, with hardly a streak of foam sagging from her bows. Two big guns stuck out from a grey shallow dome at her bows like a great paint blister. Long spiteful muzzles grinned out of side blisters on sponsons, and machine guns shone golden from unexpected corners. The sailors in white were grouped round the deck, waving farewells to friends on the shore. "Glückliche reise!" "Auf wiedersehen," and as much of a British cheer as twenty Britishers of both sexes could furnish. Then the boxed-in upper works slid by, and another big paint blister pricked with guns, and the low stern with the name, *Wörth*.

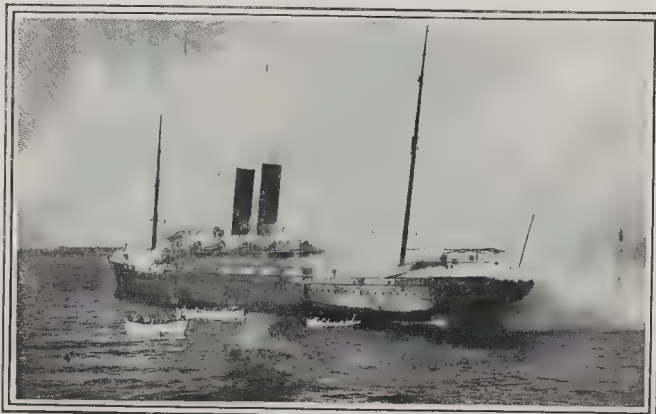
Then half an hour more passed—it was all that did pass. Those of the passengers who had once accused the Kaiser of doing things in delirious haste now recanted in the sackcloth of deck chairs and the ashes of cigarettes. But the cones still trailed from the flagstaff, and the striped fence was immovable on the bank ahead. Two more mastheads slid into sight over the trees, and the same gradual approach brought a bigger grey ironclad. The same broad squat hull, the same boxed-in upper works, but three paint blisters instead of two, and two boxes instead of one, connected by a little grey gallery penetrated with golden machine guns. One would not give many minutes' purchase of the lives of the men in that gallery in a battle. For the rest, the same sailors, the same tempered enthusiasm, and the name

Weissenburg on the stern. Then another long wait, and the performance over again, identical in number of paint blisters and guns, but varying in name, the *Brandenburg*. Lastly, after an unexpectedly short interval, the *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm*, about the size of the *Wörth*, but with three blister-domes like the others. And then we wakened up into expectation again, and wondered whether Kaiser Wilhelm was coming and what we should wish him, not "Auf wiedersehen," because we should be sure to see him again somewhere without wishing; nor "Glückliche reise," for he was not going to China. Remembering his speech, we were of opinion that "Glückliche rache" was perhaps the most fitting wish. So we looked for the masts and white upper works of the *Hohenzollern*, and waited for something to happen.

And something did happen. A shiver suddenly ran along the blue and white fence as if all the boards had been loosened at once. Then the gap began to show between the knots of people on the bank and the end of the fence. The paling slid off, curled round a corner, the knots of human insects crawled after it; and down the canal came a little white official steamer, and after that a common black lumber-laden tramp. And our pilot was roaring savagely in German to the signalman to haul down his cones and in English to the sailors to stand by to cast off the moorings, and the canal bank was left lonely long before the grey stern of the *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm* had passed round the curve out of sight. The Emperor's vengeance had gone.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S MURDERED REPRESENTATIVE TO CHINA
Lieut. von Kettler, who was brutally murdered by Chinese soldiers on June 20 when on his way to the Tung-shi-Tamien



THE HOBOKEN CATASTROPHE—THE BURNING OF THE "SAALE" IN MID-STRAIT
The most crushing disaster that has ever befallen the North German Lloyd Steamship Company is that which took place at Hoboken, New York, on June 20, when in a few hours three great transatlantic liners, the "Bremen," the "Maun," and the "Saale," were destroyed by fire and about two hundred of the company's employees met death in the flames or by drowning

WOMAN'S SPHERE

LAST Saturday the automobile races and gymkhana drew a smart crowd to Ranelagh, but I think the majority shared with me some considerable disappointment in the appearance of the turn-outs with but two exceptions, and at the non-excitement of the contests,



SEASIDE GOWN OF MAUVE LINEN

though the obstacle race, which included the opening and reclosing of a gate, and finish through a paper screen, relieved the monotony. The ladies' race, in which Mrs. Edward Kennard, Miss M. Lloyd Price, Miss Vera Butler, and Miss Weblyn took part, was very interesting by reason of the close finish between Miss Weblyn and Mrs. Kennard, who were first and second respectively. Many of the visitors divided their attention between the gymkhana and the polo match for the final Ranelagh Open Cup between the Freebooters and Old Cantabs, resulting in a win for the latter by 8 goals to 1. Never has Ranelagh been the vantage ground for prettier frocks, and amongst the most attractive was an exquisite gown of creamy soft muslin, the skirt and bodice over rose silk being tastefully trimmed with Irish point insertion, or a most excellent imitation, and edging. The yoke and cuffs were transparent, while finishing the bolero was a shaded rose taffetas belt; and the shady ivory crin hat, with its tulle and lace trimmings and shaded roses, was a charming accompaniment. Black and white can always hold its own, and certainly the prettiest Ranelagh gowns were those in which these neutrals were successfully combined. There was in black *crêpe de chine* one with a very wide zig-zag band of Chantilly insertion a few inches above the hem, run through both upper and lower edge with narrow black velvet ribbon tied into little bows in front. The bodice was exceedingly simple; it had a lovely collar and revers of the lace threaded with the velvet, and a transparent yoke and front of lace with very narrow mauve velvet belt. Black voile and string-coloured lace conceived other attractive gowns, the owners of which had selected either an all-black tussan hat overweighted with plumes and tulle, or a beige straw trimmed with black velvet ribbon and filmy tulle draperies. I notice that the tendency in the millinery of the moment is to increase in size, high crowns and wide brims, the shape defined by means of straps of tulle or ribbon, and so fashioned to suit the wearer's profile. Flowers, foliage, or bows are

as it were thrown negligently against the crown, but the result as achieved by our leading modistes is entirely satisfactory. The low crowned hats with their taffetas adornments have also a following, but they are generally worn by those who can spare a superfluous inch. At an afternoon party the other day there was a red spotted foulard which was so perfectly made as to stand out above its fellows, which in blue and white and black and white were much in evidence. A small hem-stitched capeline at the back of the bolero was its distinguishing feature, the chemisette and vest being made of bands of the silk hem-stitched to others of lace, while the elbow sleeves turned back with the hem-stitched band of the silk met full Garibaldi ones of the lace, with neat cuffs threaded with black velvet, and fastening at the wrist with small enamel and diamond studs, others ornamenting the vest. This cape bolero, by the way, will be seen in the newest fur coats, and I have already inspected one model in broadtail with chinchilla facings which looked particularly attractive. With a temperature tropical as it is at the moment I am writing, the very thought of fur is repugnant; rather let us think of sea breezes, Lamplough's pyretic saline, and a cool linen gown. Such an one for instance as that simple one which is here sketched. You may carry out the design in plain linen self-coloured or in pink or heliotrope; the latter would be my choice as it harmonises so well with the lace collar and soft Indian muslin front.

I HAVE had a similar sketch copied in mauve French cambric for morning wear, with a line of embroidery insertion threaded with mauve ribbon replacing the lace *entre-deux*, and embroidered collar and fronts. Instead of the silk toque my fancy has been satisfied with something less pretentious, viz., a rustic straw hat with shady brim trimmed with mauve taffetas, silk hemmed, just a band round the crown, and a large band in front.

FOR two guineas it is now possible to buy at the sales muslin and lace robes of good cut and make, and which can be altered to suit the average figure for 2s. 6d.; this is the price charged by Peter Robinson, Ltd., Regent Street, W., for bringing up to correct measurements such a chic gown of black voile and lace on silk, which with ample materials and trimmings for bodice a reader of this column has just purchased for four and a half guineas from the above firm, whose sale has been besieged these sultry days by women intent on securing one of the muslin or printed robes which are sold at such ridiculously low prices as 9s. 6d. and 17s. 6d.

LET us be devoutly thankful that King Sol has seen fit to grace St. Swithin's Day, and that the proverbial rainy day (and its forty followers) has been averted. The hot weather also has revived a dying season, and both for Goodwood and Homburg some lovely dresses have been ordered. One in mauve and white foulard had a white fichu and ends of cream chiffon trimmed with pointed lace edging on the full bodice, with chemisette of the foulard crossed with lines of black velvet ribbon. The centre was also of black velvet cut on the cross, and the elbow sleeves were turned up with *plissé* of cream chiffon finished like the fichu with pointed lace edging. The owner of this elegant robe had also selected for every-day wear at Homburg a gown of mastic cloth, the skirt arranged in loose pleats to the knees, surmounted with stitched and crossed bands of silk of the same colour, and accompanied by a short open coat with revers tapering to a point at the waist and a guipure vest slashed across with black velvet ribbon, the points being accented by a crystal button.

WILL the popularity of the blouse ever wane? I trust not, for what is more satisfying at the moment than a transparent lace and muslin blouse over a white or coloured silk slip, and a white voile gown? Or for house wear on a cooler day let me recommend the virtues of the two charming blouses, the originals of which may be seen at Robinson & Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. The upper one is in pale green silk and has a yoke of alternate stripes of Valenciennes lace and embroidery, which also trims the revers. This pretty blouse was originally 37s. 6d., but is now procurable for a modest guinea. The more elaborate model below is composed of lace with front of *crin* net, and is trimmed with black velvet ribbon and tiny white enamelled buttons, and its reduced price is 49s. 6d.

I DESCRIBE these pretty blouses as being essential for home wear, and to look their best they must have artistic surroundings. So often do I see a woman willing to spend her last farthing on the adornment of her person, but caring far too little for art in her house. I am reminded of this falling by the appearance of one of the daintiest of little booklets issued by Hewetson's of 200-215, Tottenham Court Road, W., who present it to all applicants as a book of *Hints for Economical Furniture Buyers*, and I might add "of artistic furniture," for the coloured sketches so exquisitely produced are of modern art furniture at most moderate prices. The young housekeeper is shown in a most

convincing manner that she may have a pretty home for so small a sum as £100, while for £200 to £250 she can at Hewetson's command the prettiest selection and many luxuries. I can most heartily commend this brochure to all prospective brides and housewives.

THE women of Ireland, headed by the Countess Cadogan as hon. president, and the Duchess of Abercorn as president of committee, are raising a fund to make a presentation to Lord Roberts to mark their great appreciation of his absolute devotion to duty and of his splendid services to Queen and country. Lady Dufferin is vice-president of the committee, which includes many distinguished Irishwomen. Subscriptions are limited to sums between a 'shilling and a pound, and these may be sent to the Countesses of Leitrim, Antrim, Cork, Orerry, Limerick, Enniskillen, Mayo, the Lady Mayoress of Belfast, or Lady Mayoress of Cork, who will forward them to Lady Ashbourne, 5, Grosvenor Crescent, W., or 12, Merrion Square, Dublin, she having kindly undertaken to act as hon. treasurer. That Lord "Booby" may be home speedily to receive the gift is, I am sure, the earnest wish of all English as well as Irish women.

My culinary contribution is a Chartreuse of Bananas, which is very simply and quickly made, thus:—

Take a Charlotte mould with lemon jelly about one-eighth inch thick, and see that it is quite smooth. Take two bananas, peel and cut in rounds a quarter-inch thick, and arrange some at intervals on the jelly; then cover with more jelly, and continue this until the mould is full, taking care, of course, that each layer of jelly sets before the next row of fruit is arranged on it. Set on ice, and when required dip the mould in warm water, wipe the bottom with a cloth, turn out, and fill the centre with whipped cream.

It seems almost superfluous to remind my readers these warm days that one of the most delicious iced summer drinks is Bulmer's cider. It is free from antiseptics, and makes a very greatly appreciated cider cup.



TWO CHARMING BLOUSES

It can be obtained from any wine merchant or of H. P. Bulmer & Co., Hereford.

ANGELA.

ANGELA will be delighted to reply by post to all correspondents on questions concerning dress, home decoration, or matters of interest to women, if the query be accompanied by a stamped envelope. Letters should be addressed to her, care of the Editor, THE SPHERE.

THINGS TO BUY IN THE SHOPS

LACE BLOUSES AND LINEN SHIRTS. At Robinson & Cleaver's Sale, Regent Street, W.
BARGAINS IN BLACK AND CRÈME CLARY AND LARKS LACE SHIRTS WITH BODICE MATERIAL. At Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, W.
ART GREEN SOLID ASH BEDROOM SUITE WITH COPPER MOUNTS FOR 11 GUINEAS. At Hewetson's, 200-215, Tottenham Court Road, W.
FLEXIBLE CYCLING SHOES. At the London Shoe Company, 116 and 117, New Bond Street.

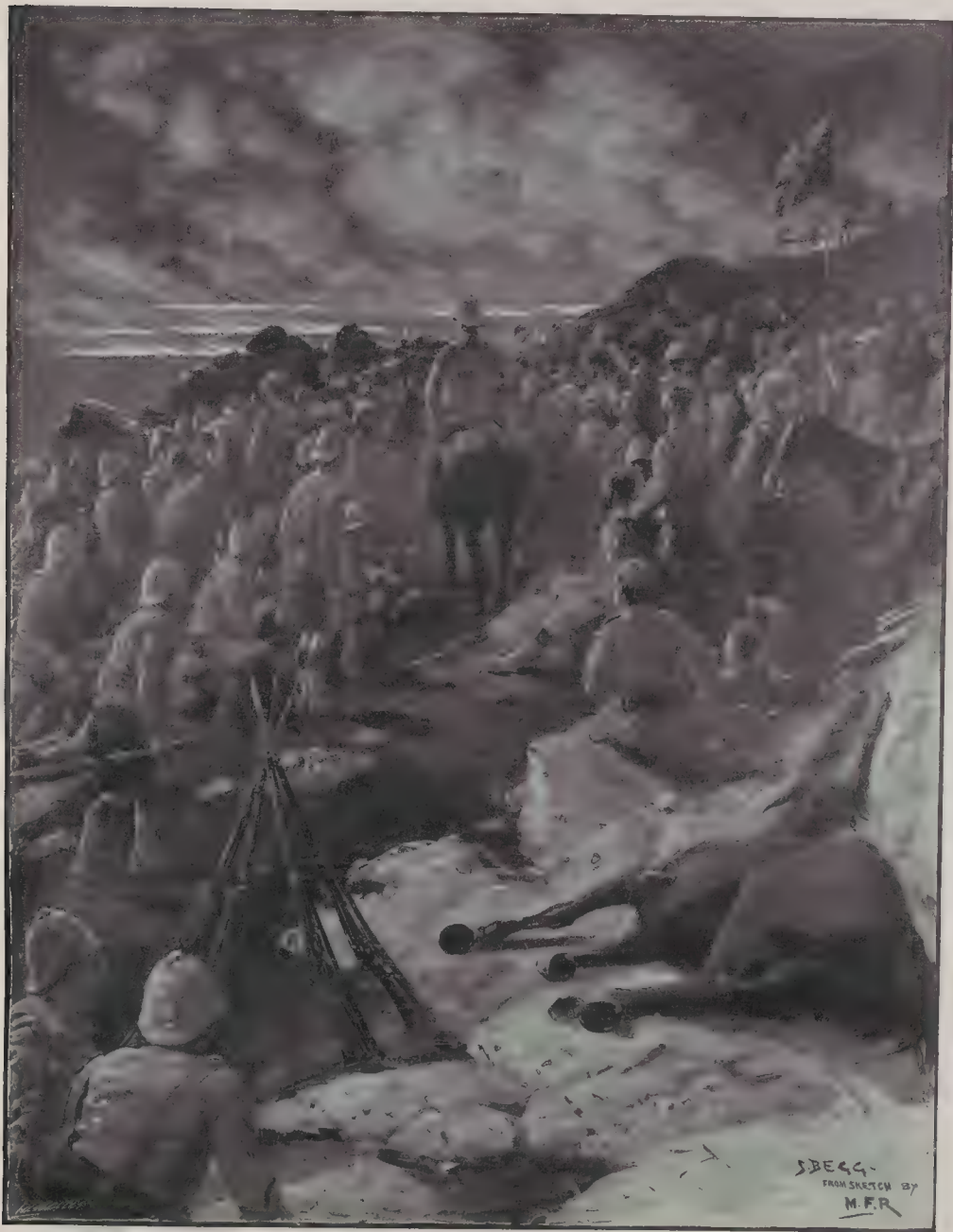
THE LONDON NEWS.

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SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1900.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS (SIXPENCE.



GENERAL IAN HAMILTON THANKING THE GORDONS AFTER THEIR MAGNIFICENT ATTACK ON THE BOER POSITION NEAR DOORNKOP, WHICH RESULTED
IN THE OCCUPATION OF THE WESTERN SUBURBS OF JOHANNESBURG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The House of Commons sometimes unbends from the business of the State to the small beer of popular taste. On such occasions, some legislator is found proposing that Parliament shall regulate the amusements of the people and even the pictorial advertisements on the hoardings, so that the public education of eye and ear shall be a continual pastime of moral improvement. A similar ideal possessed the governing minds of the country some two hundred and fifty years ago; but it was not very successfully applied. It had so little moderation that it was followed by a profligate reaction, which lasted with varying degrees of laxity for more than a century and a half. This experience has made our administrators rather timid. They no longer think of confining the careless vivacity of life in an unbending ethical code; and they are content to waive the question of moral improvement for the public taste if they can secure decorum.

This does not satisfy reformers who believe that the average man can be lifted to some plane of spiritual refinement, where he will never hear a song without considering its moral tendency, or consume cakes and ale unless the cakes are seasoned with wise counsel, and the ale has been acquitted of any impulse to rise to the head.

So it happened that the House of Commons lately regarded itself with a debate on the moral tone of the theatre, a debate that prompted Mr. Augustine Birrell to declare that the House knew nothing about the subject, and could only invite ridicule by expressing an opinion. Mr. Birrell is one of those rare politicians who combine a zeal for public affairs with a taste for letters and a philosophical appreciation of human nature. He said the theatre was not much of a recreation to him, for when he went there he found himself wondering sadly at the jokes that made his neighbours laugh. You cannot fix a standard of humour, and ban everybody who does not adopt it. Nor will you get two equally well-meaning persons to agree about the moral tone of a play, if one of them has any sense of humour and the other has none. In this very debate a certain comic opera was held up to odium by one member who judged it by hearsay, whereas another, whose earnestness is beyond question, confessed that he had seen the piece three times with the greatest relish. I saw it once, and thought it a mixture of pretty music and tedious vulgarity. How are you to judge its moral tone from these three opinions?

Last week there was a Parliamentary discussion of another question that is beyond the range of legislative wisdom. The member who condemned the comic opera complained of the pictures on the hoardings that they did not touch "noble views of life." He was shocked to think that the eyes of the young, so curious about a world in which everything was new, should receive such vivid lessons in coarseness and degradation. Now the hoarding is not a school of fine art; but when I see small boys gazing at it I do not feel that it will drag them down to perdition. There is a row of young gentlemen in tall hats kneeling to a row of young ladies with brightly tinted hair. This is an advertisement of a comic opera, and, therefore, must be wrong. There is a young woman in Chinese costume sitting on the crescent of the moon. I wish everything Chinese were as charming and as harmless; but, alas! it is the advertisement of another comic opera. There is a lady with a pleasing figure executing a graceful pas. That is dancing, and we know what happens to people who dance. Besides, the lady is advertising tobacco, and what can be the moral effect of such a combination of blandishments on a small boy? These are damaging admissions, and yet I persist, irrationally, no doubt, in the belief that such pictures do no ill!

In some state of social perfection it may be possible to make the hoardings advertise "noble views of life"; but in our present state of development we are dependent on tea, meat essences, custard and insect powder. Every hoarding used to be adorned with the portrait of an Eastern potentate, who was swallowing a very large fish with an air of intense enjoyment. Beneath this work of art ran the legend, "If you like the pickles, try the sauce." Sauce and pickles may be eminently meritorious, but what have they to do with "noble views"? Why expect a moral tone from the portrait of an insect, a hundred times the size of life, that commands an exterminating powder to households troubled by vermin? My aesthetic conscience is sometimes outraged by posters. When you see a picture of the Sphinx with a hat on, and a cigar in its mouth, and a face that is half satyr, half ass, you can only exclaim your emotion with Lincoln's philosophical aphorism, "If people like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they will like." But it is useless to wag a solemn finger in the House of Commons at such vulgarity, as if it must drag the nation to ruin if the Home Secretary does not interfere.

A correspondent has lately corrected my assertion that the comic Frenchman and German had disappeared from our stage. He is right. My error shows how one may be

misled by pure love of the ideal. The comic genius of a nation cannot help caricaturing its neighbours; but I submit that our caricatures have been softened by time. We have left off insinuating that the foreigner is unacquainted with soap. About the time of the '51 Exhibition, Leech drew a picture of a group of Frenchmen inspecting a toilet-apparatus with wondering curiosity. To-day the comic Frenchman is spared that primitive gib; but he struts about in a musical farce, exclaiming, "Revanche! Fashoda!" in company with a comic German professor who inquires after an Egyptian mummy in broken English. Neither of them is any reflection upon his country; the reflection is upon the poverty of humorous invention, and some popular entertainments. Broken English is a spavined old jest at any time; but it is strikingly out of place in the mouth of a German professor, who is likely to be at least as well acquainted with the language as the comic writers for our stage.

It is not always a strict regard for the proprieties of diction that denotes an admirable spirit. Chesterfield warned his son against laughter, because laughter, he said, distorted the features; and also against the use of any but the most elegant terms to express the feelings. I wonder what Chesterfield would have thought of the young "student interpreter" attached to the British Legation at Peking, whose letters in the *Times*, written only a few weeks before the massacre, give such a graphic sketch of the rising storm. "It is a rummy situation and no mistake," says this fearless youngster. He is quite prepared for the worst, thinks it not improbable that the European colony will be destroyed, but would not for worlds have missed what he calls the "fun." He expects Admiral Seymour's force every moment, and thinks there will be "fun" before it enters the city. He reports the disappearance of a Japanese, who is supposed to have had his head "sliced off" an operation that is called "very rough luck on him." It was well known that the Dowager-Empress, in a towering rage, had declared that she would have the "b-essing" foreigners massacred, and had ordered ten thousand troops to the capital for that purpose. Even this prospect does not dash the spirits of the "student interpreter," who regards that infamous old woman as if she were especially designed to provide sport for his budding career. The shadow of a horrible tragedy is creeping over him; but he hails it gaily as "a rummy situation," and is boisterously thankful to find himself in it.

What do the moralists who complain about the hoardings think of the moral tone of this hardy young adventurer at Peking? Here is a lad who takes his life in his hand with infinite zest, and with a sense of duty not less praiseworthy than that of a Parliamentary censor. It may be said that he has a sportsman's view of his responsibilities; but is it any the worse for that designation? He looks on the Dowager-Empress as if she were a tigress in the jungle; and I think she does justice to the comparison. The tigress at bay rejoices the hunter, and should he fall a victim to her ferocity, he dies game, and wants no lamentations over his end. That spirit is always serviceable to the nation, because it has its allotted functions, its "rummy situations" that seem dreadful to dwellers in cities where law is supreme, but have the intoxication of adventure for bolder, simpler souls on the confines of civilisation.

How all our subtilties pale and dwindle in the presence of this elemental crisis! The philosopher who detaches himself from all practical interests might say a good deal about the intrusion of the foreigner in China, the arbitrary assertion of rights of territory and rights of trade. The Chinese do not want us; our customs, commerce, and religion are alike repugnant to them; they wish to isolate a region inhabited by a third of the human race, and to isolate it by a moral barrier compared to which the Great Wall is a cobweb. They have raised the issue in a form that makes it a struggle between the conjoined interests of the Western world and the primitive barbarism of the East. Blood has been shed that must be avenged, for without that vengeance no foreigner's life in China would be worth a pin's fee. The problem is tremendous, and it would never have arisen but for the white man's insatiable appetite for obstacles, "rummy situations," and markets. If he had been a different kind of creature, North America would have remained the happy hunting-ground of the Red Indian, and neither black nor yellow man would ever have heard of us.

Diplomacy scarcely shines at this juncture. It is an excellent instrument for juggling between civilised nations, but when it has to deal with a barbaric impulse that threatens to spread through four hundred millions of people, it lacks breadth and imagination. Somebody is responsible for the delay in dispatching an overwhelming force to Peking. It is not easy to allot the blame; but an article in the *St. Petersburg Herald* shows that some professors of public affairs are prepared to justify the diplomatic virtue of leaving the Europeans at Peking to their fate. Better that they should have perished than that Japan should have saved them, for this would not have suited the plans of Russia and Germany!

THE SITUATION IN CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The task in the Far East is one of tremendous magnitude, but the China War of 1890 and the suppression of the T'ai-ping Rebellion are indications that no military obstacle stands in the way of its complete and comparatively speedy accomplishment; assuming, of course, that the Powers continue true to themselves as well as to the common cause of outraged humanity.

It must, however, be sorrowfully admitted that, even apart from the Peking massacre, the operations have been far from satisfactorily commenced. It would seem that four engagements have taken place at Tientsin since July 9, in three of which the Allied Forces, approximating 20,000 men, have been successful, while in one they nearly suffered a serious repulse. On July 9 a combined force attacked the enemy's position south-west of Tientsin, and eventually captured several forts. On the morning of the 11th the railway station, garrisoned by British, French, and Japanese troops, was heavily attacked by the enemy, who, however, were repulsed with loss. On July 13 the Allied Forces attacked the native city of Tientsin, but, after fighting all day, were unable to make an entry, having suffered heavy losses. On July 14 the attack was resumed, and the walls having been breached, an entry was effected, and several corps entered the native city, and its defences were said at the time of writing to be in the hands of the Allied Forces, who, however, had had about eight hundred killed and wounded in the fighting from July 12 to July 14, the Chinese artillery being of admirable efficiency and excellently served.

While the Japanese are preparing to advance on Peking, and the Continental Powers are busily organising and despatching reinforcements, the Indian troops under General Gaselee, amounting to about 10,000 men, are on the way, and several corps must be only the point of landing. A second division, too, has been warned to hold itself in readiness, and in this four battalions of British infantry and three field batteries are included. When the time comes for action on an extended scale, these two divisions, backed up by our magnificent China Squadron, will go far towards securing the proper representation of Great Britain in this epoch-making struggle.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Recent news from South Africa has not been of an altogether pleasing character. While for some weeks past it had been evident that the Boers still hovering round Pretoria were closely watching for an opportunity to harass the British garrison.

On July 10 a force of five companies of the Lincolnshire Regiment, with a section of O Battery R.H.A., and a squadron of Scots Greys, were holding a pass about eighteen miles west of Pretoria, called Nitral's Nek, with a view to maintaining road and telegraphic communication with Rustenburg. At dawn on July 11 a Boer force with four guns seized higher ground to the east of the pass, and brought a heavy converging fire to bear upon the British garrison. Fighting lasted all day, and before the reinforcements sent out by Lord Roberts could reach the spot the British force was overwhelmed, losing heavily in killed and wounded, together with the greater part of the squadron of Greys, a company of the Lincolns, and two guns, captured by the enemy. Many of the prisoners have since escaped, but the affair cannot but be regarded as a most unfortunate one.

While the campaign in the Transvaal has been unpleasantly diversified by the affair of Nitral's Nek, the operations in the Orange River Colony have been carried on steadily, and at the time of writing their aim and object seemed on the point of being realised. After the occupation of Bloemfontein, the Boers, having just managed to escape to Fouchsburg, found themselves literally wedged in between Basutoland, and the British forces which, with Bethlehem as well as Senekal and Lindley in their hands, can now shorten the corridor at their will. It is earnestly to be hoped that a surrender, at any rate on the part of Mr. Steyn, will bring these operations to a speedy close. So far as De Wet personally is concerned, such a result may not be arrived at, as he appears to be a most uncompromising, as well as a very worthy, opponent. But with the surrender of Steyn and of a fair proportion of the 3000 Boers in his company, an impetus would be given to the final operations in the Transvaal, which are being delayed to the verge of tedium.

The directors of the *Illustrated London News and Sketch* (Ld.) have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30 last. The transfer registers of the ordinary shares will be closed from Thursday, July 19, to Wednesday, Aug. 1, both days inclusive, for the preparation of the warrants for the interim dividend. Dividend warrants will be posted on Aug. 8.

The official list of seaside, farm-house, and country lodgings issued by the London and South Western Railway Company should be obtained by all who have not already decided where to spend their holidays. With it they will receive the fullest particulars of the Company's tourist and excursion arrangements. Application should be made for the list at any of the London offices of the line.

The London and North Western Railway Company is advertising just now, for the benefit of tourists, a number of excursion trains to be operated by all who have not already decided where to spend their holidays. With it they will receive the fullest particulars of the Company's tourist and excursion arrangements. Application should be made for the list at any of the London offices of the line.

Among the increased facilities for visiting the South Coast, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have arranged a special afternoon excursion every Thursday to Seaford, allowing five hours by the sea. New fast trains are also running between London and Seaford and Bognor, and to Portsmouth, in connection with the improved services from Victoria and London Bridge to the Isle of Wight.

PROBABLE VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRE AT PEKING.



THE MARQUIS RAGGI
(ITALIAN MINISTER)

The Marquis G. S. Raggi was born at Geneva in 1851, and served successively as Attaché at Madrid and St. Petersburg. He went last year as Envoy Extraordinary to Peking.



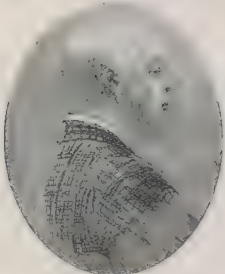
MR. E. H. CONGER
(AMERICAN MINISTER)

Mr. Conger was born in Ill. Nov. 1847. He served through the Civil War, and thereafter was called to the Bar. He had been Member of Congress and Minister to Brazil.



THE LATE BARON VON KETTELER
(GERMAN MINISTER, MURDERED, JUNE 18).

Baron von Ketteler was murdered by native troops on June 18 while on his way to the Tientsin Yamen. He first served in China as interpreter. At Berlin, Stuttgart, and Washington he also held appointments.



SIR ROBERT HART

(DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF CHINESE CUSTOMS).

Sir Robert was born in 1834, and in his twentieth year proceeded to China. Sir Robert knew China in and out; and almost to the end he believed in the Empress's power to suppress the anti-foreign plot.



CAPTAIN VON THOMSEN
(OF THE AUSTRIAN CRUISER "ZENTA").

Captain von Thomsen accompanied the Austrian detachment to Peking out of curiosity. He was forty-four years of age, and married. His daughter is eight years of age.



MR. JAMES RUSSELL BRAZIER
CHIEF SECRETARY CHINESE IMPERIAL CUSTOMS.

Mr. Brazier was the son of the late Professor Brazier, of Aberdeen University. He had been in the public service in China for many years. His wife, children, and sister were in Peking.



MR. W. P. KER

(FIRST-CLASS ASSISTANT TO CHINESE SECRETARY).

Mr. Ker was the son of the late Rev. J. Ker, of Debford, N.B. He was promoted to the first class in the Consular Service in 1897, and in 1898 acted as Consul at Soochow. He served also at Shanghai.



REV. J. STONEHOUSE

(LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY).

The Rev. J. Stonehouse was one of the missionaries attached to the London Missionary Society. Mrs. Stonehouse and two children were in the ill-fated city with him.



MISS G. L. SMITH

(LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY).

At the end of May Miss Smith wrote home: "The present condition of the city and surrounding districts I would liken to an immense smouldering fire ready to burst into fierce flame."



MISS F. E. SHILSTON

(LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY).

Miss Shilston went to China under the direction of the London Missionary Society, and was in Peking at the time of the massacre. She belonged to Newington-Parish, and was twenty-six years of age.



THE REV. T. BIGGIN, M.A.

(LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY).

The Rev. Mr. Biggin succeeded Mr. Allardyce at Peking. He was born at Stamford in 1871. During his second year at Oxford he offered himself for missionary work, and joined Mansfield College.



THE REV. W. H. MURRAY

(FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND).

Mr. Murray entered the service of the National Bible Society of Scotland in May 1894, went to China in 1897, and had since been the Society's representative in Peking.



MISS LILY E. V. SAVILLE, M.D.

(MEDICAL MISSIONARY IN THE WEST CITY).

Miss Saville was the daughter of the Rev. A. T. Saville, of Evesham, and studied her profession at the London School of Medicine, taking her degree at Brussels. Her appointment dated from 1895.



MRS. BREDON.

Mrs. Bredon was in Peking with her husband at the time of the massacre. Her daughter was also there. Mrs. Bredon was Lily Virginia, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Cruise Biddle, of San Francisco.



MR. R. E. BREDON

(DEPUTY-INSPECTOR OF CHINESE MARITIME CLAIMS).

Mr. Bredon was, in succession, Commissioner of Customs at Hai-Kan, Canton, etc., and returned home two years ago with the intention of retiring. Later he accepted the post of Deputy-Inspector.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN-PARTY.

In delightful weather the great garden-party in the spacious grounds of Buckingham Palace gave several thousands of the Queen's subjects the opportunity of greeting her face to face. And they made the most of it. Wherever the Queen drove in her low victoria, drawn by two grey horses, and preceded by an outrider on a white steed, a well-regulated rush, but a frank rush all the same, was made to give her a first, a second, even a third bow. The pleasant refreshment-booths were deserted when the ramour ran that the Queen's little carriage was approaching; less were left to melt, and some ladies in the excitement of the moment carried the unfinished cake or sandwich with them as they hastened to help to form the human avenue through which her Majesty, graciously bowing, passed. Beside the Queen, who wore a dress and cape of black silk and a bonnet of black lace, sat the Princess of Wales, whose colours were black and mauve, and who wore her long string of pearls. In the Royal Pavilion, which the Queen entered leaning on the arm of her Indian attendant, the Prince of Wales awaited her and gave her a slight surprise by his novel costume—a blue single-breasted frock-coat with brass buttons, a reminiscence of the Regency. While the Indian attendants gave her Majesty tea, two Indian magicians did homage to her, and Lady Audrey Buller was also introduced to kiss hands. The Duchess of York and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and many other royalties joined the Queen's tea-party, and afterwards strolled among the other guests about the grounds. Lord Hopetoun, whose career as Lord Chamberlain came then practically to an end, was congratulated by everybody on the excellence of the arrangements made



THE TRANSVAAL WAR: DR. KRATKE ON HIS WAY TO ARRANGE THE SURRENDER OF JOHANNESBURG.
Sketch (facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



DELEGATES FROM JOHANNESBURG INTERVIEWED BY LORD ROBERTS'S CHIEF OF THE STAFF AT ELANDSFONTEIN.
Sketch (facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

under his direct and clear-headed personal supervision. When, as a sort of Vicereine, Lady Hopetoun gives a garden-party at the other side of the world, she may be a confidently happy hostess in the knowledge that the Governor-General can act, for the nonce, as his own Lord Chamberlain.

AMERICA'S GIFT TO INDIA.

The steamer *Quito*, of which we give a photograph, arrived in Bombay Harbour on June 25 with a cargo of 5000 tons of the best American maize for distribution among the starving thousands of famine-stricken India. This corn was sent as a gift by the readers of the *Christian Herald* in Canada and the United States, and two more shiploads are due shortly. The vessel, which was under the command of Captain Baird, was generously lent by the American Government. It was received on its arrival at Prince's Dock by a large assembly, under the presidency of Dr. John Follen, who, with other speakers, referred appropriately to the generosity of the donors. The bulk of the grain will be distributed, by the agency of missionaries, through Gujarat and Rajputana, the districts most affected by the famine. It is interesting to note that the *Quito* floated both the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The Viceroy, Lord Curzon, sent a telegram from Ganeskhind to the committee thanking them heartily. It read as follows: "I hear the steamer *Quito*, conveying American gift of corn, has arrived in Bombay, and desire to offer you, as representing the generous sympathisers in America, my warmest thanks for their magnificent contribution in aid of sufferers in India."

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

At Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham last week took place the partial mobilisation of the Fleet for the 1900 manœuvres. The details of tactics of the sort are difficult to convey profitably upon paper; but the scheme may be broadly stated as that of two fleets, one of which is again

divided, and is stationed at Milford and at Lamlash; then a second fleet, hostile and inferior to the first, also divided, and stationed at Berhaven and Lough Swilly; and thirdly, a hostile reinforcement which equalises the aforementioned squadrons. According to the plan prepared, the whole of Great Britain, the Isle of Man, and the Scilly Isles belong to the fleet first named; while Ireland belongs to the second or hostile fleet. Moreover, Milford Haven, Berhaven, Queenstown, and Lough Swilly are to be taken as fortified; all other ports, including Lamlash, as unfortified. The aim of each fleet naturally is to obtain command of the sea, which can only be done by driving the enemy into his ports, imprisoning him there, and clearing the sea of his torpedo craft. In the rather obscure words of the Admiralty note, the principal object of the manœuvres is "to obtain information as to the working of a fleet which is composed of vessels of all classes and is fighting for command of the sea." The programme adds that "the most suitable distance at which to establish a temporary base for a squadron watching a hostile fortified port is a subsidiary question," and that "the power which cruisers may or may not possess of hunting down and driving torpedo craft into port is another important point." No doubt of that; and the country will welcome and wish Godspeed to every attempt to maintain and to increase the efficiency of England's first line of defence.

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP.

At Friedrichshafen a fortnight ago Count Zeppelin made his first adventurous journey in mid-space on the air-ship that has translated into sober fact some of the wildest and therefore the favourite chapters in schoolboys' books of semi-scientific romance. Resembling a great boiler, and possessing a specific gravity which makes it a "scorer of the ground," the air-ship is seen in our illustrations aloft in air and then in two stages of its return, when, under heavy



PRESIDENT KRUGER ADDRESSING BURGHERS FROM HIS SALOON AT NEWCASTLE ON MARCH 2, 1900.

"My Burghers, you must thank God that you are not like the British."

pressure, it was led back captive to its shed, where, at last, it was in enforced seclusion and repose. On the occasion of its memorable first trial-trip, moving forwards, backwards, and sideways, it soared upwards to a height of over a thousand feet, and travelled 3½ miles in a quarter of an hour.

THE CHINESE CRISIS.

The interest—but that is too bold a word—of the week has centred in Peking and in its British Legation. There is no national egotism in thus focussing the point of observation. For in that far-off dwelling-place, once a Chinese palace, and for the last five years the home of Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald and their two children, the residents of all the other Foreign Legations and the whole foreign population of Peking, numbered, according to various estimates, at from four hundred to a thousand, gathered together to face death at the hands of an overpowering horde of Boxer rebels. England did not seek to bring all the European nationalities under her standard. Such, however, was the part which accident assigned to her; and by the deeds and deaths of her sons and daughters she proved herself worthy of the leadership fate assigned her. Only last Monday came the news which turned haunting fears into agonising horrors. The appeal of Sir Robert Hart, on behalf of the hard-pressed foreign population of Peking, had been sounded in vain; for Admiral Seymour and his allies, with two thousand men, had abandoned the hope of relieving their countrymen surrounded by six times that number of the enemy. Days passed; and people remembered that Sir Robert Hart had never cried "Wolf!" More days passed; and then from a tardy Chinese official came the report that the European guests of the capital had been overcome and had perished. Two newspaper correspondents confirmed the tidings with a variety of detail eagerly seized upon by readers keen to



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: PART OF THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT, TAKU.

The house in the foreground is that of Mr. Watts, pilot, father of Mr. James Watts, who broke through the rebel lines at Tientsin and brought news to Tientsin of Admiral Seymour's peril.

on the German staff, is quoted as having said lately that all the ladies of the Legations had provided themselves with poison. How Foreigners are to fare in other parts of China is, of course, a question that anxiously presses. Record of the hard fighting at Tientsin is made by a military correspondent. Even the German Club in the town—of which an illustration is given—has ceased to be a place of recreation. It is the resort of all Foreigners, English among others; and no man imagines the councils of war and the devices for defence that must be held, night and day, within its walls.

TRANSVAAL WAR PICTURES.

MR. PRIOR'S SKETCHES.

This week we welcome back to England, from South Africa and from his twenty-fourth campaign, Mr. Melton Prior, the *doyen* of war-artists. For thirty-two years and a score and four campaigns, Mr. Prior has been the trusty representative of *The Illustrated London News*. His first service was in the Ashanti War of 1873. Since then there has been no conflict of any importance

stood about three-quarters of a mile out of Pretoria. It was a long tin building, surrounded by a dense wire entanglement: the scene when relief arrived has been said by one of the correspondents to resemble the close of an Adolphi melodrama. The parade of the victorious army began at two o'clock in the afternoon, General Pole-Carew's Division leading. For three hours the troops streamed past Lord Roberts and the General Staff, who had taken up their position in the Central Square opposite the Town Hall. Other pictures show Dr. Krause on his way to arrange terms for the surrender of Johannesburg, and Mr. Kruger delivering his famous speech from the railway carriage at Newcastle on March 2. The President bade his burghers thank God they were not as the British, who were led by the sword and driven by the sword, and who, when their men would not go forward, turned their Maxim guns on them.

Our front-page picture, from a sketch by an officer, portrays the dramatic scene when General Ian Hamilton thanked the Gordons for their magnificent work at Doornkop, which led to the occupation of the western suburbs of Johannesburg. It was a weird scene when the General told Colonel McBean, commanding the Gordons, that he would like to say a few words to thank the Gordons for the gallant way in which they had stormed the hill. Night had fallen, and the rocky scene was only illuminated by countless grass fires in the valley below which lit up the smoke clouds. The General said: "Men of the Gordons, officers of the Gordons, I just want to tell you how proud I am of the regiment which my father commanded, and in which I was born. By to-morrow the whole of Scotland will be ringing with its deeds."

YACHTING AT RAMSGATE.

The Temple Yacht Club races were held at Ramsgate from July 7 to July 14, when the club handicaps and open handicaps and races were contested. The meeting was entirely successful, and good weather prevailed.



FROM THE FORE-TOPE.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES THE BOWS OF A BATTLE-SHIP FROM THE FORE-TOPE.

discover some ground for incredulity, at any rate as to details. "We can hardly dare to hope that in substance the reports of the massacre are inaccurate," was Mr. Brodick's official notification in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon. The day before, a telegram had been received from Consul-General Warren at Shanghai stating that on July 8 the cannon of the Chinese had been turned against the squares in which the Foreigners had fortified themselves, that the position had been carried, and that all the Foreigners had perished. Another account spoke of a desperate sortie, made in a vain attempt to escape.

On the retirement of Sir Nicholas O'Connor five years ago, Sir Claude Macdonald became Minister at Peking. Thither went with him his devoted wife, who had early served an apprenticeship to suffering. She was already a widow and childless, her husband, Mr. George Robertson, of the Indian Civil Service, and her two children having all died together in one day from cholera. Fate has repeated itself strangely. Two children also she had in her second marriage, Ivy and Stella Macdonald, the last-named a child of three born in Peking; and again husband and two children perish together, but in companionship with the wife and mother.

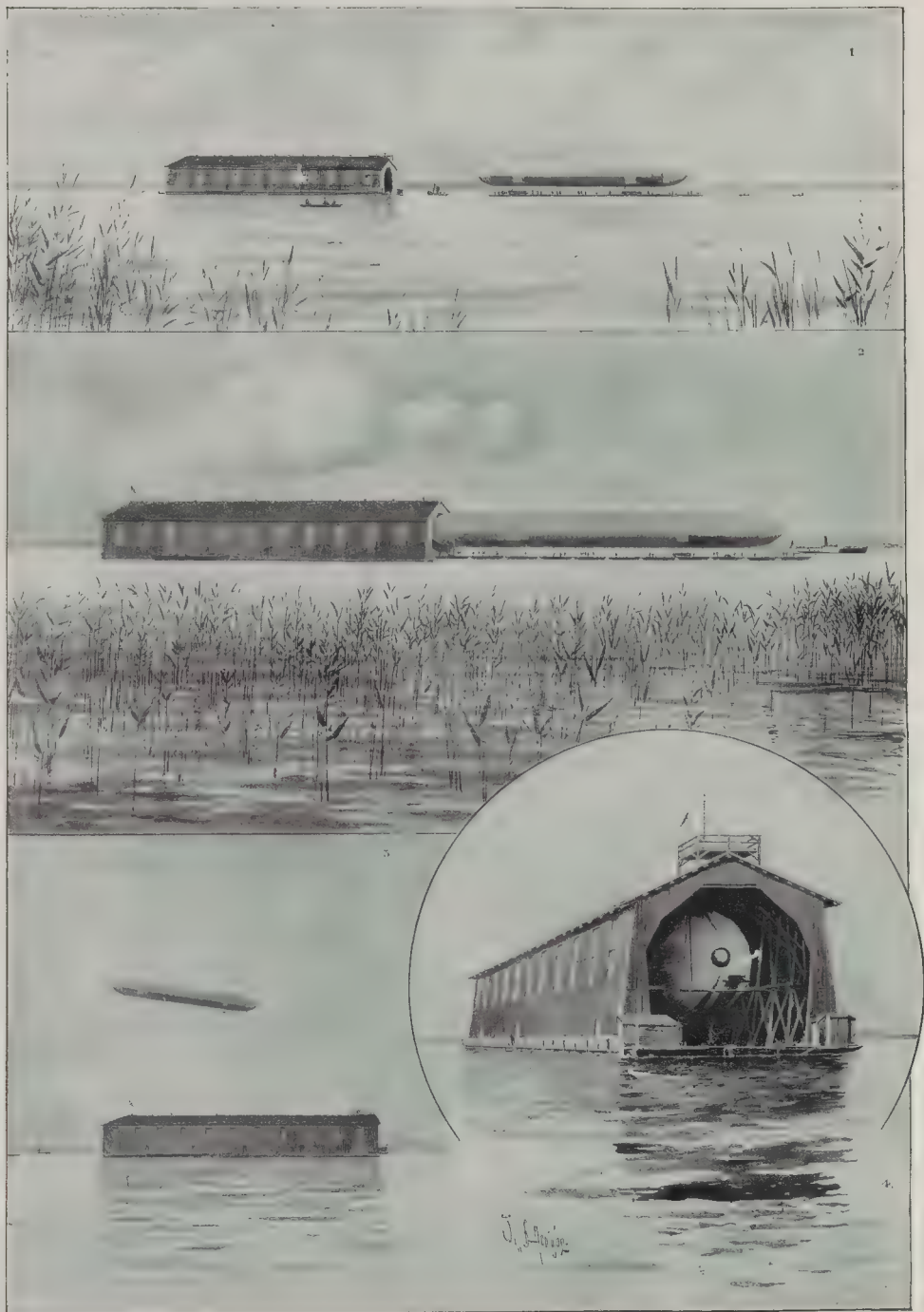
Of the members of other European Legations who have fallen we have small space to speak. Herr von der Goltz,

in which he has not borne a distinguished part in the ranks of the correspondents. It is a curious irony of fate that Mr. Prior should have escaped shot and shell at Ladysmith to be wounded in the eye by a cricket-ball during his voyage home. His pictures, which we publish this week, deal with the triumphal entries into Johannesburg and Pretoria. The former ceremony took place on May 31; the latter on June 3. More interesting, perhaps, than even the triumphal entry are the scenes of the release of the prisoners from "the Bird-cage," which



AMERICA'S GIFT TO FAMINE-STRIKEN INDIA: THE "QUITO," BEARING 5000 TONS OF CORN, AT BOMBAY.

THE PROBLEM OF AERIAL NAVIGATION: COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP.



1. The Air-Ship, held down by Men, conveyed to the Shed by a Tug. 2. The Air-Ship being taken from the Shed. 3. The Air-Ship starts towards the South-East. 4. The Vessel in its Shed.

In the midst of his words I called out "But where is the lady?" I was only just recovering my wits.

The man stared at me, and shrugged his shoulders. "Eh! Mon Dieu, Madame, the other lady in the close carriage behind us took Mademoiselle with her; I helped lift the poor child into the carriage. I said, 'Have you not

This aroused Nancy's suspicions. She had lost her old fear of displeasing Juana. She said firmly—

"You must go and find a doctor at once, Juana, and send him to Mrs. Harte."

As she spoke, a thin, tall man came into the waiting-room.

"The train will not be up yet; there is plenty of time,"

"I am in trouble, Sir; will you kindly help me?" Juana stopped forward and tightly grasped her arm.

"You must not listen to her, if you please, Sir; the poor child is afflicted"—she touched her forehead: "she has escaped from her friends, and I have the charge of taking her back to them."

The stranger looked intently from one face to the other, then he said to Nancy, "How can I help you?"

III.

By the time that Nancy had finished her explanations and the clergyman had told Juana he did not believe her story, and had ordered a vehicle to go in search of me and bring me to the station, I arrived upon the scene; Juana, when looked for, was not to be found.

I have not much more to tell. On reaching Dieppe, I wired to my husband to meet us next morning at New-haven. It was a great joy to see him again, and to feel ourselves safe under his care; though the Good Samaritan, Mr. Stone, was very kind and helpful.

Raymond told us that Mr. Wayne had recovered surprisingly, and that the doctor had sanctioned his journey to London to meet his wife.

Nancy's sweet face beamed with happiness when she heard this news. I thought she looked like a lovely flower as I took her to the hotel in Victoria Street where my husband had left Mr. Wayne.

She hung back for a moment at the door of his room, but then she went bravely in and greeted him very sweetly.

He looked better than I could have expected, and gave one of his fascinating smiles as he turned to me—

"I—w—have very much to thank you for, Mrs. Harte. My wife will tell me all about it, won't you, Nancy?"

I said Good-bye to them, and I saw the husband's eyebrows rise, I thought, in protest, when the girl hugged me and kissed me at parting; she looked as if she wished me to stay a little longer.

"Poor dear, loving little wife, I hope he will make her happy," I said to myself as I went to join Raymond.

THE END.

MISSION BUILDINGS IN PEKING.

The London Missionary Society's Hospital at Peking, known as the "Bestowing Healing Compound," is situated in Ha-ta-men Street, one of the chief thoroughfares of the Tartar City. Its entrance, as our photograph shows, is indicated by two high poles. In connection with this hospital there is a dispensary, four miles away, in the west city, under the care of a native assistant. Between them the institutions do a great deal of useful work. Thirty-eight years ago Dr. Lockhart opened the Peking Hospital; and the fact that it was the first in North China has proved of no little value in a country where age counts for so much. It can provide accommodation for forty-three in-patients, and, of course, has a large out-patient branch. The



Photo, engraved by Mr. J. R. Bedford.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE ENTRANCE TO THE LONDON MISSION HOSPITAL, PEKING.

room for Madame also?"; but she said, "No, Madame must follow us later. I hasten to take this one to a doctor—I know where to find one. This lady is my niece."

I grew cold while I listened; a horrible fear pressed on my heart.

"Was the lady tall?" I asked at last. "Had she dark eyes and heavy black eyebrows?"

"Yes, yes!" he exclaimed; "Madame has made her picture. The sweet young lady has also dark eyes, though they were closed when I raised her from the ground; but here are the eyes of a dove, the strange lady's eyes are wild. Mon Dieu! she has a temper, that one!"

I had to pull myself together; my head ached so badly that I could hardly help crying, but crying would not help me to overtake Nancy.

All this while the horse was peacefully nibbling at some scanty grass on the waste that bordered the farther side of the road.

"Go quickly to Saint Martin and get help a fresh carriage; a cart will do. I want to overtake my friend."

He nodded and went off on the horse, which he freed from its harness more quickly than I could have expected.

Was our overturn an accident? I asked myself, as I looked at the big stones which the driver had anathematised. He swore they were not on the road yesterday. At first I felt doubtful whether I had better go on, or return to the convent and seek for Nancy. But as I reflected, it seemed certain that Juana, for it must be she, would make either for Rouen or Dieppe—the station lay between those towns rather than for a village, where her arrival would attract notice. I decided that she would choose Dieppe: in a place of such constant change and passage, she and her victim would be safe from observation.

The driver had put one of his cushions for me on the earthbank. While I sat there, anxious and miserable, Nancy was being quickly driven to the railway station.

She opened her eyes, but did not at first recognise Juana. "You do not know me, Madame; I saw you lying insensible, and I am taking you to a doctor; your fall has hurt you, poor lady."

Nancy at once recognised the harsh voice. She sat upright and laughed. "I am all right, only dazed, and I think my elbow is bruised; but, Juana, I do not need a doctor, thank you; I am not ill. Did you find me alone? Where's Mrs. Harte?"

Juana looked very grave. "We are hurrying on, Madame, so as to send a doctor to her; she is a good deal hurt."

"And you left her alone, with no one but the driver? Stop the carriage; we must drive back."

Juana answered that Mrs. Harte had told her to hasten on, and to convey her charge safely to the Friary; the lady said she would follow as soon as she could.

Nancy was uneasy, but she made Juana promise that a carriage and a doctor should be sent to see after Mrs. Harte.

They reached the station. Juana led the girl into the small waiting-room, and seated herself beside her.

Juana said. Then she whispered "I cannot leave you unprotected, Madame."

Nancy felt very impatient. She told herself she should be quite as well protected by this stranger, who looked like an English clergyman, as by Juana. He walked up and down, and then stood examining a photograph of Rouen Cathedral.

All at once Nancy heard the sound of an approaching train. She saw an eager look in Juana's face.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," the girl called out impulsively to the Englishman, and he at once turned round to her. "Can you tell me when the next train is due for Dieppe?"



Photo, engraved by Mr. J. R. Bedford.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE LONDON MISSION CHAPEL, WEST CITY, PEKING.

Nancy did not look at Juana; she fixed her eyes on the clergyman.

"There is a train due now," he answered, "there will be another in half an hour, also for Dieppe."

Juana had risen; she put her hand on the girl's arm, "as if I was her prisoner," Nancy said when she told me the story. "Come," she said, "we are going by this train."

She looked so determined that Nancy saw the truth. She jumped up, went and stood beside the stranger.

Society has two chapels in Peking—one in the east city and another in the west. Our second photograph presents an excellent view of the chapel in the west. It was built in 1889 at a cost of between five and six hundred pounds, and, until the recent outbreak, Mr. Stonehouse was the senior missionary in charge. The west city is a Manchu district. In addition to the chapel, there are, or were—for it is very doubtful whether they still stand—mission houses and schools.

THE BRITISH SPHERE OF INFLUENCE IN CHINA.

The question of British or other spheres of "influence" or "interest"—the latter seems the favourite diplomatic phrase just now—is one which in the light of to-day may have to be reconsidered by the civilised Powers of the earth. The determination of all nations at the present moment seems to be to restore order in China and to obtain reparation at any cost for the loss of life and property in that benighted country. When order has been restored and reparation obtained it is devoutly to be hoped that the Western Powers may not quarrel over the spoils, for if that happened, not only England, but America, Japan, Germany, Russia, France, and all the smaller European Powers would find themselves entangled in one of the greatest complications ever contemplated by the most imaginative authors of fiction. In the opinion of many of those best able to judge, Japan should have been allowed to finish the work which she commenced at the time of the Sino-Japanese War, and Japan has a just right to complain of being deprived of the fruits of her victory when she was compelled to recede from the Lion Tung peninsula, which immediately afterwards was taken possession of by Russia—an incident which was quickly followed up by Germany forcibly occupying Kiao Chau, and England, Wei-hai-Wei. It is sincerely to be hoped that some arrangement will be arrived at between the Western Powers and Japan whereby Japan, who is best able by far to do so quickly, will take immediate steps towards putting an end to the present reign of terror in China.

If it take all the armies of the world to restore order in China it must be done, and done at any price. The most highly cultivated, the most far-seeing, the most advanced and progressive of Chinese statesmen are doing all in their power to put down the state of anarchy which, unfortunately, to-day exists—not least among them Li-Hung-Chang, who seems to be the leading spirit in the "Provisional Government," which has been formed in order to endeavour to restore



CAVE DWELLINGS IN THE ICHANG GORGE, YANGTSE RIVER.

peace and order. Unfortunately, this "Provisional Government" must necessarily find it difficult to exchange ideas: it is composed of six Viceroy and Governors, all resident in different parts of China. It is impossible

for them to meet in consultation, and their only means of communication is by telegraph or letter. The telegraph service is corrupt, and consequently telegrams may be mutilated, or even made to read the exact reverse of what was intended. Communication by letter is useless, because of the distances and the time necessary, and therefore it would be highly advisable if some Chinese statesman could be induced to proclaim himself "Regent" or "Dictator" or "Mediator," or call himself by any other name he chose, with whom and through whom terms of peace (because we are really at war, whatever may be said to the contrary) could be arrived at between the Western Powers and the Chinese nation. For want of a better man some of those best qualified to judge favour the suggestion of Mr. Fitchard Morgan, that Li-Hung-Chang be requested by the Powers to take the reins of government in his hands until a future monarch of China is created. In the present state of anarchy, Li-Hung-Chang could hardly be expected to assume such great responsibilities, unless he were assured of the support of the world.

When order has been restored, when a new monarch has been put upon the throne, we shall then have to consider the question of spheres of influence or interest; and there seems little doubt that the Yangtse Kiang Valley will be the sphere in which we shall exercise our influence or guard our interests, as the case may be. No one seems to know exactly what these terms of "influence" or "interest" mean; not improbably China may be hereafter apportioned to different nationalities for the purpose of exercising a guardianship or a sort of police protectorate; but we hope there will be no territorial appropriation, and that China—or at least what is left of it—will be kept open for the trade and commerce of the world. We give some sketches of scenes in the Yangtse Valley.



ENTRANCE TO A COAL-MINE, UPPER YANGTSE RIVER.



THE PILLAR OF HEAVEN (1800 FT. ABOVE RIVER) IN THE ICHANG GORGE.



"BOXERS." FROM THE INTERIOR TRAVELLING TOWARDS THE COAST. THE CHINESE SUBSTITUTION FOR CANAL LOCKS.

The Imperial or Grand Canal etc. etc. from Canton to Peking. Immense numbers of boats, carrying thousands of men, are used, and by means of a system of locks, the boats are kept at a level of about 45 degrees, and by means of a system of locks, the boats are kept at a level of about 45 degrees, and by means of a system of locks, the boats are kept at a level of about 45 degrees. The river and canal are the great highways of China, and by these the goods of the interior are sent to the coast, and by these the goods of the coast are sent to the interior.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



IVY MACDONALD, AGED SIX YEARS.



STELLA MACDONALD, AGED THREE YEARS.

PROBABLE VICTIMS OF THE PEKING MASSACRE: THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF SIR CLAUDE AND LADY MACDONALD.



G. MONTBARD.

THE GERMAN CLUB, TIENSIN.

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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On arriving at Paddington from Windsor, on the day of the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, last week, the Queen gave a present of money to the railway dog Tim, for the Widows and Orphans' Fund

"FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS": A ROYAL DONATION

DRAWN BY W. HATCHELL, R.I.

Topics of the Week

The Barbarian Danger

DETAILS of the frightful tragedy at Peking are not yet to hand, and most of us, perhaps, hope that they may never be revealed to us. To dwell upon the enormity of the crime is futile. Events are moving too rapidly in the Far East to permit of our giving much time to tears and the wringing of hands. The whole of China is shaking with the fiendish passions which have found their expression in the capital, and if a cataclysm is to be avoided the action of the Powers must be swift and overwhelming. Happily, so far the allies have maintained their position on the Pei-ho. Had it been otherwise—had the infamous Tung-fu-Hsiang fulfilled his promise to drive the Foreign Devils into the sea—the whole Empire, from the Gulf of Pe-chi-li to the Pamirs, would by this time have been aflame. The danger is, however, not yet over. Though our eyes are fixed on the Pei-ho, that is not the only scene of the Chinese outbreak. Pandemonium has broken loose in Manchuria, and there are ominous signs in Shantung and elsewhere. As the area of disturbance extends the chance of a disaster to the allies increases, and with each disaster we may count on a province going over to the Reactionaries. At all hazards this must be prevented. Every effort must be concentrated on that "blow at the heart" on which Lord Salisbury dwelt some weeks ago when speaking of the dangers to which great Empires are exposed. In other words, we must get to Peking as quickly as possible. Once there the provincial peril will be at an end, for there could be no better proof of our mastery, and it is only for such a proof that the Viceroy is waiting before deciding finally on which side they shall range themselves. And what then? The allies at Peking with the Empire prostrate at their feet will not solve the Chinese question. There will still remain four hundred millions of people with the bitterest hatred of the Europeans in their hearts, and these four hundred millions can neither be destroyed by the foreigner nor annexed by him. Are we to rest content with a settlement which will only pave the way for a fresh outbreak—an outbreak in which the recent atrocities will be repeated on a scale of unimaginable magnitude? It is for the statesmanship of Europe to ponder this question. The last few years have shown us that the Barbarian Danger, as pictured by writers of the Pearson school, is no mere figment of the pessimist's imagination. The destinies of nations are decided to-day by repeating rifles and long-range artillery, and not by that personal nerve and courage which formerly were the Excaliburs of the higher ethics. The Abyssinians at Adowa, the Turks in Thessaly, the Boers on the Tugela, and now the Chinese on the Pei-ho have shown that with modern weapons the barbarian stands on level ground with the Christian European. The Japanese have carried the lesson still further. Nowhere, however, is the danger more menacing in its possibilities than in China. What are the Powers going to do to shield our children from being overwhelmed by it?

The Navy First

THE issue of a Supplementary Naval Estimate for more than a million and a quarter pounds is a useful reminder to the public that, in spite of the heavy calls upon the Army at the present moment, it is always to the Navy that we must first look for the defence of these islands and of this Empire. With the sum now to be voted the cost of the Navy for the present year will amount to very nearly 29 million pounds, which is 2,000,000 more than last year, and double what the Navy used to cost us twelve or fifteen years ago. With the details of the Supplementary Estimate few critics will be inclined to grumble. They suggest, indeed, that in one or two respects the Service has been allowed to fall behind the standard now imposed by the competition of all the powers of the world; but it is necessary to remember that in any gigantic business there must always be some deficiencies to be made good. One special point in connection with Naval administration will create a good deal of general interest, because of the controversy that has for several years been raging around it. No sooner had the Admiralty tentatively adopted the Belleville water-tube boiler than a cry arose from the old-fashioned engineers that the Navy was being ruined by modern fads. As far as could be gathered these fierce critics did not object to water-tube boilers in small boats, either torpedo-boats or torpedo-catchers, but they contended that no water-tube boiler would stand the heavy work of providing steam enough to drive a battleship or a first-class cruiser.

A MOST SUITABLE AND DELIGHTFUL PRESENT.
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To some extent they appeared to be justified in this statement, for the Belleville boilers have undoubtedly given a good deal of trouble. Nevertheless, the Admiralty, following the example of all foreign Navies, persisted in putting these new boilers in our newest and best ships. The conduct of the Admiralty in this most important matter is explained and defended in a very interesting memorandum. The explanation amounts to this: that the Belleville boilers give trouble because the engineering staff in the Navy has not yet mastered their peculiarities. That difficulty is rapidly being removed. In the meantime, it would be folly to sacrifice the higher speed and the more rapid raising of steam which the Belleville boilers render possible. It is worth while to add that there are other types of water-tube boilers for big ships besides the Belleville, and that, possibly, some of them may possess valuable points of superiority. The most likely types are now being subjected to an exhaustive trial. More than this the country cannot ask from the Admiralty; if less were done we might reasonably complain.

Passengers' Luggage

LET it not be said any longer that railway directors show too little consideration for passengers and too much for shareholders. There may possibly be some grounds even still for that indictment in particular instances; it is not to be denied, for example, that on some lines cyclists are both heavily mulcted and stand good chance of having their machines smashed in transit. But for a' that and a' that, the travelling public should return grateful thanks to those boards who, of their own free will, have increased the amount of luggage each passenger may take with him without additional charge. Heretofore, the weight has been so limited that a quite moderate quantity of baggage involved extra payment. It is an old story how a passenger who had often been fleeced requested a porter to "carefully weigh" a tooth brush and a linen collar to see whether they came within the regulation limit. On the other hand, it must be confessed that some passengers are endowed with extremely elastic consciences. Of them it may be truly said, "Give them an inch and they will take an ell," whether in the matter of their children's ages or in estimates of the weight of family impedimenta. Paterfamilias, en route to the seaside, standing guard over a kope of heavy trunks, is a brave sight. But, when in presence of wife and children, he openly and obviously fibs about the poundage of that Pelion, men and angels weep at the sad spectacle. Let us hope that the temptation will be less overwhelming when the sinning citizen finds that he is, at last, entitled to have a reasonable amount of personal belongings carried without extra charge.

The "Long Pull"

THE publicans of Birmingham and the surrounding area have set a good example to the trade at large by abolishing the "long pull." That is the euphemism for giving a customer something more than the quantity of beer for which he pays. Naturally, if not necessarily, this ancient practice leads to adulteration. Mr. Bung argues, no doubt, that if his customers are so unconscionable as to insist on over-measure, he has a right to protect himself in his own way from such greediness. Nor is that the only evil resulting from the "long pull." It breeds ill-feeling between local rivals in the business, each charging the other with seeking to gain unfair advantage by buying custom at too high a price. Disputes with customers are also of frequent occurrence; the very thirsty tippler is prone to make known his opinion that mine host's "long pull" has become scandalously shortened, and then, of course, the "chucker out" has to deal with the calculational. For these and other good reasons, therefore, it is an excellent thing that at one of the chief centres of industry the trade has pronounced sentence of extinction on the practice, except as regards outdoor customers. They are still to be allowed 25 per cent. over-measure, presumably to make good any loss of quantity consequent upon spilling on the way home. But that could easily be prevented by employing a larger vessel than the quantity ordered would fill. There is, unhappily, another form of "spilling" which frequently comes under observation in those neighbourhoods where beer is fetched home for domestic consumption. The juvenile messengers spill some of the delectable fluid into their own thirsty mouths, and when they learn that their cans carry 25 per cent. over-measure, they will be pretty sure to abstract that quantity as a sort of fee.

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The Court

ONCE more the Court is on the move this week, changing from Windsor to the Isle of Wight. As the Queen feels hot weather very trying, the sea-breeze at Osborne will be a welcome change. Even at Windsor, however, Her Majesty manages to escape most of the heat by being out in the grounds as much as possible, generally spending her mornings in a tent at Frogmore. Breakfast is taken out of doors, correspondence transacted and visits received, Princess Christian and her daughters generally joining the Queen. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Princess Beatrice spend most of their time in England with Her Majesty at Windsor, only taking occasional trips to town. The Duke and Duchess of York have been down to dine and sleep, and Princess Louise stayed from Saturday to Monday. There was another investiture of various Orders at the Castle on Saturday, when the Queen decorated thirty gentlemen, the Duke and Duchess of York and a large gathering of Court officials being with Her Majesty during the ceremony. Another official function was the presentation of his letter to the new Field-Marshal, Sir Neville Chamberlain. Among guests to dinner have been the Duc d'Alençon, Prince and Princess Henry of Reuss, Lord Wolsley, the Marquess and Marchioness of Hamilton, and Lord Harris, the band of the 1st Life Guards playing during dinner most evenings, and the Queen's private band giving a short concert afterwards in the drawing-room. On Monday night the "command" performance of *Faust* took place in the Waterloo Chamber before the Queen and a large party of Royalties and guests from the neighbourhood. Her Majesty is specially fond of the music from *Faust*, and greatly enjoys special performances. Yesterday (Friday) the Queen was to leave for Osborne, where most of the Royal Family will stay with her in turn till the Court goes north in the middle of August.

The Prince of Wales is dividing his time between town and the provinces, but the Princess and Princess Victoria remain at Marlborough House. The Prince spent Saturday to Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish-Bentley at Highcliffe Castle, Christchurch, Hants. Though it was quite a private visit, a most enthusiastic welcome was given to the Prince when he arrived, while a large house-party was invited to meet him. Returning to town on Monday, the Prince left again next day for Newmarket, to be present at the second July Meeting, and yesterday (Friday) would attend the Sandown Park Eclipse Meeting, being the guest of Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent, at Esher Park. Next Thursday he will attend the festival dinner of the Royal College of Surgeons, and in the following week the Prince and Princess, with Princess Victoria, leave town for Goodwood and Cowes. During the Prince's absence from town the Princess and Princess Victoria have gone to the opera each evening, the Royal party generally including the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Fife, and very often the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and her daughter.

The Princess of Wales paid a private visit to the London Hospital one afternoon, to see the twenty nurses whom she is sending out to South Africa. She affixed her badge to each nurse's arm, and presented every one with a warm Shetland shawl and rug. The Princess sends out with the nurses two boxes of presents for their soldier-patients. Before leaving the Hospital the Princess also inspected the apparatus of the "light cure" for lupus, which she lately presented to the Institution. Prince Waldemar of Denmark has been in town on a short visit to his sister, the Princess.

Official functions have kept the Duke and Duchess of York busy this week. They went to a garden fête at Richmond, given by Sir Whitaker and Lady Ellis, in aid of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, and enjoyed a rip on the river in an electric launch. Another day they opened the Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts of the Poor Law Schools, the ceremony taking place at the Church House, Westminster, and on Monday they visited Highgate to open the new infirmary, receiving a hearty welcome as they drove through North London. Next day the Duke attended a reception at the House for Gentlewomen, Tulse Hill, and on Thursday accompanied the Duke to distribute prizes to the cadets of the Thames Nautical Training College. Next week the Duke and Duchess visit Wolverhampton to lay the foundation-stone of the new Free Library, when they stay with the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth at Patcham.

The unfortunate Empress of Austria's wedding dress and mantle have just been presented to a church in Buda-Pesth, according to the Empress's request in a letter lately found by the Emperor among her papers. The dress of rich brocade is to be made into a cape for the priest, and the Imperial mantle, woven in silver and embroidered with silver roses, will form a festival altar cloth. The Emperor himself carried the dress and mantle to the church.

The Queen's latest great-grandchild, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg's little son, was christened at Frogmore on Tuesday.

Prince and Princess Christian will spend most of the autumn in Germany. The Prince goes to Kissingen for the waters, and the Princess to Bad Nauheim, afterwards paying some family visits at Darmstadt.

BY A PROFESSOR IN PEKING UNIVERSITY.

An Article of great value appears in **THE GOLDEN PENNY**

this week on
"HOW UPRISINGS BEGIN IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE."

Written with intimate knowledge by

ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND,

Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Peking University.

This Article gives some sidelights on the situation in China. A typical row in the Imperial City is described, and the author maintains that the "Boxers" are of the lowest class—beggars, thieves, and "cannibals of the earth," as the Chinese themselves call them.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 4d. FOR EVERY 1 OZ. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.



In the Paris Tent at Bally all the principal prizes were set forth. The drawings offered by *The Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*, hung up on the sides of the tent, attracted a number of spectators.

THE BISLEY MEETING: COMPETITORS LOOKING AT THE PRIZES

DRAWN BY FRANK DAVID, B.L.



GENERAL IAN HAMILTON AND STAFF WATCHING THE RETAKING OF THE BLOEMFONTEIN WATERWORKS
THE OPERATIONS IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY



The hospital ward at the Residency, or Government House, Bloemfontein, in which ex-President Steyn lately resided, is a room known as the Ballroom, and before Lady Roberts and it converted into a hospital ward it was used as an office by Lord Roberts's staff. The wounded soldiers, most of whom were convalescent when the picture was taken, are very proud of being cared for in "Lady Roberts's Ward," as they prefer to call it. The medical officer in charge is Surgeon-Major MacMunn, Honorary Physician to Lady Roberts while at Bloemfontein. The other medical officers are Mr. John H. Sheldon and Mrs. W. H. Day. The nursing sister in charge is Sister Beardsmore Smith, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. Our photograph is by A. Deale, Bloemfontein.

THE RESIDENCY HOSPITAL WARD, BLOEMFONTEIN



This group shows Col and D.S. E. Spragge and the officers of the 45th and 47th Squadrons Imperial Yeomanry (captured at Lindley) at breakfast in the officers' mess a few days before their capture. Colonel Spragge is at the head of the table. On his left are Captain Hadley, M.D., Lieutenant Robin, Captain Lord Leighton, Lieutenant Wright, and Lieutenant Lane. On his right are Lieutenant Staines, Captain Hoxley Robinson, Lieutenant Villiers Stuart, Lieutenant Du Pré, and Lieutenant Pinner. Our photograph is by E. D. Edgcombe, Beaufort West.

COLONEL SPRAGGE AND OFFICERS OF THE LOST SQUADRONS OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

GOVERNMENT officials are being severely tried. They are being abused collectively and individually in Parliament, in the Press, and by the public; they are being worked as they seldom have been; and few of them will be able to leave this year for the usual holiday. The war in South Africa, the situation in China, the revolution in Ashanti, the famine and plague in India, and the possibility of a disagreement amongst the European Powers will keep the majority of Government officials at work far into the autumn, certainly, and throughout the winter, probably. To make their position more difficult, few dare to complain, as a general reorganisation of our public offices is being threatened.

There is an impression that, should events develop more dangerously in China, Parliament may be called together again in the autumn. This year many members would not greatly object to this, as, having relations at the front in South Africa and with the punitive forces in China, several have decided not to visit the Continent. The uncertainty about the General Election will keep others in England who generally spend the summer abroad. This will be gratifying to English tradesmen and others who have suffered severely by the scarcity of money.

Ministers are either exceptionally reticent or they are unable to make up their minds on the subject of the General Election. In conversation most of them oppose the proposal to go to the country in the immediate future, but great pressure is being put upon them by those of their supporters who think otherwise. Events succeed each other so rapidly at this moment, and the unexpected so frequently occurs, that it is impossible to rely upon the public for any length of time. A few weeks might suffice to turn public opinion in another direction, and those who favour the proposal to go to the country at once keep dining that argument into the ears of the leaders of the party.

Though money is scarce, though the Stock Markets are stagnant, and though tradesmen grumble, the art dealer continues to pay enormous sums for works of undoubted value. Some weeks ago a distinguished ex-diplomatist sent two small tables to be sold by auction, never imagining that they would fetch more than a few pounds. The tables were knocked down to a dealer for six hundred pounds, and it is said that a few days later he disposed of his purchase for two thousand pounds! Many far-seeing men are investing in art property, being convinced that prices in this direction will rise steadily as money becomes plentiful and new markets for art products are opened.

The United States market for works of art must, they say, become considerably larger than it is within the next few years. Australia is also becoming an important centre for such commodities. Until recently the average Australian millionaire settled eventually in England, but the majority of such men now remain in their own country, and furnish their establishments at the Antipodes with art treasures exported from Europe. There is only a limited number of art treasures, and the more extensive is the competition to secure some of these the higher the prices must be. An eminent expert contends—but upon what evidence he bases his contention is unknown—that the Wallace collection cost the two Lords Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace one fifth the amount at which it is valued now. The members of the London house of Rothschild could not give information which would show to what extent prices in this direction have increased within the past quarter of a century.

Were it possible at will to reproduce conversation in print the newspapers and the periodicals would be more interesting than they are. At a West End dinner last week, at which several who are making history were present, it was suggested that an article should be written entitled either "Millionaires of Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow" or "Millions and Millionaires." According to those who have studied the matter there are ten millionaires to-day to every one at the beginning of the century, and where a few hundred thousand pounds entitled their owners to the name at the latter period, very rich men now have as many millions. The influence of millionaires through the century on manners, taste, general opinion, and the Government would provide interesting material, and a speculative writer might paint a picture of the future in which the very rich men would manipulate the community as easily as a child gives form to a piece of clay.

Another matter was discussed which may furnish a hint to those who write articles, and may supply material for conversation at dinner. If there is time during the next few months to write of anything but war, many journalists will be "winding up" the nineteenth century. "Which Nineteenth Century Englishman has lived in the most interesting surroundings?" would be an excellent subject. Mr. Gladstone was the centre of his party and of the literary world; Lord Palmerston of the politicians of his day; and the late Mr. Abraham Hayward and Mr. Charles Villiers were behind the scenes in politics, Society, and in literature. The majority of these who took a part in the discussion agreed that Lord Rosebery was the Englishman whom fortune has favoured most in this matter. He has been Prime Minister, he is the leading figure in the world of sport, he is an authority in literature and art, and he is acquainted with all who have position or power throughout Europe. Of course many names could be mentioned besides those which have been referred to at the beginning of this paragraph.

and stood, shaking like a reed; the man behind flung himself upon his face, drawing deep, discomfited breaths. Warburton drew up.

"'Tis the quicksand," he said.
"My God!" said the captain of the posse, and shuddered.
"The quicksand has him," said Warburton slowly and with difficulty by reason of his breathless state; and to that he added, "I was wrong. 'Twas not his escape that would be for the best. 'Tis this," and he pointed towards the water's edge.
The captain shuddered again, and stared on him with open amazement. "'Tis a devilish fate," he said. "Yet I am glad 'twas not I that arrested him."

Warburton turned his back on the scene without further talk, and slowly retraced his way towards the cottage. He found Chlois lying upon the rude couch of grass asleep, and for moments he stood watching her, the expression upon his face changing. She was sunk in the slumber of exhaustion, and to wake her were to bring her back to the hard portion of life and realisation. Yet it was advisable that she should be removed elsewhere, and he thought of her brother Philip, who was, as he conjectured, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Marlock. He stooped and kissed her forehead lightly, and at the touch she stirred and sat up with a gasp. Her eyes fell on him and smiled affectionately; then she remembered, and some questions rose on her speaking features.

"He is gone," said he, "'tis all over. They have not taken him; his secret dies with him."

Chlois uttered a little trembling sigh, and said nothing. He lifted her to her feet. "If you are rested, sweetheart, it is well that we were going," he said.

"Going! whither?" she asked vaguely.
"Will you give me in charge to your brother Philip," he replied. "He shall look after you until I claim you."

She answered nothing, and presently they were upon their way. In Marlock the whole village was by this time astir, and news of importance was passing from lip to lip. Warburton walked up the street, and many inquisitive glances followed him and his companion. No doubt they had heard something of what had happened, and wondered. At the head of the street a person of some position in the village passed, and seemed as if he would address the girl, casting a look askance at Warburton, but he put up his hand with an impatient and stern gesture, and the communication was never made. These gossip were full of the stuff they loved. Before the Three Feathers they unexpectedly encountered another group, which, breaking swiftly, out of the thick stepped Sir George, and eagerly accosted him.

"Mr. Warburton, there are strange tales about, of Sir Stephen Carmichael and—?" he paused, as his gaze struck upon Chlois. "How comes this ady here?" he inquired in astonishment. "Does she not know? Her father is dead."

Warburton regarded him steadily. "You can give me no news, Sir George," he answered, and behind her guardian he met the curious eyes of Dorothy Holt, which were fastened on him with what he interpreted as a look of triumph.

"Sir Stephen is dead," said he of an ancient enemy. "His loss was expected, poor man. I trust his family will bear up against the stroke. But there is a suspicion; the name still remains."

"Indeed, sir, I understand something very different," began Sir George. "I have heard a curious story. The elder son was—"

"I have said you can give me no news," broke in Warburton sharply, ere the word was uttered, and again was conscious of Miss Holt's face, now bearing a malignant smiler. "Sir Philip remains," he said, "and," he took Chlois's hand, "I wish to make you an introduction to this lady who has promised to be my wife."

Sir George stared, and over Miss Holt's face passed an angry flash of red. "Then my soul, Mr. Warburton, you answer me," said the former. "Well, well, his well done, I vow. But not so strange—strange," and he came awkwardly to a stop. "I must offer you my congratulations, sir," he added.

Warburton bowed, and turned to Miss Holt. "I think, madam," he said slowly, "that I have to thank you for a night in jail."

"What's that?" said Sir George, picking up his ears.
"Miss Holt, sir, was obliging enough to have me laid by the heels," explained Warburton, while the girl grew scared and then white, "for some reason she can best explain. She swore an information against me."

"He is in league with these Carmichaels," burst forth the girl with hysterical anger, trembling in her fear.

Chlois's eyes shot fire, but Sir George, who was greatly taken aback, and thrown into a state of fuss, checked his ward sharply.

"You will be returning soon to town, Mr. Warburton," he said, in an effort to regain his composure; "you will be seeing your uncle."

"Maybe," said Warburton.
"Command me to my lord," persisted Sir George. "I heard he was far from well—his old complaint."

He glanced at Chlois as one who would suggest that here stood the future Countess of Crayle.

Warburton bowed again, and with the soft pressure of Chlois's fingers on his arm turned towards the inn. The frightened countenance of the landlord, the expression upon his face changing as if in terror of a phantom, but Warburton passed on. Inside the long room a voice sounded calling on Tremayne, and, pushing the door open, he entered. There sat Philip Carmichael, his face flushed, his hair avery, and a bottle at his elbow. He laughed noisily at Warburton, and, suddenly checking himself, stared in bewilderment at his sister.

"What does this mean?" he asked vacantly.
"It means, sir, that this is no proper time to be drinking," said Warburton roughly, and knocked over the bottle, splashing the red wine on the floor.

"Dumme, sir, what is this piece of insolence?" stuttered Philip, struggling to his feet. "And what does Sir here?"

"Go outside and you will learn what it means," said Warburton contemptuously. "Have they not brought the news of your father's death?"

"'Tis true, he is dead, rest him," said Philip sadly. "That you have broken my bottle," and he rapped loudly for the innkeeper.

Warburton stood regarding him with a glance of disgust, and was conscious that Chlois's hand was stolen gently into his. He turned and found a playful face directed on her brother, in

which a great horror mingled with tears. He held tight the hand. "Know you this also?" he said sternly, "that your brother Nicholas also is dead?"

The fingers closed convulsively on his, and Philip started.

"What, Nick dead?" he exclaimed in bewilderment. "How comes he dead? You are lying," Warburton did not answer to this, and he let his eyes drop. "The devil!" he exclaimed in a lower voice, in which was a thrill. "Then I am Sir Philip."

"My God, you are welcome to it," cried Warburton in disgust. "Sir Philip!" said he, not heeding. "Poor Nick! 'Tis worth another bottle. Poor Nick!"

Warburton turned away abruptly, and got out of the room with Chlois, white and falling.

"Be of good cheer, sweetheart," he whispered. He had given up forthwith the thought of Philip as his sister's protector.

"We are well gone," she murmured; "the world is well rid of such woe. We have some evil taint."

He put an arm about her without answering, and called for the landlord. Tremayne shuffled into the passage from his bar-room.

"Innkeeper," commanded Warburton, his tall form at its highest, "this lady will rest here for a little. See that some food is prepared at once. Within an hour's time have a coach at the doors."

Tremayne stammered, and, dismissed by a look, went forth.

"A coach!" cried Chlois drearily, "whither go you, sir? Is't to London? Are you tired of this place? I wonder not. 'Tis no fit home for such as you. We are barbarians here, and have an evil taint."

"Aye, 'tis for London," he said, with his arm about her.

"Do you go to-day?" she murmured. "I would that you stayed with me a little ere you go; but 'tis no matter. You were well to be gone. There is nothing here meet for you. I will bid you farewell, sir."

Warburton looked down on her with a smile. "'Tis you and I that go, sweetheart," he said. "I go not without you, and when I go you shall go. This is no place for you, but your place is with me and where mine is."

She opened her half-closed eyes, a long-drawn sigh escaped her, and then her lids fell softly, and she hung, a dead weight, upon him. She had swooned away.

THE END

The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

OUR interest in the tiding out of the war in South Africa has been made to pale before the tremendous events that are now taking place in China, which may be regarded from the point of view of several situations. First, the situation at Peking; secondly, the situation at Tientsin; thirdly, the situation throughout the rest of China; and fourthly, also, the situation which has been created throughout the civilised world, to whom China has now proved that she does not belong, and which she has so brutally wronged and defied.

The Massacre of Peking

For it is no longer to be doubted that, on or about July 9, the Chinese capital was the scene of an outrage on humanity and the civility of nations which has been called



SIR WALTER CAINE HILLIER
Military Adviser to the British Force operating in China

the greatest crime of the century, but which might almost be described as the foulest crime of all the centuries—unique, barbarous, and far more horrible to think of than even Cannopore and St. Bartholomew. Some years ago Lord Wolsey—who was rather sneered at for his prophecy at the time wrote a magazine article, in which he set forth that the great danger to civilised Europe lay in China, with its hundreds of millions of semi-barbarians, if only those millions could procure modern arms and be led by a real man uprising amongst them a Mongolian Tamerlane, Gheuzi Khan, or Napoleon. A military genius of this kind has not yet manifested himself among the Manchus, but pending the coming of her/gent man China has, at any rate, found a human fiend, her Nann Sahib, in the person of Prince Tuan, father of her "heir apparent," to whom all indications point as the diabolic instigator of the massacre of every European in Peking, over a thousand souls—Ambassadors, Legation guards and staffs, men, gently nurtured ladies, and little children—all brutally done to death, and in the blazing ruins of the British Embassy, "in one red burial blent"—red in a double sense. One could almost wish that some practised writer like Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent, may—with the aid of a Chinese make up and his knowledge of the language—have escaped to tell us the awful story of the end; and yet it is perhaps better that we should never hear it in all its heartrending details. It would appear that it was our Embassy, as to another Residency of Lucknow, that all the Europeans retired for common safety and defence; but with the international relieving force locked up in Tientsin, and the blood-thirsty Prince Tuan dominating the situation at Peking, with his hordes of Boxers and Imperial troops, armed with heavy guns, defence was bound to become impossible for long, the more so as the supplies of the doomed little garrison speedily gave out. But it did not die before giving an heroic account of itself, and in one nocturnal sortie alone it managed to kill over two hundred of its

enemies, described as troops of General Tung-Fu-Hsiang. Then the "maudlin soldiers, with Boxers," according to an official telegram, made a combined attack on the Legation, "bringing cannon and refusing to obey orders"—a phrase probably used by the Peking sender of the message to deceive the outside world into the belief that the Government itself had been doing its best to protect the foreigners. But on the heels of the above-quoted telegram from the Governor of Shantung to Sheng, the Chinese Director of Railways at Shanghai—who made haste to communicate to the Consular body there—came another message from the same official source which sent a shudder through the heart of the whole civilised world—"Messenger from Peking, July 8, reports Legation walls breached by Boxers and Tung's command. Legation assaulted, and carried with heavy loss. Foreigners' ammunition exhausted. Massacre followed. No prisoner left alive."

China for the Chinese

It was dreadful to find that Mr. Brodick, speaking for the Government in the House of Commons, could only reply to a question on the subject by saying—"We can hardly dare to hope that in substance the reports of the massacre are inaccurate." The only room for doubt would appear to be the quarter where responsibility for the massacre should be fixed or shared. But at present we do not know in whose hands the Government of China really lies—whether in those of Prince Tuan or the Emperor or the Empress-Dowager. There certainly were two parties at Peking—one for protecting the foreigners, the other for annihilating them and securing China for the Chinese, and of this latter faction Prince Tuan was the fanatical and fenshish chief. The Prince himself, said Sheng at Shanghai, gave orders for the heavy guns to be turned on the Legation, and declared that not one foreigner, man, woman, or child, was to be spared.

International Forces

All the civilised world is now practically at war with China—a war which must be primarily undertaken to wipe out the stains of the innocent blood that has been so foully shed within the precincts of the British Embassy at Peking. If any one still doubts whether Europe is at war with China, let him look to Tientsin, where—and at Peking—mixed international force of nearly 20,000 combatants is now acting as a first bulwark and breaker against the surging hordes of yellow savages who threaten to submerge our Occidentalism in the East. The present figures for Taku and Tientsin are:—

	Officers.	Men.
Russia	149	8,400
Japan	124	5,100
Gt. Britain	175	2,400
France	103	2,400
Germany	36	1,000
America	10	1,300

There are also small detachments of Australians and Italians, the gross total being 604 officers and 20,700 men. But, in addition to this force, the massacre of Peking, and the imperious duty of avenging it, will now necessitate the despatch to China of an army variously estimated at from 200,000 to 500,000 men; though, at present, the strength of the various contingents, so far as they are settled, is approximately—Japan, 50,000; Russia, 50,000; Great Britain, 20,000; Germany, 20,000; Italy, 10,000; France, 15,000; America, 5,000. Various other nations, such as Austria and Holland, have marines amounting to 2,000 or 3,000 in all.

The Fighting at Tientsin

Thus the fighting in China will have to be on a scale of the first magnitude, and to that fighting the present hostilities at Tientsin form the stirring prelude. From the 5th to the 8th inst. the foreign settlements there were continuously bombarded by the Chinese, while on the 6th a body of 2,000 Boxers, who attacked the French settlement, were driven off by Russian troops. But there is a certain danger inherent in the situation at Tientsin incidental to the lack of any cohesion in the various foreign contingents. At the same time these various international forces will be cemented by common bloodshed, of which they have already experienced a good deal having lost 150 killed and wounded on the 11th inst. in successfully repulsing a determined attack on the railway station. Then, again, two days previously, "Japanese troops by flank movement drove enemy out of their position south-west of settlement, capturing four guns; cavalry pursued and completed rout, killing large numbers soldiers and Boxers. Allied Forces shelled and afterwards occupied Western Arsenal. Two guns captured. Arsenal burned, being unable to hold it. Enemy's loss, 350 killed. Casualties of Allied Forces small, details not to hand." One telegram told us of "forts being bombarded for one hour by British and French guns," which had once already belloved together in the Crimea as afterwards at Taku, while in another engagement "the day's honours rested with the Japanese and Americans." "The losses of the Allied Forces were large" on the day (13th) when they attacked the native city. The Russians lost 100, including an Artillery colonel. The Americans lost over 30, the British over 40, the Japanese 58, including their colonel, and the French 25; and the worst of it was that the attack, after all, seems to have failed, though a later assault was more successful indeed, entirely successful, for, according to a despatch from the American Admiral Ronny (Seymour) having returned to his fleet at Taku, the Allies, after 10m' aiding the forts on Friday, the 13th inst., with forty guns, delivered an assault on them and the Chinese town on the following day, and captured the entire position, though at a loss of 755 in killed and wounded. And yet there are some who uphold the diplomatic fiction that Europe is not in a state of war with China, who, for the rest, has begun a serious counter-attack on her nearest neighbor, Russia, and laid siege to Ilgenostskensk, on the Amur, with intent to cut the Siberian line. Moreover, it has now been decided to increase our Indian contingent for the Far East by 6,000 men.

Sir Walter Caine Hillier, the new adviser to the military authorities in China, was born in Hong Kong in 1849, and is the son of the late Mr. C. F. Hillier, one time Consul at Bangkok. Sir Walter Hillier has had a long career in China, extending from the year 1867, when he became a student interpreter. He resided in Peking from 1879 to 1889, and in Korea from 1889 to 1896. He then retired and received his K.C.M.G.

A Medical Officer's Experiences in the South African Campaign

By S. OSBORN

It is rather a difficult matter to say anything fresh about the war in South Africa, and I fear anything I may tell you has already been told before. I went out to the war as chief surgeon, attached to the Van Allen Divisional Field Hospital, and, therefore, my experiences have a good deal to do with the surgical aspect of the campaign, but I do not intend to be drawn into the controversy which is now taking place as to the so-called defective management of the Army Medical Department. A commission has been appointed by Government which will, it is sincerely hoped, find out the rights of those stories. Personally I will state that I believe everything was done that could possibly have been done. The Van Allen Divisional Field Hospital was presented to the Government, and maintained by the philanthropic action of Mr. J. J. Van Allen, an American gentleman, of Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A., and consequently we were generally looked upon by the soldiers as an American Hospital, and the personnel supposed to be American also, while, as a matter of fact, we were all Englishmen, except the worthy donor himself, who accompanied us throughout our travels.

Military control could not be accomplished until their arriving at the Cape of Good Hope, a matter of importance when discipline had to be maintained. Amongst these second class passengers were some pro-Boers, and as may be supposed the relation between them and the Colonials became somewhat strained. One night, in the rough weather which we encountered in the Bay of Biscay, a large wave swept overboard all the deck chairs belonging to these pro-Boer passengers. It was a very discriminating wave, as it carried over none of those belonging to anyone else. On another occasion these so-called "lambas" made all the second class passengers, ladies, maids and pro-Boers alike, fall in in single file and march round the saloon, and salute the British flag. One man was, perhaps not unreasonably, rather reticent on being called upon to do this, and objected. However, two minutes grace was given him, with the assurance that at the end of that time, if he had not done it, he would be taken by the scruff of his neck and made to kiss it. He naturally thought it better to comply.

When at Madeira I visited the proposed Convalescent Home for wounded officers, which was to be under the management of Miss Faithful. It was situated about 2,000 feet above the sea level. It was a lovely place and very nicely furnished, and even had a lake with rowing boats on it in the grounds. It seemed to me that if wounded soldiers came so far on their way home they might as well go home altogether. This was my opinion at the time, and apparently it has proved correct.

Several men on board were inoculated against typhoid, and it

and the lanyards of the flagstaff breaking away a man swarmed up the mast and tied a Union Jack on to the lightning conductor with a piece of rope. It is gratifying to say that although the crowd paraded the streets till quite a late hour in the evenings, no actual breach of the peace took place.

I have visited the hospitals at Wynberg and Vondelbosch, and the Portland Hospital, all of which are models of what hospitals ought to be in point of position, equipment, and the skill of their surgical and nursing staffs.

I also visited the private yacht *Klaunha*, the property of Mr. Bullough, who has fitted it up as a convalescent hospital for the soldiers. It certainly was a most luxurious life for Tommy Atkins. Indeed, many visitors have been heard to express some envy for the poor fellows who had been called upon involuntarily to occupy a bed in this beautiful floating home. I also visited the Boer prisoners at Simonstown, a letter of introduction to the Military Commandant, Captain Perkins, having been kindly given me. It was more especially an interesting visit, because I happened to arrive there on the very day on which the tunnel of eighty feet in length, which had been constructed by the Boers as a means of escape, was discovered. Whilst lunching at the officers' mess, a great disturbance was manifest amongst the prisoners, and it was in the removing of the officers' tents to accommodate a greater number of bell tents for the privates that the opening into this tunnel under one of them was discovered. At one time things undoubtedly looked rather ugly, and I thought there might be an



During Lord Roberts's march through the Free State, whatever might happen to any one else, Rimington's Scouts, or "Tigers," as they were sometimes called, took very good care not to go hungry; and it was to be noticed that after they had visited the farms lying near the line of march there was not

much left for the next camp. Like Rudyard Kipling's merchantmen, they might have said of their supplies:—"And some we had by purchase, And some we had by trade, And some we found by courtesy of pike and cartridge."

WITH RIMINGTON'S TIGERS IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY: SUPPLEMENTING THE COMMISSARIAT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

We left England early in the year on the ss. *Norman*, accompanied by the Bucks and Berks contingents of the Imperial Yeomanry, under the command of Lord Chesham. I did not then know, as we only received our marching orders on arriving at the Cape, that our Field Hospital would have the surgical care of these men at the front; and as a Bucks man it gave me great pleasure that it was so. The journey out to Madeira was an exceptionally rough one, and one poor fellow was washed down on deck and broke his leg, besides the quartermaster having his head cut open. His being landed wounded at Madeira without any of the glory of the campaign was to him a bitter disappointment, and he was carried on the ambulance over the ship's side in tears.

The Imperial Yeomanry were berthed in the foremost hold, and their first experience of a trooper's life was an awful one to many of them accustomed to good homes and a comfortable bringing-up. Packed together like sardines in a tin, the majority helplessly seasick, and with the sea washing down upon them, their situation could not have been more uncomfortable. This was a very great trial to their patriotism. Two of them told me that if they had known what it would have been like they would have paid their own passage out. We had also a number of Lord Loch's contingent, who were called "Loch's Lambs," because, I suppose, they were so very unlamblike. They were enlisted from former Colonial residents, and were of all other most loyal to Queen and country, and travelled out to the Cape with the second class passengers. Being Colonials, their enrolment as soldiers and placing under

played sad havoc amongst some of them. One officer was delirious the whole of the night, so it is not such an innocent affair as would appear. Nearly all had elevation of their temperature, and several of the soldiers absolutely refused to have "that stuff put into them." On arriving at Cape Town I put up at the Mount Nelson Hotel. It was a very charming residence, and almost as fashionable as Shepherd's in Cairo. The central hall, with all the fashionable and highly dressed ladies sitting about, and officers in uniform and with excellent instrumental music playing, was everything that one could desire. One could hardly suppose that we were in a country where war was going on, and I was very glad when the time came for me to proceed to the front.

The enthusiasm at Cape Town on the relief of Lady Smith was intense. The crowd marched through its streets with flags in their hands, and at times their attitude to the offices of the papers having Boer sympathies was somewhat hostile. On arriving outside Parliament House one man placed a flag in the hands of the Queen's statue. They then angrily demanded that the Union Jack should be run up on the top of the building where it had not been placed for some very long time. There was some hesitation for a time to comply with this request, and it looked ominously as if all the windows would be broken.

A gentleman appeared on the balcony and informed the crowd that a Union Jack was not in the building, but one had been sent for, and would be hoisted as soon as possible. The crowd did not wait for this, but stormed the building, rushed in and got on to the roof,

occasion of an outbreak among them. When going round the camp with the officer in charge I expressed my astonishment at these Boers being allowed axes and hatchets for the chopping up of their daily supply of wood, because these instruments would have been very ugly weapons in the case of any sudden outbreak, as well as forming very useful implements for demolishing the barbed wire fencing which surrounded the camp. I then took a sailing boat and visited the prisoners out in the Bay. Here the men certainly looked most early and bad tempered, and not nearly so cheerful and agreeable as those on shore. If putting them on board ship was intended as part of their punishment, it undoubtedly was to them a severe one. Never having been on the sea, and, in some instances, never having seen it before, to be stationed on a boat and subjected to the constant movement, was a sore trial to many of them. When on shore I spoke to an old quartermaster of the Royal Navy about this and he said, "Oh, it will do them good, sir. If I had my way I would have the ships anchored outside the breakwater, where they would get a little more of it."

When we eventually started for Kimberley I was glad that we went by a regimental train and not by the ordinary service train, as by that means we left by daylight, and I could see the country outside Cape Town. At the railway the Mayor and Corporation of Cape Town supplied to every soldier paper and envelopes; two boxes of matches, bags of biscuits and grapes, as well as cigarettes; and line pants were served out in pairs and wash-hand jugs of 50. Reply everything was done that could possibly be done for the



...and whether they are asked to give up their arms or to supply forage, the response is always "no." The men usually grow up in an out-of-date gun, and buy a new one in the market. In the first case, the man usually grows up in an out-of-date gun, and buy a new one in the market. In the first case, the man usually grows up in an out-of-date gun, and buy a new one in the market.

TLOM & SLOTT, H. 95 H. 1 P. 1

Mauser has to be searched for; and in the latter, he always protests that he has nothing to sell, but a search generally reveals an abundance of cattle and fodder.

and whether they are asked to give up their arms or to supply forage, the response is always unsatisfactory. In the first case the man usually gives up an old out-of-date gun, and his

A Correspondent writes: "A great deal of tact and judgment is requisite when controlling the larva of suspected rebels. These men appear to be the most accomplished liars, with nothing's mounted in the

WITH BETHINE'S MOUNTED INFANTRY IN THE UMVOTI COUNTRY. PATROLLING SUSPECTED REBELS' FARMS

Tommy's and officers proceeding up to the front. To show you how well everything was done, we had a time-table given to us of all the stations where we stopped, and printed on it the names of places where we were to have our meals supplied to us. Just outside Cape Town I thought it was the most awful country I had ever seen. One might just as well live in a brick kiln; no trees, all rocks and sand. I could not understand why we should be so anxious to possess more of a country like this. The line on either side going up to Kimberley was strewn at intervals with broken beer bottles, showing Tommy's favourite beverage and his course up to the front. The Royal Canadian Field Artillery were in the train going up with us, and a very nice lot of men they were. It was to our great regret that they had to dismount at Victoria Road West, as we heard the rebels were giving a great deal of trouble on the west side, and Lord Kitchener, whom we met on De Aar platform, was going to punish these men who had risen in revolt in our rear.

One great trouble we found in proceeding in our train was having three truckloads of mules in front of us as the rapid passage of the train carried anything but an agreeable odour to us in the open Pullman car carriages behind. Their presence also between us and the engine broke the connection of the electric current, and we had at night-time to illumine the darkness by means of candles stuck on the table by means of melted wax. The oppressive heat made open places at the end of the cars quite cool, but dangerous sleeping-places, and it was thus that a hospital orderly, named Sergeant Vassie, met his death.

(To be continued)

The Peking Massacre

M. MICHEL DE GIER, the Russian Minister at Peking, was a brother of M. Nicholas de Giers, formerly Councillor of Embassy at Paris, and now Minister in Brussels. Both are sons of the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. de Giers was sent to



BARON NISHI
Japanese Minister at Peking



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SHIBA
Military Attaché to the Japanese Legation in Peking



M. MICHEL DE GIER
Russian Minister at Peking



MRS. CONGER
Wife of the United States Minister in Peking



MISS CONGER
Daughter of the United States Minister in Peking



MR. E. M. CONGER
United States Minister in Peking

REPORTED VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRE

Peking in 1898 to succeed M. Pavloff, whose quarrels with Sir Claude Macdonald threatened at one time to produce a serious crisis in the Far East. M. de Giers was instructed to pursue a conciliatory policy towards the British Legation, and it is understood that after his arrival in the Chinese capital the relations of the two Legations were more harmonious. M. de Giers was a promising diplomatist, and he had graduated in most of the European capitals, where he had left the pleasantest recollections.

Mr. Edwin H. Conger, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Court of Peking, sent to China to represent American interests in succession to Mr.

lations between Japan and Germany Baron Nishi was Foreign Minister at Yokohama. Soon after resigning his post he was appointed Minister to China.

Lieutenant-Colonel Shiba was Military Attaché at the Japanese Legation, and an officer of wide experience.

Of the more prominent members in the group which we publish there is little that need now be said. They include Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald, one of their two children, and Miss Cairns-Armstrong (Lady Macdonald's sister), Mr. G. H. O. Bas-Ironside is the first Secretary of the Legation. The Hon. Hugh Grosvenor was the second Secretary when our photograph was taken but was afterwards

Mr. C. C. A. Mr. A. J. Mr. W. P. Mr. G. P. Mr. C. A. W. Mr. L. G. C. Mr. W. M. Mr. J. G.
Rufus Vaberry Thomas Fouchey Rose Graham Hewlett Hancock
Mr. W. P. M. Mr. H. Mr. W. P. M. Mr. H.
Mr. H. H. Bristol Mr. H. Porter Russell Phillips Mr. D. Olyphant Mr. S. Barton



Captain Wyld Mr. C. W. Campbell Mr. R. T. Fobbit Mr. J. T. Prais Mr. J. L. Smith Mr. H. E. Sly Mr. G. W. Pearson Mr. B. G. Tours Mr. H. E. Falford
Miss Fry Hon. Hugh Grosvenor Mrs. Falford Sir Claude Macdonald Lady Macdonald Mr. G. H. Bas-Ironside Mrs. Jones

SIR CLAUDE AND LADY MACDONALD AND THE STAFF AND GUARD OF THE BRITISH LEGATION
THE MASSACRE IN PEKING

Charles Denby, was born in Illinois on March 7, 1843, and educated at Lombard University. He enlisted as a private in the Illinois Volunteer Infantry, with which he served till the close of the Civil War, attaining the rank of captain and brevet-major for gallant service. After the war he studied law, and was admitted to the bar. Later he was elected to Congress, and appointed Minister to Brazil. From the last batch of Chinese newspapers we learn that such was Mr. Conger's confidence in the sympathy of the Dowager-Empress with the Europeans, and in her capacity to protect them, that when it was first proposed by the Peking diplomats to send for extra Legation guards to protect them against the Boxers, he was alone in opposing the suggestion. When, at a meeting of the Ministers, the French Minister proposed that troops should be sent for, Mr. Conger expressed the opinion that it would be better "to demand the complete reform of the police system at Peking." He is further reported to have observed that he thought the Boxers were only drilling "for fun," and he "did not like to hurt the feelings of the Empress by sending up guards to the capital." With Mr. Conger at Peking were his wife and daughter, a number of American tourists, and the members of the United States Legation, who included Mr. H. G. Squires, Mr. W. E. Bainbridge, and Mr. F. D. Cheshire.

Baron Nishi, the Japanese Minister, was about fifty years of age. His wife was not in China with him. He was formerly attached to the Embassy at St. Petersburg, and has spent altogether some ten years in Russia. At the time of complicated re-



THE GUARD AND ARMED STUDENT INTERPRETERS OUTSIDE THE BRITISH LEGATION

replaced by Mr. H. G. Nevill Dering, the second son of Sir Henry Nevill Dering, Her Majesty's Minister to Mexico. Mr. Bernhard T. de W. Chief Accountant. His brief career has been wholly spent in China, and he has discharged the duties of Accountant at Peking since May 19, 1899. Mrs. Tourn and their child are stated to have been in Peking. Mr. David Oliphant, of St. Andrews, went to China as student interpreter in 1898. Mr. Wilmet Percipine Matland Russell was appointed in 1898. Mr. H. H. Bristow was the son of Mr. Henry Barnes Bristow, a distinguished member of Her Majesty's Consular Service in China.

Certain changes have been made in the little body of student interpreters since our photograph was taken, and some half a dozen were thought to be absent from the city at the time of the massacre. Some of the more interesting glimpses we have had of the events which immediately preceded the trouble have come from private letters sent by these student interpreters, who, it is quite evident, had been arming, drilling, and preparing for the worst, without in the least anticipating how bad that worst might be. That they gave a good account of themselves in the supreme crisis one can well believe. Mr. J. G. Hancock, for example, writing to his father, Mr. Walter H. F. Hancock, on May 21, in a letter published in *The Daily Graphic*, says:

We have had the British and several officers up here last week. The Boxer movement is beginning to spread and there was a talk of having a grand up here, but I hear to-day that it has been decided not to have one after all.

On May 27 he adds: To-night we are in a state of siege. The Boxers have got as far as Fengtai, where they have destroyed the machine works, and we are cut off from

communication with Tientsin. A guard has been wired for, but it will not reach us till to-morrow or the day after. We are all to sleep in the chief's house to-night, and a row of soldiers expected. We are taking in all our weapons, and all Britishers will join us. We are for a ride this afternoon and just with a few rounds of fire, and so forth. Christian converts are flocking into Peking. I am on guard from 4 to 6 a.m. As for the worst of them, well, first, and to-morrow, but no truce is running, so that I dare say I shall miss this week.

More interesting because it went into greater detail was a letter in the *Times*, dated June 10 and 11, which brought the narrative of events almost up to date. The Boxers have been getting more "cheeky" every day, writes this cheery young Englishman, who is evidently in the best of spirits. He alludes to all the ladies being sent to the Legation by Sir Robert Hart, and only their presence spoils his anticipation of the "fun" about to begin. He writes:—

A Minister of the Tsung-li-Yamen to-day told me that the Empress Dowager had come in this afternoon from the summer palace in a towering rage, at the high-handed way in which the foreigners had been bossing things up here that she had taken the bit between her teeth and was not going to jump at any foreigner, with her nose or her thousand soldiers at her back, had there it last every foreigner in Peking was to be massacred to-morrow. Nearly every unattached Britisher has been ordered in here, and we are all in a state of great excitement. We have, of course, all had Martineau and ammunition served out to us, and have all had our posts assigned in case of an attack for the last fortnight, and to night everybody is fairly on the qui vive. Foreign runners up here at night, but the foreign Legations and so on are too much scared not to be easily defended. We are all, well armed, and, what is more, and their Maxims, will be able to give them a jolly good time, but I do not see how we can pull out for any time against a large force. We are provisioned for a week's siege, but I think we would have some difficulty in holding out to the verge of an organized attack. It is all jolly good fun for us young chaps, and we would none of us be out of it for weeks, but it is different for all the ladies and children.

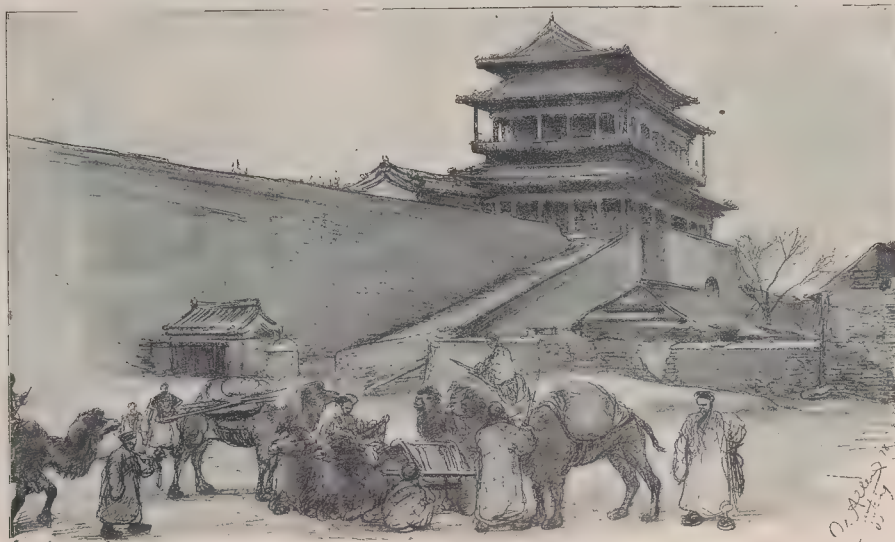
Herr von der Goltz, Secretary and Interpreter to the German Legation in Peking, gave a representative of the *Asse Freie Presse* some particulars of a letter received a few days ago in London from Lady Macdonald, wife of the English Minister. In this letter Lady Macdonald said the situation had become very dangerous. Old Chinese domestics who had been engaged at the British Legation for over twenty years, suddenly began to use threatening and impertinent language. Herr von der Goltz had heard that the wife and daughter of M. de Giers had left Peking in May; but, unfortunately, there seems little doubt that the German ladies, and more especially the Baroness von Ketteler, were at the Legation. It is reported that Lady Macdonald, on taking leave of a lady in one of the western counties who alluded to the perils of Peking, said:—

"Claude always carries a revolver, and will not hesitate to use it both for me and himself if the worst comes to the worst. We know something of the Chinese, and shall therefore always be prepared to evade their cruelties." Mr. Henry Cockburn, C.B., the Chinese Secretary, does not appear in the group. He only married last October, and his wife is thought to have been with him. Outside the immediate circle of the Legation the two most striking personalities in Peking, whose loss we have to deplore, are Sir Robert Hart, the able Director-General of the Chinese Imperial Customs, and the most powerful and far-seeing administrator in the Far East, and Dr. Morrison, the brilliant correspondent of the *Times*, whose "intelligent anticipation of events" has been testified to more than once by our own Foreign Office.



THE STUDENT INTERPRETERS AT THE BRITISH LEGATION
THE MASSACRE AT PEKING

IN THE LAND OF THE YELLOW DRAGON



A GATE IN PEKING AND PART OF THE CITY WALL



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.L.

FROM A SKETCH BY G. W. COLE, R.N.

A Correspondent writes:—"It is customary to refer to the *entourage* of a mandarin of high official rank as 'rag, tag, and bobtail' (one may add pigtail). This, however, is barely fair, for with some squalor and shabbiness in the get-up of his peasant-fathered hater and others, there is also magnificence, neatness, and fine colour in the dress of others. China is a land of rigid and philosophic etiquette and benignity,

qualified by ingenious subterfuge; for instance, the person with the chequered screen by the side of the chair is the mandarin's excuse for not recognising inconvenient attentions. The small mortars are in the act of saluting, and are, apparently, not deemed too trustworthy by some of the staff."

AN OFFICIAL VISIT BY A CELESTIAL MANDARIN



From a Photograph by J. Thomson.
CHINESE STREET INDUSTRIES: A SCENE IN KINKIANG



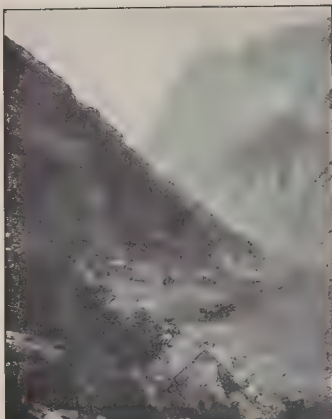
From a Photograph by J. Thomson.
A MANDARIN'S HOUSE IN PEKING



From a Photograph by J. Thomson.
THE ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF THE CLASSICS, PEKING



From a Photograph by J. Thomson.
THE TEMPLE AT THE EMPEROR'S SUMMER PALACE, NEAR PEKING



From a Photograph by the Rev. J. Davidson
CHIN TAN RAPID AND GORGE IN THE UPPER YANGTSE VALLEY



EASY TRAVELLING

quaint shapes of pagodas, the distant glimpse of water in the Imperial pleasure-grounds—all make a panorama of great beauty, and over all hangs the wonderful oriental sky, deep sapphire, against which flash the white wings of the pigeons that are for ever whirling round the walls and towers of Peking. The sounds of the city, blended harmoniously into a buzzing as of bees in a summer wood, rise to our ears; every now and then a shrill cry of some street seller or the jangle of bells rises above the murmur, while over our heads is the sweet, sad, Eolian-harp-like fluting from the reeds which are fastened to the pigeons' tails.

If this were our first and last glimpse of Peking we should carry away a very false impression. Let us descend into the streets, and mingle with the busy crowd of the Chinese City.

Disillusion awaits us; but when the first feeling of disappointment has worn off we shall find a deep interest in the life around us. The general impression is of dust and dinginess. We must walk with care, for the roads are not paved, and are covered with holes. Say that we desire to purchase fans, pipes—anything in fact, for we need not limit our desires. We can buy almost anything we may want without difficulty in the well-stored shops, not excluding articles of Manchester and Birmingham manufacture. We find that the fans have a quarter to themselves, and we make our way thither through the busy crowd. Here and there our path is blocked by little clusters of people who are standing round a story-teller or cheap-jack, or perhaps a comedian or singer. No trace of the interest they feel is shown on their impassive yellow faces; their dark eyes alone twinkle appreciatively now and then.

We are accosted as we pass along by innumerable itinerant sellers, with long strings of multi-coloured ribbons and tape, fruit and flowers, wood and charcoal. The street is lined besides with booths, huts, and stalls, where a busy crowd is turning over old clothes, shoes, and many other things; altogether the scene is lively and animated. Here comes a cook, with a tiny restaurant on his shoulder, from which he will produce and sell us a hot lunch for a farthing and a dinner for a penny! He cries aloud with a peculiar sound, as do all the peddlers of various kinds. A string of camels winds wearily along with the jangle of a deep-toned bell, their Mongol driver yelling to his dusty, tired-looking beasts. A brilliant procession approaches and passes by with much noise and talking and comment of the crowd. In the centre is a red sedan chair, borne by four men whose caps have red tassels. Other men with similar



The building in the background is St. George's Hall
From a Photograph by E. H. Curtis
A NATIVE BAND IN THE STAND AT TIENTSIN

Street Life in Peking

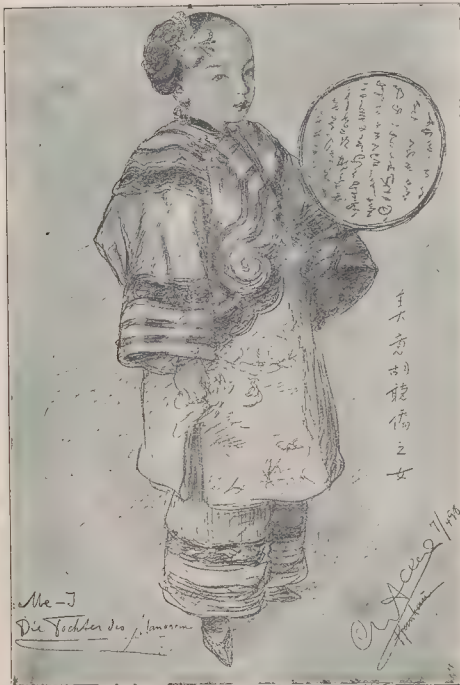
By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

In most Chinese cities the streets are very narrow, and especially in the south—for instance, in Canton. It is possible in many cases for anyone standing in the middle of these streets to stretch out his arms and touch the walls on either side. In Peking, however, the main thoroughfares are well over 100 feet wide, and were originally much wider, the shops having crept forward on either side.

The pleasantest way to see Peking is from the great outer wall. There are great waste spaces, especially in the southern part of the Chinese city, and all the large houses and palaces have enclosed courts and compounds with fine trees. From the wall, too, can be seen the pleasure-grounds of the Emperor inside the Imperial City, but without the Purple or Forbidden City. The eye, therefore, ranges over a vista of brilliant colouring. The yellow-tiled roofs of temples and the green ones of palaces, the rich green of trees, and an occasional bright patch of colour made by a flowering shrub, the

caps and embroidered robes carry red lanterns and torches and a red umbrella, and there is a banging of drums and clanging of brass instruments. It is a wedding, and the red chair bears a little bride to the home of the husband she has never yet seen. A Chinaman, who has a sensitive dislike to such an unpleasant and ill-omened word as "funeral," will tell you that this is "a white affair."

Chinese ladies are seldom seen in the streets; indeed, walking on the rough roads would be impossible to them with their bandaged feet ("Golden Lilies," as they are called, even were it etiquette for them to be seen abroad. The intense conservatism of the Chinese is illustrated by their adherence to this custom, despite the fact that their Empress and Court ladies, being Manchu, have never bound their feet. The Manchu ladies are sometimes seen abroad, but as a rule they ride in chairs or litters.



▲ MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER
DRAWN BY G. W. ALLERS



▲ MANDARIN'S SON
DRAWN BY G. W. ALLERS



From a Photograph by the Rev. J. Davidson
THE WINDBOX GORGE IN THE UPPER YANGTSE: THE EASTERN END



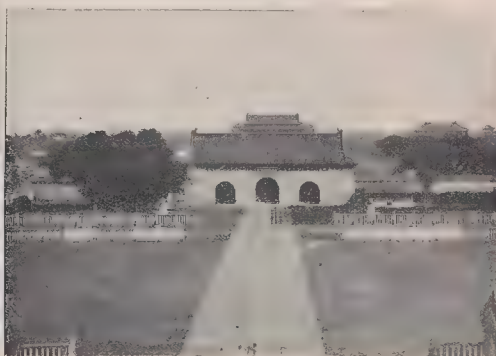
From a Photograph by the Rev. J. Davidson
H.M.S. "WOODLARK": THE FIRST BOAT TO STEAM UP THE YANGTSE TO CHUNGKING WITHOUT TOWING



PAI-LO, OR MEMORIAL ARCH, BETWEEN THE TARTAR AND CHINESE CITIES, PEKING



From a Photograph by the Rev. J. Davidson
THE FRENCH CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, PEKING



From a Photograph by the Rev. J. Davidson
THE ENTRANCE TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKING



THE QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

DRAWN BY

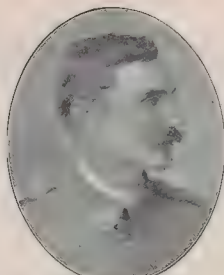


HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT THE ROYAL PAVILION

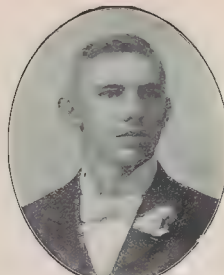
W. P. HALL



THE LATE CAPTAIN E. B. GROGAN
Killed at Ficksburg



THE LATE LIEUT. C. H. B. ADAMS-WYLIE
Died of enteric at Bloemfontein



THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. B. PICKARD
Died of enteric at Bloemfontein



THE LATE COLONEL L. SPENCE
Killed near Douglas



THE LATE LIEUTENANT G. H. MATTHEWS
Died of wounds at Johannesburg



THE LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT P. C. SHAW
Died of enteric at Bloemfontein



THE LATE LIEUTENANT VERE H. A. AWDRY
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT B. J. HORLEY
Killed at Rooiveld

There are no women to be seen in tea or other shops in Peking, but here and there we see little groups of the very poor, who make a living by going from house to house to mend clothes. They perform their task sitting by the side of the road. One never sees waste paper blowing about the dusty streets of Peking, or, indeed, lying loose anywhere. The respect for written characters is such that every fragment of paper is collected and carefully burnt.

The shops are not attractive, nor bright and picturesque. They are huddled close together, and—like almost all houses in Peking, only one story high—they practically consist of a small room, whose front is open to the street in daytime, and closed with heavy bars at night. The goods are arranged round the room on shelves, or in drawers, and not displayed. The bargaining which goes on in these shops over a cup of tea, a bit of porcelain, or silk embroidery, lasts sometimes for weeks, the would-be purchaser returning again and again. As the Chinese proverb hath it: "When the seller cheats up to heaven in the price he asks, you cheat down to earth in the price you offer." If, therefore, we would obtain our fan at its correct market value (or something approaching it) we must display no haste or eagerness.

No description of street life in Peking, however incomplete, could pass over the beggars who abound everywhere, and are the dirtiest, most diseased, and most impudent of their kind. A string of blind beggars, holding on to each other's rags and tapping their way along, is a pathetic and common sight, but there are shoals of others less pitiable, who attack every respectable passer-by, and will congregate in front of a shop and prevent purchasers from entering, unless they are bought off by the owner.

Very fine arches were thrown over the wider streets, where they crossed each other, by the original Chinese builders, and an example of such architecture may be seen in the arch between the Chinese and Tartar cities, which are divided by a wall. A building which is of great importance in the literary life of China is the Examination Hall, of the entrance to which a photograph is given. In this hall the examinations take place for the degrees of L.L.D. and M.A., and at these only take place every three years a very large number of candidates present themselves. No less than 17,000 graduates competed at one examination for 350 degrees! Each graduate is immured for the day in a little cell, with food and water, and a high tower in the centre overlooks them all. Despite these elaborate precautions a great deal of cheating and trickery goes on. The Roman Catholics, whose record in Peking dates back to early times, have a handsome cathedral and an interesting cemetery where lie buried the earliest of the Jesuit fathers, who were in high favour with the Emperor, and introduced into China many Western improvements, especially in the sciences of astronomy, mathematics, and geography.

It is impossible here to give any account of other interesting buildings in Peking, but mention must be made of the Observatory, established in 1729 by Kublai Khan, where can still be seen many of the original instruments.

Victims of the War

Lieutenant P. C. Shaw, who died at Bloemfontein of enteric on 28th inst., obtained his lieutenant's commission in the 3rd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers (South Cork Militia) in October, 1899. Our portrait is by Lambert Weston and Son, Dover.

Lieutenant V. H. A. Awdry, of the 2nd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, whose death has just been confirmed, died at Spion Kop. He was the only son of the late Major Ambrose Awdry, Royal Engineers. He had distinguished himself in the actions fought on January 20 and 21. Our photograph is by B. Edelshtein and Co., Cairo.

Lieutenant G. H. Matthews, of the 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment, died of wounds at Johannesburg. Our portrait is by E. Hamilton Toovey, Jersey.

Lieutenant Harry Pickard, of Roberts's Horse, died of enteric fever at Bloemfontein. Our portrait is by Charles Sweet, Rotherham.

Colonel Spence, commanding the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, was killed near Douglas, South Africa, on May 30, in an engagement under the command of Sir Charles Warren. Colonel Spence was educated at Wellington College and Sandhurst, and served with the 77th Middlesex Regiment from 1863 to 1875, when he retired and settled for a time in New Zealand, where he took up an appointment as adjutant of the Volunteer Force. In 1887 he went to Cape Town, where he held a similar appointment in the Duke of Edinburgh's Volunteer Rifles. In December, 1898, he received command of the corps, at the head of which he served all through the Bechuanaland Campaign of 1897.

Captain Edward Bury Grogan, of the 1st Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment, was killed at Ficksburg on June 25. He obtained his captaincy on February 11, 1891, having been appointed lieutenant on May 14, 1884. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Second Lieutenant B. J. Horley, of the 4th Battalion Derbyshire Regiment, was killed in action at Rooiveld, in the Orange River Colony. He only received his commission December 15 last. Our portrait is by Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Lieutenant C. H. B. Adams-Wylie, of the Indian Medical Service, died of enteric at Bloemfontein on June 2. He was sent out to South Africa on special service on account of his good work in Bombay during the plague. Not only did he serve as a plague volunteer, but he offered three days' provisions to each person who would come forward to be inoculated—providing the same out of his own private income. Over eight thousand persons accepted this charity, and then an order to proceed to South Africa stopped his work, and he sailed in medical charge of Indian recruits, a young officer with only one year's service. From the time he left India, January 25, till the day he went into hospital, he did not have a single death among the many hundreds of natives under his charge. He volunteered for sanitary work in this extremely unhealthy city, and is supposed to have contracted the fatal disease in carrying out his self-sought duties. Our portrait is by Deale, Bloemfontein.



After the storming of Almond's Nek the Boers evacuated Laing's Nek and Mafuba. When our men reached Laing's Nek, about 150 yards of each end of the tunnel were found to have been blown in by the enemy. The debris was lying about in heaps, but the line was otherwise unharmed. Our photograph is by J. Ferguson.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE Queen's Garden Party, with Her Majesty's usual good fortune in the matter of weather, was favoured by brilliant sunshine. It fell on one of the few really hot days of the season, and proved perfect for the display of ethereal summer dresses. Nearly all the Royalities wore black or white, or a mixture of the two; in fact, black and white were the predominating hues, and, indeed, in a garden, under the shade of green trees, and surrounded by brilliant flowers, nothing can be more effective. Here and there gay colours shone out, Lady de Ramsey in pale green, Lady Charles Beresford in gorgeous yellow, Lady Yarborough also in yellow, and a few others in pink brightened the company of black and white dresses, while some Oriental magnates and Indian attendants gave the ideal note of colour to the scene. Were the weather only propitious, how agreeable it would be to discard crowded and stuffy rooms for the future, and conduct all entertainments in tents or under the sweet canopy of heaven. The Queen's example, and her great love of fresh air, has, indeed, caused an inclination in this direction. Let us hope that open air fêtes may always increase in popularity—the effect is so pretty.

Now that Lady Constance Mackenzie has, for the second year in succession, won the championship shield of the Bath Club Amateur Ladies' Swimming Society, and proved her dexterity in feats of grace and skill, one may trust that swimming as an art will attract more notice from mothers. To swim is not only the most healthy and invigorating exercise in the world, but it is a most useful and necessary accomplishment both for boys and girls. How few ordinary people can swim, or, if they can swim at all, would be able to save their own or another's life? At our seaside resorts it is pitiful to see the women bathing, bobbing up and down like corks in two feet of water, and losing half the enjoyment of the sea-bath. To dive, to plunge, to float, to swim, is entirely out of their power. Indeed, there are no proper instructors, as a rule, or means of acquiring the art. Swimming ought to be as compulsory as learning to read and write, for the earlier a child learns the better he acquires the art. I know two children, one of six and one of four, who swim like ducks.

Has any one noticed the clouds of dust raised by a motor car? The other day one in which were a company of ladies and gentlemen passed me rather quickly, the street was immediately filled with a dense column of dust which did not subside for some minutes. Now all this dust, which is full of microbes, must add a new danger to the dwellers in towns. It is pleasant enough, no doubt, for the owners of motor cars who skim quickly through the air, but what about the poor pedestrians who inhale the evil smells and the foul clouds of dust they leave behind them?

Curiously enough, though the summer has been exceptionally inclement, never have strawberries been finer or more plentiful. Roses too have attained a pitch of rare perfection, as was exemplified at the Rose Show at the Crystal Palace, where the blooms were noted as exceptionally fine, the prize rose, Susanne Marie Rovocanachi, shown by an Irish nurseryman, exceeding in splendour everything grown previously. Wild flowers too have been very brilliant this year. The country now is in some places a mass of red poppies, the clarity and brilliance of which make the corn fields glow as with fire.

Will the fact of Orientals receiving their education in England cause any real change in their feelings and prejudices, I wonder? The Crown Prince of Siam, for instance, has been already six years at school and college in England, and remains till he is twenty-one. How will this long sojourn affect his disposition and his hereditary tendencies? Perhaps it may only result in making him neither a good Englishman nor a good Siamese. At any rate it ought to dispel a great many of the ridiculous stories and prejudices about us which are still believed in Eastern countries. The Crown Prince appears very gay and amiable, as indeed do most of his nation. He has been staying at Broadstairs, and intends to take a shooting-box in Scotland for the autumn.

While the seaside is now abundantly supplied with good mansions and hotels, the country still leaves much to be desired. One does not always wish to be by the sea: sometimes it is too cold, too boisterous, too glaring; but the country is always green and pleasant. Innumerable lovely spots in Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, and the Midlands would tempt us, only there is nowhere to stay. No pretty little inn, with clean wall-papers and modern furniture, snowy napery and possible cooking. Feather beds, early Victorian and remarkably dirty furniture and carpets, and a greasy cuisine, drive away all and sundry, except those whose duty it is to go to these places. Surely clean, simple, moderate-priced inns might succeed. If properly managed inns existed where travellers, tourists, or bicyclists could stop, they would rapidly acquire a clientele of their own, and fill what is now a very decided want.

It seems the question of admitting ladies to the rifle club at Guildford has arisen. And why not, may one ask? Surely not so very many ladies wish to practise with the rifle; but if they do there is no possible reason for putting difficulties in their way. That ladies do enjoy shooting, and are no mean adepts at it, is proved every day. The latest and most brilliant example is afforded by Mrs. Savory, whose book on shooting and sport in India makes remarkably fascinating reading.

One would be sorry to copy any of the Chinese habits and customs, yet I cannot help thinking that the practice of the diplomatic barber in Peking might be adopted here with advantage, and would save much heartburning and misery among those people who try to live up to means they do not possess. This striving to keep up appearances is the bane of life, but the Chinese barber solved the question in the simplest possible manner. He invented a rigid scale of prices for each diplomat and foreigner according to their rank, plenipotentiaries, chargé

d'affaires, attachés, missionaries, students, secretaries, and so forth. Very much the same practice used to prevail in the restaurants of Italy, where the host charged each man according to what was presumed to be the length of his purse. In fact, instead of resenting a high price, it was considered to mean a compliment, for it implied a man of means, such as the English millord was always considered to be.

New Books

"THINGS SEEN"

"THINGS SEEN" (Blackwood) consists of reprints of a number of articles from *Blackwood*, the *New Review*, the *National Observer*, and the *Daily Mail*, by the late G. W. Stevens, and forms the first volume of the "Memorial Edition" of his works. The papers are edited by Mr. G. S. Stuart, who is to be congratulated upon the admirable and representative selection he has made. They include essays on "Zola," "The New Humanitarianism," "The Dreyfus Case," and amongst others, a wonderfully clever article, entitled "Mr. Balfour's Philosophy," all of which establish without doubt the wonderful versatility of the writer. Mr. W. E. Henley contributes an excellent "Appreciation" of the gifted war-correspondent, in which, in speaking of his writings, he says:—"But I do not think that any of these achievements in realisation and presentation show us anything of their author's best. Does a man's best ever get into his printed work? Brains apart," he continues, "assuredly the best of our dear George Stevens is not in his books. For one thing, he saw too easily, and wrote too brilliantly—he filled his editor's bill

too well." There is no doubt that Stevens's best, had he lived, would have come later. Journalistic work, although it brought him a reputation earlier, prevented him attaining the high position in literature that was his due. As Mr. Henley says:—"He wrote for a round million, at least, of readers, and whatever he did for them was so well done that, when the million had found it good, he could appeal to the five thousand, or the five hundred, behind the million—even the five thousand, or the five hundred, who knew—and count on their plaudits also. To his friends it was a great joy to see him thus conspicuous, and to know that all the while he was accomplishing himself, and through journalism making ready for the literature that in the long run was to be his sole employ." In fact, Stevens's reputation rests not so much upon what he did, but what he would have done had he lived.

UNDER QUEEN AND KHEDIVÉ

Sir Walter Milville was lucky enough to take that tide in the affairs of men which leads on to fortune—or the reverse—at the flood, and he rose in a comparatively short time from the position of bank clerk at 60s. a year to that of President of the Quarantine Board of Egypt, one of the most responsible positions in the Anglo-Egyptian service. In his autobiography, which he entitles "Under Queen and Khedive" (Heinemann), he gives the story of how, without influence, and by his own individual efforts, he was able to force his way to the front. After two years at a bank in London, young Milville was offered and accepted a clerkship in the Chief Consular Court for Egypt, with a salary of 150s., rising 10s. a year to 200s. In order to eke out his meagre pay he took up "copying records" for editors who appealed from the Consular Court to the Supreme Court at Constantinople. He also acted as

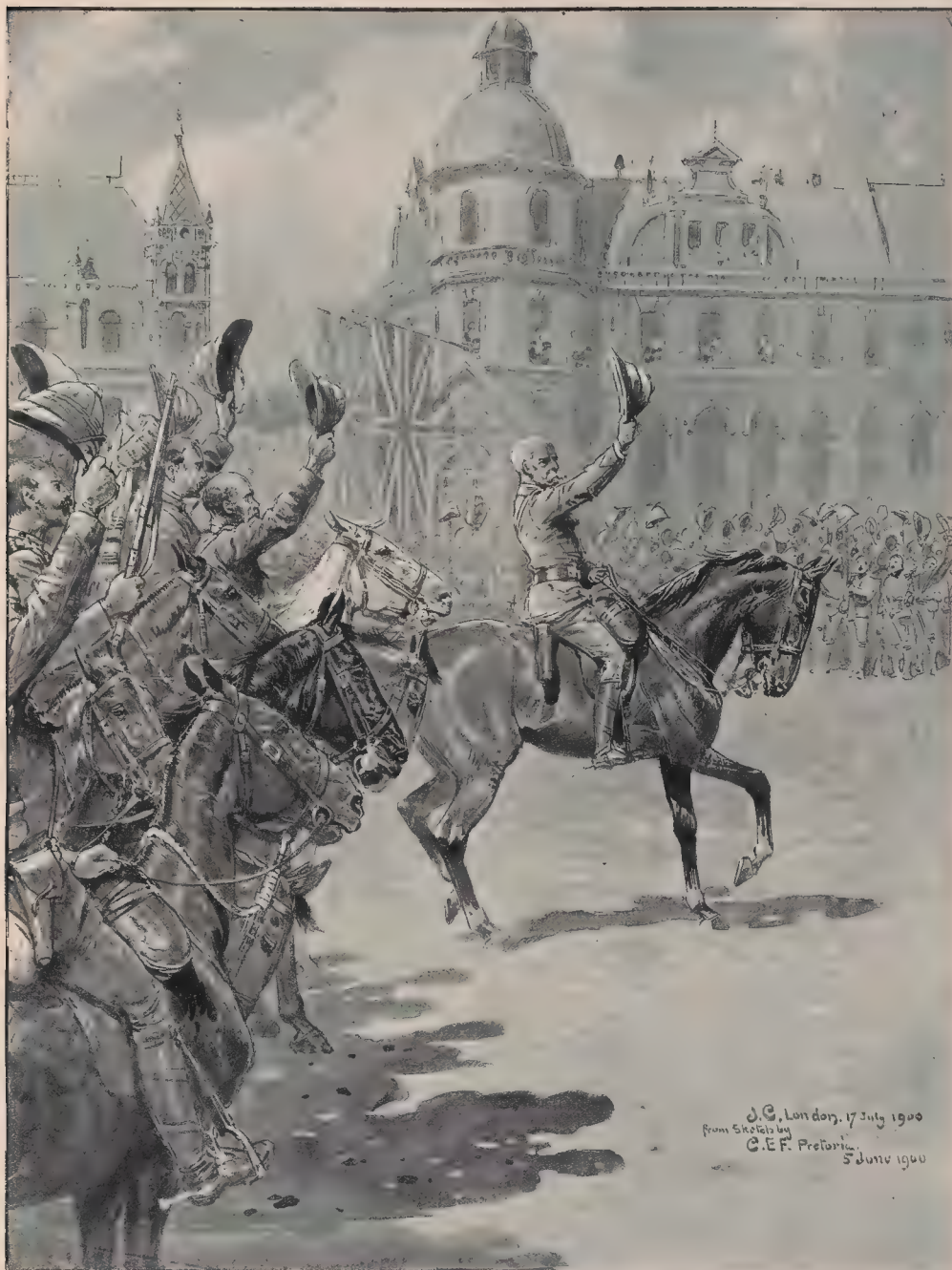


1. Country toilette in white cloth. Both the short coat and the skirt are trimmed with root/s attached in beaver-coloured silk and strappings of the cloth piped with beaver velvet. The coat has a side with a gold buckle, and the deep belt is of the velvet. Hat of hand-coloured creoline, ornamented by black and white grapes and foliage, relieved by a knot of pale blue silk.
2. Yachting suit of Navy blue serge, and striped blue lavender and white silk. The skirt is pleated and trimmed with a fold of the striped silk, which also edges the coat and forms a collar. The coat is semi-fitted at the back, and hangs loose in front over a vest of cream foulard. Flosserqua hat of cream silk, barred across with black velvet and having a stiff black quill.

COSTUMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: STUDIES ON BOARD H.M.S. "MARS"
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, REGINALD CLEAVER



J.G. London, 17 July 1900
 from sketch by
 G.E.F. Pretoria
 5 June 1900

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

The silk flag having been run up on the Government buildings and the National Anthem played, Lord Roberts rode forward and, baring his head, called for three cheers for the Queen, which, needless to say, were given most heartily and enthusiastically by the troops and a large portion of the crowd.

RAISING THE BRITISH FLAG AT PRETORIA: LORD ROBERTS CALLING FOR CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN



THE FAMINE IN GUZERAT: GIVING CHILDREN BREAKFAST AT THE POOR CAMP

Notes from the Magazines

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

THE *Nineteenth Century* opens with a proposal to form an Association which shall have for its object to fix public attention steadily upon some of the more important lessons taught by the war. Foremost among the lessons are—

(1) The necessity for examining the condition of the Empire and their administration by the public officers charged therewith; and (2) the need for conducting the business of the country as administered by all the various Departments of State, upon ordinary business principles and methods.

This proposed Committee of vigilance has already received promise of support from a host of well-known people, commencing with the Earl of Rosebery, but its precise scope and the manner in which it will set about its labours seem a little

vague. A leaflet is given away with the number that those in sympathy with the scheme may sign and induce others to join.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA

In the same review Mr. Henry Norman urges the necessity of a strong China policy and a determination to carry it out. He puts forward the following axioms, founded in fact or inculcated by experience, as the basis for discussing a British Far Eastern policy. Firstly, he says "There is no such thing as China," meaning that China is only an expression and not a nation holding together and acting as one. Secondly, "China will not reform herself in any way." Thirdly, "Russian ambition has no limits." Lastly, "Japan is face to face with a life and death issue in the Far East." For the present, Russia's game is to conciliate Japan; but let Russia consolidate her position in Northern

China, and let Japan put off striking for six months, and the future of the latter is likely to be seriously handicapped, if not worse. Mr. Norman's idea of the future of China is that the Emperor should be replaced on the Throne and rule with a council of Chinese Ministers, under the control of a Council of Representatives of the Powers. The whole of the country should be thrown open to trade—each Power should undertake to keep order in its own sphere of influence, and so on. It sounds fairly well, but who is going to prevent that Council of Representatives being led by the strongest, and the old diplomatic game being played once more? Some of Mr. Norman's most interesting remarks come under axiom one, where he points out that what figures as China on the map is a number of districts, often separated from each other and from the centre by immense distances, and inhabited by widely differing people. "The Mahomedans, of whom there are thirty millions, regard the Buddhists as irreligious foreigners. . . . A man from Tientsin and a man from Canton can no more talk to each other than can a Frenchman and a Dutchman. Moreover, there exists between them a virulent race hatred. . . . This curious inter-hatred is conspicuous where Chinese from different parts of China meet together, as, for example, in Bangkok, or on the Isthmus in Malaya or the Dutch Indies. Savage faction fights are of constant occurrence. Consequently it is easy to raise a force of Chinese in one place to fight Chinese in another." Many may have noticed that the regiments raised at Wei-Hai-Wei were ready and anxious to go and try conclusions with their own countrymen.

WAR OUTLET TO BE DONE

Mr. Demetrios Boulger, in the *Contemporary*, also indulges in a long and strong diatribe against British policy in China.



A KAFFIR FAMILY AT ELANDS LAAGTE

It is difficult to imagine a more striking contrast than is here presented. The chubby children of the stunted Kaffir seem to emphasise the emaciated appearance of the wretched little boy in the poor camp in Guzerat. The famine in that district is described as being awful. The natives will not go to the relief works until it is too late, and when driven by starvation they often die on the way. There are some

thousands of children at one big relief station in Branch, who are fed and locked after while their mothers are working. Mr. Lely, Commissioner of the Northern Division of the Bombay Presidency, has been touring in Guzerat, and sends home an urgent appeal for help to relieve the frightful distress in the district.

AFRICA AND ASIA: A CONTRAST



DESTITUTE! IN THE POOR CAMP IN GUZERAT



DRAWN BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON

The relief of Maffeking was celebrated with great rejoicing at Pietermaritzburg. There was a procession of children, headed by the Cadet Corps with its band. After the procession the children marched to the railway station, where they found a train with wounded and sick men bound for

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. G. V. FITZGERALD

England at cut to start for Durban. The children sang "God Save the Queen," "Soldiers of the Queen," and other patriotic songs, much to the delight of the invalided men.

"SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN": A SCENE AT PIETERMARITZBURG ON MAFFEKING DAY

He is firmly convinced that there is no middle course between opposing Russia tooth and nail on behalf of a worthless and condemned administration and leaving her undisturbed to realise her objects at Peking so far as she can. In the meantime the one clear duty before us is to take some practical step towards securing our sphere of influence in the Yangtse Kiang.



SERGEANT H. OMMUNDSEN
Winner of The Daily Graphic Prize

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

MEMBERS exceptionally crowding the House of Commons on Monday, for Mr. Balfour's promised statement on the disposition of business for the remainder of the Session, were genuinely surprised to hear recited such a catalogue of Government measures. The common understanding of the Session has been that in view of momentous events abroad nothing would be expected in the way of legislation. The First Lord of the Treasury had to deal with a list certainly long enough to embarrass him. Mere details of business do not form Mr. Balfour's strong point. By the spell of good humour and unflinching courtesy he has earned the distinction of being one of the most popular Leaders of modern times. When it comes to vulgar fractions, or particulars of the stages of Bills, he leaves something to be desired.

As far as he, having mastered the situation, was able to inform his audience upon it there has been a pretty wholesale dropping of Bills. The Irish Tithes Bill, which Mr. Asquith in a vigorous speech denounces as this year's contribution to the succession of doles to the landlords, has been driven through with the help of those old-fashioned hammers, suspension of the Twelve o'clock Rule and the Closure. A measure of infinitely wider public range of interest, the Companies Bill, Mr. Balfour "hoped" would pass. He cherishes a similar sentiment with respect to the Money-Lending Bill.

Mr. Goschen has found this week opportunity for making an important statement on the crucial subject of boilers in battleships. For some years the Belleville boiler has been in experimental use in the British Navy. A high authority tells me that national property to the amount of forty millions sterling is concerned in its success or failure. Up to the present time there has, according to critics seated on both sides of the House, been unvarying failure. A main recommendation of the Belleville boiler is the increased speed it makes possible. Twenty-two knots was confidently promised. The *Terrible*, hurrying off to China to rescue British subjects in peril, did not achieve more than fifteen knots. As to the *Europa*, another Belleville boiler ship, she, running from Suez to Colombo, achieved the record rate of seven and a half knots.

These things have been said time after time in the House. Mr. William Allan has distinguished himself by leading the attack. On Tuesday sounded his hour of triumph. Mr. Goschen, whilst gallantly making the best of the Belleville boiler, consented to the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry. It is not to be on the old lines of laymen sitting in a room at the Admiralty, studying reports and examining witnesses. It will consist chiefly of sea-going engineers, at whose disposal will be placed one or more of Her Majesty's ships, equipped with the Belleville boiler. They will make a pleasant trip to sea, working and watching the boiler in the varying chances and changes of weather.

The approbation to which this concession was greeted marked the depth of anxiety that has existed. There has been no attempt to make a Party question of the matter. As a matter of fact, adverse critics of the Admiralty action have preponderated in numbers on the Ministerial side. But amongst those who speak with authority there has long been a profound feeling of uneasiness. Now there will be opportunity of testing and forming a judgment upon a question that lies near the heart of the Empire.

THE DEFACIERS' ASSOCIATION, LTD.—The Defacers' Association, Ltd., will appear on the 23rd of this month. The Issue will consist of a share capital of £6,000,000, divided into 54 per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and about £2,250,000 44 per Cent First Mortgage Debenture Stock. So far as possible the system maintained in other successful amalgamated combines will be adopted in connection with this Combination, viz., the management of each works will be in the hands of those who have been responsible for its conduct in the past, each firm dealing personally with their own customers. The first General Managers will be Mr. John Brown and Mr. John Stanning. A very large amount of this Issue has already been applied for by members of the different firms that are being amalgamated.



SERGEANT CAMPBELL, THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN A WHITE CAP, ALSO WON THE SENECHU CUP
THE DULWICH COLLEGE EIGHT: WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD

The Bisley Meeting

THE National Rifle Association's meeting at Bisley has, for very obvious reasons, not been as well attended as heretofore, but there has been no lack of interest in the competitions. For the Ashburton Shield the twenty-four schools' teams fired their match in the presence of a great crowd, who were very enthusiastic when Bandaman Hyde, of Rugby, a diminutive lad of about 4 ft., hardly taller than his rifle, finished his firing with the good total of 63 out of a possible 70. A special incident of the match was the making of a highest possible score in the standing position at 200 yards by Corporal Keworth of Dulwich. The top score in the match was made by



This cup is presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Hopton for the March Rifle Aggregate
THE HOPTON CHALLENGE CUP

Sergeant D'Egville, of Berkhamstead, 65; 31 at 200 yards, and 34 at 500 yards. Dulwich won the match with a total of 460; Charterhouse, so often the winner of the trophy, were second with 376. Private D. Hepburn, the winner of *The Graphic* Cup at Bisley, belongs to the 2nd V.B. Scottish Rifles, Glasgow. Six men, however, registered 34 points, Private Hepburn securing the cup with his tie shots. *The Graphic* competition was a kneeling shoot at 500 yards. Two days later Private Hepburn won *The Golden Fanny* competition.



PRIVATE D. HEPBURN
Winner of The Graphic Cup and Golden Fanny Competition

Sergeant H. Ommundsen, who won *The Daily Graphic* Cup, was the only competitor who succeeded in making the highest possible score—thirty-five points. Sergeant Ommundsen belongs to the 5th V.B. Royal Scots. Besides the cups *The Graphic* and *Daily Graphic* competitions carry with them 295 other prizes, including sketches and money prizes of an aggregate value of 720l. Our illustrations are from photographs by C. Knight, Aldershot.



BANDSMAN HYDE, THE SMALLEST COMPETITOR EVER SEEN AT THE MEETING
THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S MEETING AT BISLEY

THE GRAPHIC

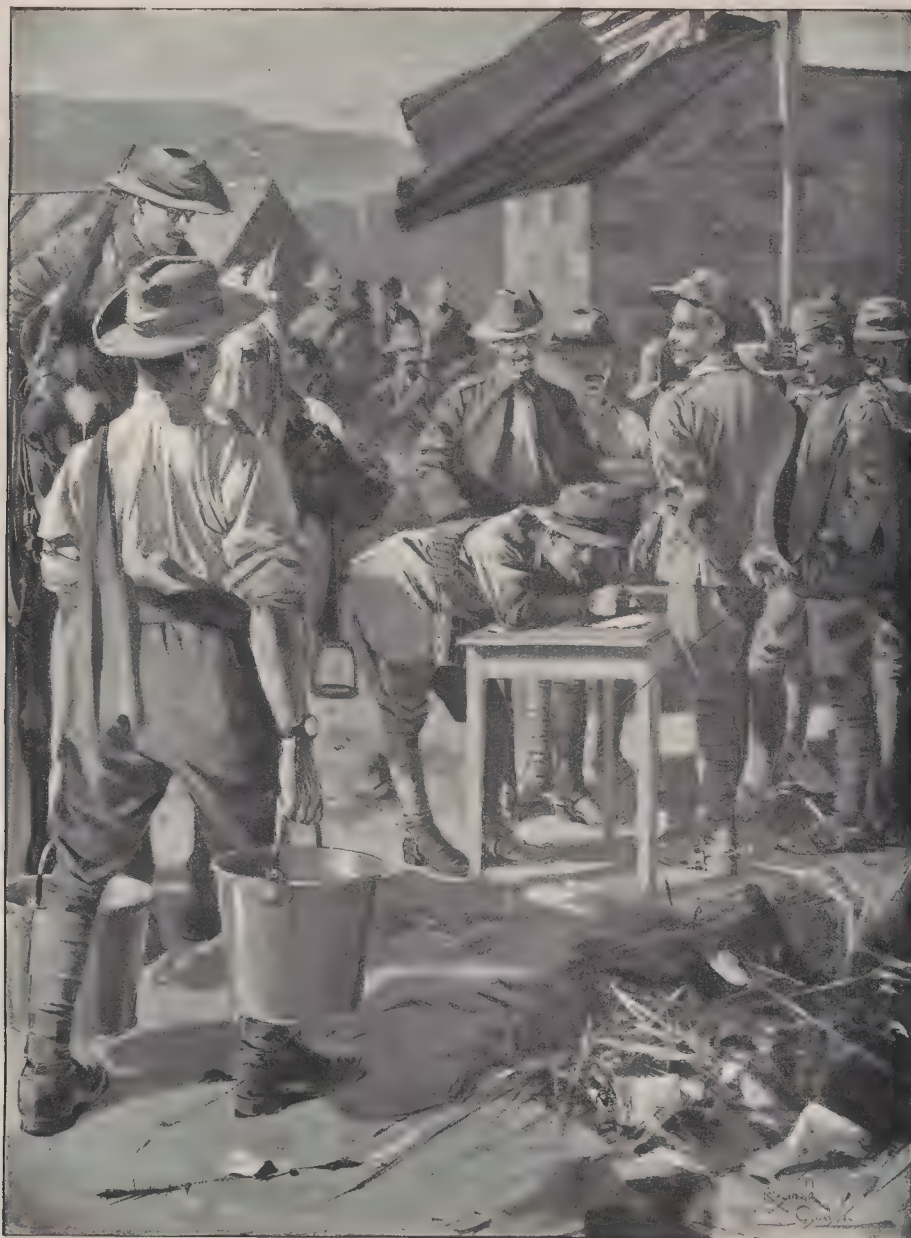
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DRAWN BY EDMUND CLEAVE

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY TROOPER CLEAVE

The 49th Company Imperial Yeomanry, weary of riding over the Transvaal taking prisoners and collecting arms, "mere police work," as our correspondent aptly puts it, and "sick of messing about," sent a "round robin" to Lord Roberts, praying to be allowed to see some fighting.

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT

Topics of the Week

In the Far East

THE gravity of the situation in the Far East has been, to some extent, relieved during the past week by the anxiety for peace manifested by the Chinese Government in the appeals it has addressed to the Powers. How far this is attributable to the complete breakdown of the Chinese line of defence at Tientsin is impossible to say. The situation is still puzzling, and there is an uneasy feeling abroad that all serious danger is not yet passed. The attack on the Russian frontier in Manchuria, and the success of the revolt in that province, show that the resources of China are far from exhausted. An element of sinister mystery is furthermore supplied by the journey of Li Hung Chang to Peking. What is its object? Li has never been the friend of the foreigner, and it is clear from the circumstances of his journey to Peking that he is not regarded in that city as wholly antipathetic to the views of those in power. Hence we may be sure that it is not quite to promote the ends the Powers have in view that he has gone to Peking. It must be remembered, too, that he is a past master in the art of sowing dissensions among the Powers, and we are afraid it does not want very much at the present moment to set the Concert by the ears. It will not be long, however, before this mystery is solved. Meanwhile the Powers will do well to make up their minds as to the policy they intend to pursue and how they intend to carry it out. Their task is not limited to the punishment of the authors of the present outbreak. If they are wise they will endeavour to provide against a recurrence of the first place by limiting the reparation they are about to demand to the necessities of strict justice, and in the second place by endowing China with a strong Government. The lesson learnt by recent events is that the idea of China as the Sick Man in the family of nations is altogether false, and that to pursue a policy based on this error is to court an explosion which may be a disaster for the whole world. It is not at all unlikely that China will yet be a great Power, capable of making her voice heard and her influence felt in the field of international politics. The Powers will consequently do well not to add unnecessarily to her stock of grievances. That she has a long memory is shown by her sudden appearance on the Amur the other day.

West African

It should afford some small comfort to those who was impatient of the "peck of troubles" now worrying the British Empire to remember that only last year England and France were on the very verge of war in connection with West Africa. Happily, prudence prevailed on both sides, and intricate as was the tangle to be unravelled, the deft fingers of diplomacy have at last accomplished the feat. The whole labour of delimiting the respective possessions of the two nations in that part of the Dark Continent is happily finished by a simple process of give and take, and there is, consequently, no farther risk of those chance collisions which were perpetually threatening not very long ago. Diplomacy has its victories as well as war, and it may be questioned whether history will not award as much credit to the Salisbury Government for arranging the West African settlement without firing a single shot, as for compelling the Boers by force to respect British supremacy "down south." Now that it is done the task looks to have been easy enough, but that was anything but the view of Downing Street when Chauvinists on both sides of the Channel shouted themselves hoarse with "No surrender" for their battle cry. Lord Salisbury and M. Delcassé deserve equal praise for having brought the trouble to an end in a happy climax of "peace with honour."

Military Transport

In all our recent wars, as previously, deficiency of military transport has caused grave embarrassment. It was painfully evident during the Tirah Campaign; it has undoubtedly delayed the subjugation of the Boers; gallant Colonel Willcocks had to wait a long time before he could advance to the rescue of the Kumassi garrison; away in China, Admiral Seymour was beset by the same difficulty the moment he left Tientsin for Peking. Professor Watson Cheyne now adds to this lengthy indictment by attributing the medical breakdown at Bloemfontein to the same fertile cause, and there seems to be little question that the disin-

guished surgeon hits the right nail on the head. It is essential, therefore, that when the re-organisation of our Army is taken in hand some effort must be made to furnish a more efficient transport service, which, like other parts of the great military machine, could be rapidly enlarged after the outbreak of war. There is, however, another view of this difficulty equally deserving attention. Our soldiers need to be rendered much more self-helpful; they should not require so much to be done for them when campaigning. They fall into that evil habit of dependence on others while serving in India, where native servants administer to their wants almost as if they were babies or rajahs. Officers also expect much more transport to be placed at their disposal than is the case in foreign armies. It was Sir Charles Napier, if recollection serves, who, when a complaint of that sort was addressed to him, whipped a tooth brush and a cake of soap out of his pocket and quietly remarked "The camel can carry a lot of these." Our gallant lads in South Africa have, no doubt, learned to be saving of transport by self-helpfulness, but until they acquired that knowledge they had to put up with many discomforts.

Capital, Labour, and Trade

SIR EDWARD GREY's allocution at Morpeth, on the need of more hearty co-operation between employers and employed for their mutual advantage, would have been inscribed in letters of gold by Haroun Alraschid. Foreign competition is pressing on this country's trade more and more sharply, and unless those engaged in it stand together our commercial supremacy must inevitably go under. We shall be told, no doubt, that the Board of Trade returns afford the strongest possible proof that the nation's commercial prosperity is still flowing grandly. As Mr. Ritchie lately pointed out, that view rests on a patent fallacy; those who hold it accept values alone as tests of trading activity, whereas quantities should be equally considered if true judgment is desired. Thus, during the present year, the values of both our exports and imports have very largely increased, and commentators who do not look beyond that criterion exclaim, "Behold how wonderful is the commerce of these little isles." It is wonderful without doubt, but the question being whether its volume is increasing, remaining stationary, or diminishing, we must turn to quantities as a surer test than values. And what do we find? That while our imports this year have very slightly increased, our exports have diminished to about an equal extent. In the case of manufactures, such as cotton goods, the raw materials for which come from abroad, we pay higher, on the one hand, for our imports and sell them, when manufactured, at better prices. Even in the case of coals, the higher value does not represent all gain; it mostly comes out of the pockets of the many for the profit of the few, a state of things hardly harmonious with lasting commercial prosperity.

Imperial Defence

THE Duke of Devonshire very wisely warned his hearers the other day at the meeting of the British Empire League against attempting to force the pace with regard to Imperial Federation with plans of Imperial defence. The progress that has been made, and is being made towards Imperial Federation is the result of slowly working forces. Both here and in the Colonies it has been necessary to educate the mass of the people to the conception of the unity of the Empire, and that unity will not be promoted by any attempt to create definite institutions for which public opinion is not yet prepared or possibly may never be. At the present moment, perhaps, the most urgent need is a clearer understanding on all hands as to the best method of organising the defence of the Empire. It has long been urged by critics of our military system that the number of armed men within the Empire is amply sufficient for all probable needs, provided that they were organised on a coherent system. That this has not been done is, partly, no doubt, due to the want of a regulating power to bring into harmony the independent efforts of the different Colonies and of the Mother Country. But that is not the main fault. After all, the contingents that the Colonies are able to put into the field, though composed of splendid material, are numerically insignificant in comparison with the forces raised and paid for by the United Kingdom and by India. These latter forces are all directly or indirectly under the control of the War Office, and the distinctly poor returns for all the money spent on these great bodies of men can only be due to causes affecting the War Office itself. The knowledge of this fact explains the strong desire felt in all the Colonies to keep the control of their own forces in their own hands. On the whole they are right. As the War Office is at present constituted it is more likely to strangle Colonial enthusiasm with red tape than to increase the efficiency of the Colonial forces. What is now happening is thoroughly satisfactory. The Colonies, stimulated by the war in South Africa, are of their own free motion, overhauling their military system, and preparing schemes for very greatly strengthening the forces that they are able to raise. The success or the failure of these schemes depends, not on the approval or the disapproval of the War Office, Colonies. In the long run they are received in the respective Colonies. In the long run the Colonial contribution to the defence of the Empire will be most valuable if it is given in the way that suits the Colonies best.

The Court

THE QUEEN is now settled in the Isle of Wight for some weeks, and several of the Royal Family will be joining Her Majesty before long. The Prince and Princess of Wales take up their quarters on long Osborne next week, Princesses Christian and Louise will stay at Osborne House with the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of York may spend a few days at Osborne in the interval of visits to the provinces. The Duke and Duchess's four children are already staying there to meet with the four Batterberg grandchildren. There are plenty of young people round the Queen. Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein are also Her Majesty's companions. The change to sea air during the present heat wave suits the Queen, as Her Majesty always finds hot weather very trying. Indeed, during the last few days at Windsor Castle the Queen spent nearly all her time in a tent in the Frogmore grounds, driving there at nine o'clock to breakfast. After disposing of her correspondence, during the morning Her Majesty went back to Windsor Castle for lunch, but returned to Frogmore to take tea under the trees before her afternoon drive. The younger members of the Royal party at Osborne are looking forward to the yachting and regattas, which the Queen often watches with interest from a distance. There are a few visitors to dinner on most evenings.

The Prince and Princess of Wales leave town for Cowes next week, the Duke of Richmond's illness having altered their plans for Goodwood. Instead of staying at Goodwood House they will be on board their yacht *Osborne*, whence the Prince will go over to the races. He spent Saturday to Monday with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Compton Place, Eastbourne, where a small house-party was invited to meet him. There was a large gathering to dinner on Saturday night, the Eastbourne Municipal Orchestra playing during the meal, and on Sunday the Prince accompanied his host and hostess to church, the afternoon being spent in inspecting the Duke's new stud farm at Polgate. The Princess of Wales stayed in town, and went to the opera with the Duchess of Fife on Saturday evening. Returning to town on Monday the Prince next day received a deputation from the Royal College of Surgeons, who presented him with the Diploma of Hon. Fellowship of the College. Later in the day the Prince and Princess of Wales went to Golder's Hill, Hampstead, the late Sir Spencer Wells's residence, which has been temporarily converted into a Convalescent Home for wounded soldiers of the Household Brigade. On Thursday the Prince was to be present at the Festival Dinner of the Royal College of Surgeons, while yesterday (Friday) the Prince and Princess intended to receive the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the League of Mercy, besides a number of nurses, at a garden-party in the Marlborough House grounds. Princess Victoria has again been staying in Cumberland with Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave at Eden Hall, Penrith.

The Duke and Duchess of York have spent this week in the Midlands. They left town on Saturday to stay with the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth at Pasthill Park, which is just on the borders of Shropshire and Staffordshire. Built by Vanbrugh the handsome house, with its richly wooded park and beautiful gardens, came into the family through the grandfather of the present Earl. There are fine golf links in the Park, over which the Duke makes his rounds, where they laid the foundation-stone of the Free Library and opened the new Infirmary attached to the Wolverhampton Orphanage. On Thursday they left for Trentham, while to-day (Saturday) they visit Leek to open the Educational Buildings erected on extension of the Nicholson Institute.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will be in Ireland till the autumn, when they go to Balmoral to stay with the Queen. The Duchess and her daughters are at their new country place, Castle Blayney, County Monaghan, whilst the Duke is busy in camp at the Curragh. He is going shortly to Cork, where the Duchess accompanies him, and also to Lough Swilly on official business. As usual in the autumn the Duke will witness some of the Continental Army manoeuvres, being invited by both the German and Austrian Emperors.

Our Persian guest, the Shah, is expected in England on August 8, but will not pay a lengthy visit. He will go to Osborne for an interview with the Queen, and also proposes to visit Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, while he is most anxious to see Manchester and Brighton. The Shah will be at the Naval Review on August 13.

Monarchs do not usually find much difficulty in getting a wife, but King Alexander of Servia's wooing of various Princesses has proved as unsuccessful that His Majesty is at last contenting himself with a spouse of lesser degree. He is just engaged to one of his mother's late Ladies-in-Waiting—Madame Draga Maschin. The future Queen of Servia belongs to an old noble family and is a widow.

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ARE YOU GOING TO A PICTURE GALLERY?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
ARE YOU GOING TO A THEATRE?
SEE PAGE 8 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
ARE YOU GOING TO A MUSIC HALL?
SEE PAGE 10 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
ARE YOU GOING TO AN EXHIBITION?
SEE PAGE 12 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
ARE YOU GOING TO A CONCERT?
SEE PAGE 14 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

Tiner in Collision

THE Cunard liner *Campania*, which was some what overdue, arrived at Liverpool on Saturday evening from New York, and brought tidings of a disastrous collision in the Channel with a barque. The barque sank and eleven lives were lost. It seems that about nine o'clock on Saturday morning the *Campania* was approaching Holyhead at what is described as "dead slow" speed, rendered necessary in consequence of the prevailing fog. When she was twenty-six miles north-west of the Tuscar, she came into contact with what was afterwards found to be the Liverpool iron barque *Embleton*. Prior to the collision not a sound had been heard of any approaching vessel, and owing to the fog none could be seen. Realising from the cries which arose from the sea on either side of the *Campania* that something terrible had happened, Captain Walker, her commander, promptly ordered out his boats. In a very few minutes after the collision two fully manned boats were lowered and soon picked up seven men. These were hoisted on board the *Campania* and were carefully attended to. From the story that the survivors had to tell, it seems that the barque was struck by the *Campania* almost amidships and cut into halves, the fore part sinking on one side of the *Campania* and the after part going down on the other side. Three minutes elapsed between the moment of the impact and the foundering of the barque. Some of the crew of the *Embleton*, who numbered eighteen all told, flung themselves into the water, and managed to keep afloat until picked up by the boats of the *Campania*. A protracted search was made by the crews of the liner's boats for further survivors, but without result. The seven survivors of the barque's crew were W. R. Williamson, chief officer; Passmore, A.B.; Henry G. Manns, second mate; Lorenzo Grinenez, A.B.; Alfred George and William Snow, apprentices. A collection, which realised 691*l.*, was made among the saloon and second-cabin passengers of the *Campania* on behalf of the shipwrecked men and the families of those who were drowned. Our illustration is drawn by A. Cox from materials supplied by an eye-witness.



THE CUNARD LINER "CAMPANIA" RUNNING DOWN THE BARQUE "EMBLETON"
THE COLLISION IN THE IRISH CHANNEL

The Shah's Visit to England

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER

THIS summer the Shah of Persia, Muzaffir-ed-Din, the King of Kings, Light of the Sun, will visit England as the guest of Her Majesty. The Shah will not dabble with the Oriental splendour of his father, Nasr-ed-Din, who was so fond of displaying. The new King of Kings does not like gorgingness. The last time I saw him he was wearing an old pea-jacket, a pair of Scotch tweed trousers, decidedly short in the leg, so that his white stockings showed plainly, and he was busy taking photographs of a group of conjurers. That was in the grounds of the palace at Teheran. He delights getting his hands dirty resetting plants in his garden. But his great hobby is photography. He loves taking photographs. He has even photographed English ladies and kept his head under the black cloth for ten minutes gazing at them through the lens, for it would have been rude to have openly stared. He keeps a man on the premises whose duty it is to photograph the Shah on all occasions. His Majesty has in his wardrobe a collection of European garments, and he loves to get into these and have his picture taken as a Swiss mountaineer, or a German artilleryman, or a French Chasseur, or an English curate. Yes, one afternoon when I was looking over the collection of photographs I actually saw one of the Centre of the Universe, the Sublime Sovereign whose Standard is the Sun, garbed like a curate!

He is an amiable man is the Shah, but big and heavy and drowsy; his lips purse and his eyes are dull and leaden. He is good-natured, has no bloodthirstiness, takes life philosophically, and would rather let a man off than inflict punishment. Some hill robbers were brought before him. Death was their punishment. But the Shah heard their story; he was sorry for their hardships and he let them go. He lacks the decisiveness of his elder brother, the Zill-i-Sultan, Governor of Ispahan. The Zill is the strongest man in Persia, and the reason he is not on the Throne of Darius is that he lacked royal



DRAWN BY F. DE HAEN

When there is a storm in the East, the natives are always ridiculous, sometimes for lack of soil, sometimes for want of soil or want of tank. "It is a strange, though," writes a naval correspondent, "how little the naval officer even of misanthropic and of the sea. It is a strange, though, how very, shows one launch of their work, namely, teaching the young idea. The girl, when seen on this occasion, looked happy and

decorous, and were decently dressed, either in pale pinks, blues, and various silks, or in those cheaper thin textures which the Chinese seem to possess the secret of washing. They were fresh roses round their hair "knots," and as they trippingly lolled along, in spite of their demure, not to say severe, guardian, they made a pretty and lively picture—their feet were not pinched."

GIRL PUPILS FROM A MISSION SCHOOL AT AMOY TAKING THEIR DAILY WALK

Russia and China in Manchuria

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

THE news of attacks made by Chinese on certain Russian settlements in Manchuria and the Amur Province has aroused a good deal of interest in that little-known region; and in some quarters it is assumed that China has in effect declared war on Russia. This view, not discouraged at St. Petersburg, is at present an exaggerated one, for the conditions prevailing in Manchuria make it extremely probable that the present outbreak is largely due to local disaffection and to the brigands, who have always been so powerful a factor in Manchuria. Readers of "The 'Overland' to China" will remember many instances of this, and will also be familiar with the position and characteristics of the country, which is about six times the size of England and Wales, and watered by three splendid rivers.

From the year 1644, when the Manchus became the reigning dynasty at Peking, until the other day when the Russians practically acquired the country by skilful diplomacy, it formed part of the Chinese Empire, while retaining a sort of quasi-independence, as subject only to the Manchu monarch of China.

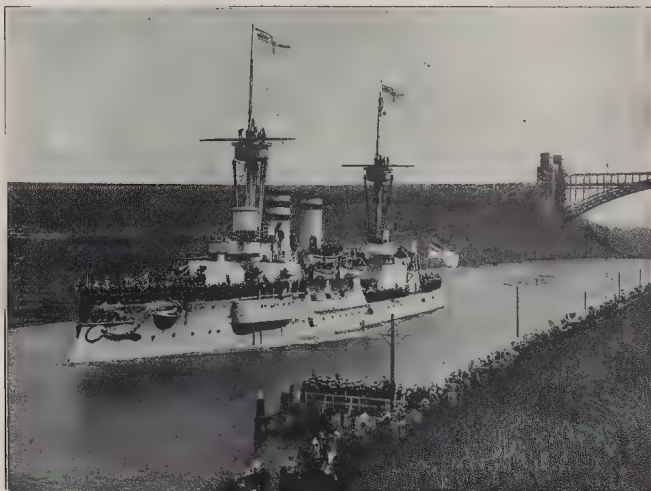
The conquest of Peking, and lately of China, by the Manchus, had a deleterious effect on their own country. They were from early times merely a military race, and had been accustomed to leave agriculture entirely to their women, while they made no attempt to trade. When in 1644 they were called in to restore order at Peking, after one of the periodic revolutions in that capital, and, having established themselves, refused to leave, their one and only idea of maintaining their position was by the establishment of a military dictatorship. From that time Manchuria was gradually drained of its male population in order to supply a standing army of Manchus in China. All the Court officials were recruited from Manchuria, and consequently that country was denuded of the *first* *flour* of its population. On the other hand swarms of refugee Chinese, criminals, ne'er-do-weels, and bankrupts, fled to Manchuria, where there was no law to pursue, and a fertile and hospitable country to support them. At the same time a large number of Chinese traders and agriculturists were attracted by the advantages of climate and position, and a constant stream of immigration was kept up, until, at the present day, the majority of the industrial and agricultural classes are purely Chinese. The bad characters who had made the country their *Alsatia* were ready enough, in the absence of law and order, to make a living out of the industry of their neighbours, and accordingly formed themselves into bands of robbers, levied toll on all traders, and became a terror to peaceful villages.

While the Manchus were busy subjugating China, their powerful neighbour, Russia, was casting covetous eyes on the rich country separated from them only by the Amur. Several incursions into Manchuria were made, and envoys sent to Peking, who were invariably treated by the Chinese monarch as "tribute bearers." At this period China always treated with Russia as the superior, which, indeed, she certainly was, both in wealth and civilisation, and in disputes about frontier the Manchu Emperor invariably got the better of the White Tsar. An attempt made by the latter to trade with the people of the Sungari basin led to active measures on the part of the Chinese Government, who mustered an army, defeated the Russians and put an end to their incursions, which were not renewed for a couple of centuries.

Russia, however, waxed stronger, and the Manchu dynasty became weaker and more corrupt. Manchuria was the happy hunting-ground of brigands, trade was neglected and the people oppressed. In 1858 Mouraviev obtained for Russian subjects the right to navigate the Amur and its tributaries, which was followed up by the occupation of the Amur province, and in 1860, when China was *in extremis*, Peking being in the hands of Anglo-French forces, pressure was applied to the decadent Chinese Government, and a concession obtained of 600 miles of Manchurian sea-coast. This gave Russia what she had so long desired—ports on the Pacific littoral. Great opposition was made for some time, however, to the navigation of the Sungari, which continued until 1895, when, by the exertion of influence at Peking, an order was obtained commanding the Governor of the southern province of Manchuria to further the projects of Russian traders. This advantage was followed in 1897 by the concession of the right to build railways and station troops throughout the country—everything about the railways being Russian except the figurehead in the form of a Chinese president—and by the leasing to Russia of Port Arthur and Talienwan.

The most important feature in the Russian settlement of Manchuria was the rapid construction of railway lines in connection with the Trans-Siberian Railway, intended to provide through communication from Moscow to Port Arthur, on the China Sea, and to Vladivostok, on the Pacific. The railway from Europe is practically completed as far as Stretensk on the Upper Amur, whence there is water communication to Khabarovsk, and thence rail to Vladivostok. From Port Arthur the line is completed to a short distance north of Moukden, the ancient capital of Manchuria and the sacred city of the Manchus. From this point to the Amur River, and from the centre of Manchuria to Vladivostok the line is still under construction.

Railway work in Manchuria is largely done by Cossack settlers, with great numbers of Chinese coolies, who have taken service with Russia for the unskilled labour. The most strenuous efforts have



The departure of the German East Asiatic Squadron from Kiel was witnessed by the Emperor and Prince Henry, as well as by the hands of spectators, who cheered lustily as the ships passed. On the day before the squadron sailed the Kaiser, in addressing the men, said: "I shall be the first division of armed ships which I send abroad. Remember, you will have to fight a running foe provided with modern weapons. Avenge German blood which has flowed, but spare women and children! I shall not rest until China is subdued and all bloody deaths are avenged. You will fight together with troops of various nationalities. See that you always maintain a good comradship with them." In our illustration, which is from a photograph by Brenna, Hamburg, the *Brandenburg* is shown passing down the North Sea Canal.

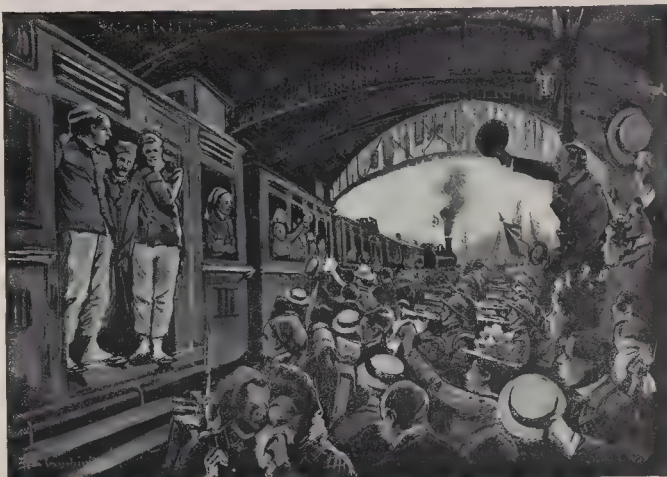
GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS FOR CHINA LEAVING KIEL

been made to complete the lines, and the physical difficulties have not been great. Considerable opposition has had to be met, however, from the superstition of the people, who attribute geomantic influences to every hill, valley, or stream, and object to any cuttings, or alterations in the configuration of the country, on the ground that it will "disturb the dragon's bones," or "open the dragon's veins"—in their eyes terrible calamities.

The advent of Russian enterprise by no means put an end to brigandage in Manchuria, and for the protection of the labourers the Russian Government have quartered Cossacks, in military settlements, all over the country. Collisions between these and the bands of robbers known as *Houngs* have been frequent, and have not always ended favourably to the former. The merchants, who desire to convey their goods safely to the interior, have had great difficulties to contend with, and can hardly resent the interference of Russia, which gives them a certain amount of security. The thin population of the Amur and coast provinces, and of many parts of

Manchuria, however, makes it difficult to stamp out the brigands, who have displayed great audacity even quite recently in their attacks, not only on villages and small towns, but on bands of Cossacks. No doubt, in the present crisis, they have seen an opportunity for extending their operations, but although many of the riff-raff of the population, and even some of the Imperial troops, will make common cause with the brigands, it is by no means a foregone conclusion that China is openly declaring war with Russia because Blagovestchensk is attacked, and some of the unimportant Cossack posts along the railway line are destroyed.

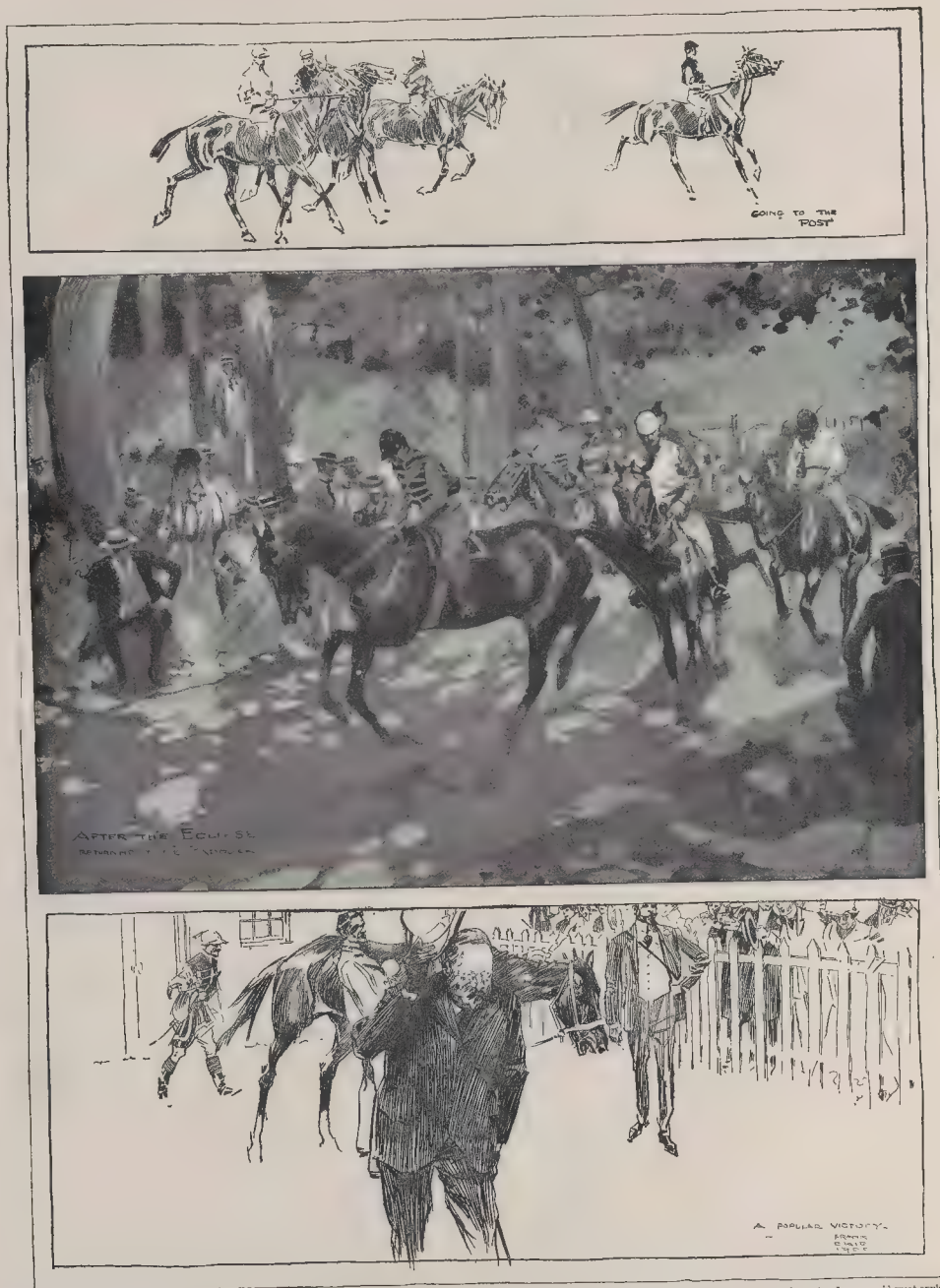
Meanwhile Russia is making good use of her Trans-Siberian Railway, and is practically refuting the contentions of those who deny its strategic importance by pouring large numbers of men and officers along the line; and, although far from complete at present, there is no doubt that Russia has every reason to congratulate herself on the foresight which has enabled her to reach this far-away corner of her Empire in as many days as it would have originally taken weeks.



DRAWN BY A. MANCINI

All Rome celebrated the departure of a draft of the 15th Bersaglieri for Naples, en route for China, by a demonstration of enthusiasm unparalleled during recent years. A crowd estimated at 200,000 persons lined the route from the barracks to the station, filling the air with patriotic cries and overwhelming the soldiers with gifts and expressions of affection. Signor Saraceni, the Premier, watched the spectacle from the balcony of his house. The scene at the departure of the train even surpassed in enthusiasm that along the route.

ITALIAN REINFORCEMENTS FOR CHINA: BERSAGLIERI LEAVING ROME



Despite the fact that people arrived in numbers to witness the decision of the Eclipse Stakes and the crowd was the largest which has been seen at any enclosure this year, the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Princess, and also by the Duke of York, a Royal standard floated at the staff end of the enclosure, and the hopes in favour of the Derby winner ran high. The seas of this race for the Eclipse Stakes was never

really in doubt, for the Prince's jockey rode with admirable judgment and won, amid great applause, by half a length. The Prince went to the weighing-room as his horse was brought back to scale, and the cheers were again most lustily renewed when the "all right" was called. In every way it was, indeed, a popular victory.

RACING AT SANDOWN PARK: DIAMOND JUBILEE WINS AGAIN

DRAWN BY FRANK CHAIG



DRAWN BY GEORGES S. OTT

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY J. JORTON FRANKS

OUR COMING GUEST, MUZAFFIR-ED-DIN, SHAH OF PERSIA

The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

A Ray of Hope

THIS Dean of St. Paul's did well, in deference to public opinion, to postpone the memorial service for the victims of the "Peking massacre," which he and his chapter had fixed for Monday last, seeing that it had not yet been placed beyond all possible doubt that the alleged massacre had actually taken place. For more than a week—ever, in fact, since the announcement by the Governor of Shantung, on the strength of a message from Peking, that "massacre followed; no foreigner left alive," Europe and America were lost in controversy and contradictions on the subject; and it was through America that Europe derived its first encouraging ray of hope—a ray which must either expand into a sun of certainty, or prove a will-o'-the-wisp leading into a slough of despond. The ray of hope referred to took the form of what professed to be a cypher telegram from Minister Conger at Peking to his Government, in reply to one which had been forwarded to him through the Chinese Ambassador at Washington, by way of testing whether he was alive or dead. This test telegram of inquiry was dated 11th inst., several days after the alleged massacre, and the Governor of Shantung, through whom it had been sent, stated in response that he had received assurance from the *Tung-Li-Yamen* itself that "the State Department's telegram had been handed to Minister Conger," and that this was his reply, dated 18th inst.—"In British Legation, under continued shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief can only prevent a general massacre." Now, it was beyond all doubt that this message had been written and coded by Mr. Conger himself. The only question was whether it had been penned on the day of its dispatch, or whether it was a message which had been written just before the alleged massacre and detained by those in power at Peking to be now palmed off as a convenient ruse to the urgent inquiry from Washington.

A Chinese Puzzle

There were several strong reasons for suspecting that the State Department at Washington had been made the victim of Chinese hocus-pocus and hanky-panky. For, first of all, if Mr. Conger were besieged in the shot-and-shell-pelted British Embassy, how was it possible for him to have got out such a message? Besides, a telegram dated 21st inst. from the Viceroy of Nanking to the Chinese Minister in London ran—"In an Imperial Decree issued on the 22nd, Sixth Moon, i.e., July 18, to arrest and punish the criminals who murdered the German Minister, it was mentioned that fortunately the protection afforded by us to the other Ministers has been effective, and they are all safe." Now it will at once be seen that there is a glaring discrepancy between the Imperial decree here referred to and the Conger telegram. Both were dated the 18th inst., and are mutually destructive. If Mr. Conger, writing on that day, was telling the truth, then the Imperial decree was a deliberate lie. Asked by the British Consul-General how it was that a message from Peking with reference to the safety of the Diplomatic Corps had reached him in two days, seeing that there was no telegraphic communication with the capital and Shantung, the Governor of this place reported that the *Tung-Li-Yamen* forwarded its despatches by a messenger travelling at the rate of 200 miles a day (!). "I assure you," added the Governor, "that there is no telegraphic communication. I cannot explain why Her Majesty's Minister has not telegraphed, but I beg you not to be anxious, for the Ministers



RESOR DE COLOMAN
Spanish Minister at Peking



MIDEHIJMAN RINDALER
Killed at Tientsin



HERR MUMM V. SCHWARZENSTEIN
New German Minister to China

and others are all living and unharmed. Of this I have already had several reliable messages." On the top of this we have the famous Sheng, Director General of Railways, transmitting to the Chinese missions abroad the information from Peking, dated July 18 (date of the Conger telegram), that the "Tung-Li-Yamen detained Wen Jui, an Under Secretary of Department, to see the foreign Ministers, and found everyone well, without missing any (the German Minister excepted). Yung Lu is going to memorialise the Throne to send them all under escort to Tientsin, in the hope that military operations will then be stopped."

The Mystery of Li Hung Chang

In these words some were inclined to discover a key to the most perplexing "Chinese puzzle" that was ever before the world; a key which points, not to the massacre, but to the manning, so to speak, of all the chiefs of mission at Peking, and which would fain lead us to believe that the Chinese have made, not a holocaust, but hostages of the foreign Ministers in their capital. The theory is not without a certain air of plausibility—the more so as Li Hung Chang himself has been summoned from Canton to Peking, ostensibly to reassume the Viceregency of Pe-chili, but, in reality (say the wheabouts), to treat with the Powers, as the ablest diplomatist in China, for the pacification of the Empire, and for the stemming of the tide of foreign invasion. And what logical leverage he would enjoy with such pledges of peace in his possession as the *personnel* of all the Diplomatic Corps!

On reaching Hong Kong, the wily old Chancellor was received in a manner which excited some astonishment—and even protest—a guard of honour being furnished him by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He proceeded at once to Government House where he had a long interview with the Governor, Sir Henry Blake, with whom were General Gaselee, commanding the Anglo-Indian Contingent, and Major-General Gaseigne, commanding the Forces.

Chinese Appeals to the Powers

The Governor made an earnest appeal to the Viceroy to return to Canton and remain there until the troubles in China should have been cleared away. Li, however, declared that he must obey the Imperial orders. After assuring the Governor that the Legations

were safe on the 8th inst., he proceeded on his way to Shanghai, where the Viceroy had a very much cooler reception, the foreign authorities refusing him an escort of Chinese soldiers, and none of the foreign officials going to the wharf to meet him, while they equally declined the Taotai's invitation to lunch in celebration of the Emperor's birthday, at which Li was expected to be present.

Notwithstanding Li Hung Chang's assurances, all we positively know, on the strength of a telegram from Sir Claude MacDonald, dated July 4, and forwarded from Tientsin on the 21st, that, so far from having been "safe" up to the date of his message, there had been 44 deaths and about double the number of wounded from the Chinese bombardment of the Embassy. Yet, it was added by Sir Claude, in his appeal for relief, that the garrison had provisions for at least a fortnight, which would carry it up to the 24th inst.; whereas, it was stated in the first accounts of the massacre on the 7th, that the garrison had been unable to continue its resistance on account of the giving out of its supplies, which is another glaring contradiction.

Meanwhile, pending the maturing of Li Hung Chang's mission to the North—whatever it may be—the Emperor of China addressed an appeal for mediation to the French Government, which replied that its response would be addressed to the French Legation in Peking, on its being assured that its Representative was safe. There was nothing in this mysterious telegram to show whether it emanated from Kwang-Su or from the warlike Prince Tuan, but that the former was its author may be inferred from another appeal of the same kind to the Mikado which was signed by Kwang-Su—an appeal for assistance as well as mediation, which, as the Mikado at once replied, could only be extended by him "on condition that your Majesty's Government immediately suppress the insurrection, and deliver the Foreign Representatives from their painful position. A similar appeal to the German Emperor was spiritedly declined by Count Bülau as unfit for His Majesty's eyes "until the fate of the foreign Ministers and other foreigners shut up in Peking is cleared up, and the Chinese Government has made atonement for the atrocious murder of the Imperial Minister, and offered adequate guarantees for future behaviour in conformity with International law and civilisation;" while to another appeal of the same kind at Washington, President McKinley replied in less brusque but equally vigorous terms by insisting on conditions precedent. Meanwhile the Allies are not allowing themselves to be halted and put off by all those fair words from Chinese officialdom. They are straining every nerve to get their respective contingents landed at Taku and elsewhere for an advance on Peking.

A Diplomatic Fiction

Tientsin, anyhow, is now entirely in the power of the Allies, whose complete victory, however, cost their militaries of about 8,000 men considerably over 700 in killed and wounded, and of these casualties nearly a sixth fell to the lot of the British, and after its capture the city was looted. Notwithstanding the battle and capture of Tientsin, none of the Powers have yet declared themselves to be in a state of war with China—the diplomatic fiction being that they are merely fighting their way to Peking to protect their imperilled Legations—none but Russia, which admits the existence of regular hostilities in the region of the Amur, embracing the towns of Blagoveshensk, Khabarovsk, and Vladivostok.

Midehijman Frnk S. D. Edsall, of H.M.S. *Earl*, who died from wounds received at Tientsin, joined the Navy as a cadet in September, 1897, and became midehijman in January, 1898.

Señor de Coloman, Spanish Minister at Peking (writes a correspondent), came of an old Irish family, which, exiled from Ireland after the Battle of the Boyne, migrated to Spain, and finally settled at Tenerife. Señor de Coloman commenced his diplomatic career at Athens, and served at Constantinople, Mexico and Caracas. For several years he was Minister at Bogota, and finally, in 1894, he was appointed Minister at Peking, where, at the time of the disturbance, he was the senior of the Diplomatic Corps, and represented the foreign Powers in their negotiations with the Chinese Government. Tall, and of handsome appearance, Señor de Coloman was an able diplomatist, an accomplished gentleman, and a good linguist. Among other languages he spoke English fluently. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The appointment of the German Minister to Luxembourg, Freiherr Mumm von Schwarzenstein, as German Minister to China, shows that Germany has not yet severed diplomatic relations with the Middle Kingdom. Freiherr Mumm von Schwarzenstein comes of a well-known patrician family of Frankfurt. He began his diplomatic career as an attaché to the Embassy in Paris. In 1888 he went to Washington as Secretary of Legation, and four years later was transferred to Bucharest. Two years ago he again proceeded to Washington to act as Chargé d'Affaires during the absence of the German Ambassador, Dr. von Holleben. He has also for several years occupied an important position in the German Foreign Office.



The building was originally one of the detached reception-rooms belonging to the Prince's Palace, which was acquired for the Legation by the British Government in 1860. The picture shows the interior of the chapel as it was done to a very recent date. Situated in the centre of the compound undoubtedly it has shared in the general fate of the Legation buildings. The decorations and fittings were designed by Bishop Scott, and for the most part under his personal supervision, the funds being found by members of the Legation. Although the chapel is Crown property, and in the first place for members of the Legation, it was of course open to the English-speaking community. The United States Legation has always been represented in the congregation. Marriages of British subjects may be solemnized in this chapel; for each marriage, a fee of a sovereign has to be sent, nominally to the Bishop of London. Two clergymen of the B.D., who, of late, have been responsible for the service, the Reverends Frank Norris and Roland Allen, have, it is feared, perished in the massacre.

INTERIOR OF THE BRITISH LEGATION CHAPEL, PEKING

China: The Long-Lived Empire

The authors of this the newest book on a country which is monopolising the attention of the civilised world has no love for the Chinese, though she has visited the country seven times within the last fifteen years, but no prejudices, no discomforts have stood in the way of producing one of the most illuminating and at the same time most fascinating books on the Middle Kingdom which it has even been our good fortune to meet with. Not merely is the country admirably described, but every characteristic of Chinese life is really dealt with, so that the reader is lured on through chapter after chapter with a growing understanding and appreciation of the extraordinary conditions of life in that wonderful country. The authors has no great belief in the story that China is wholly breaking up. China has been an old country for forty centuries. It has broken up before, she says, quoting Colonel Yule, "the present *perpetua* Manchu dynasty may fall, but the spectator need not hasten to his seat because the curtain has risen even on this. "Audiences will go in and out many times before the curtain falls on even this Manchu interlude in the Empire drama." The difference between the East and the West is illustrated again and again in such little pictures as this, which bring home to one once more the indifference to suffering and death which is one of the Chinaman's most marked characteristics. Speaking of the railway to Peking, which was only constructed with infinite difficulty in the face of endless opposition, she says—

Stupid, careless, and deaf people were always being knocked down and run over—they even lay down on the nice dry track to rest or nap—and the railway people, fearing mobs and opposition, paid for these lives, but not at international indemnity rates. With such means at hand of securing a fortune for their surviving families, the track was the resort of speculative suicides, until the railway managers stopped paying for lives lost—for not even a coal mine could meet that steady financial drain—and the suicidal mania ceased as suddenly.

But to start quoting would be to start on an endless task, so much is there to tempt one. For, notwithstanding the light and racy manner in which the book is written, the writer impresses you at

the British minister uttered at the Tientsin Legation was reported to the Russian Legation with almost electric promptness, and the heavy threat of sending the "great diplomats of the greatest Powers" running home like schoolboys when the curfew tolls, for no one could contemplate with equanimity being shut outside the city walls at night, and the gates are closed ruthlessly. It were better far to be within, even though, as the authors writing with horrible presence before recent events says, the diplomats are "shut like rats in a trap in a double walled city of an estimated million three hundred thousand fanatic, foreign-hating Chinese, with a

The writer feels keenly the indignities heaped on the Envoys, and thinks that on race days, for instance, the Chinese take delight in sending the "great diplomats of the greatest Powers" running home like schoolboys when the curfew tolls, for no one could contemplate with equanimity being shut outside the city walls at night, and the gates are closed ruthlessly. It were better far to be within, even though, as the authors writing with horrible presence before recent events says, the diplomats are "shut like rats in a trap in a double walled city of an estimated million three hundred thousand fanatic, foreign-hating Chinese, with a

instructions how to pour cherry in the master's glass, and by sleight-of-hand continue with a bottle of inferior wine around the board; even diagrams of how to arrange cigars in a box to conceal the little larcenies, and so many other minute instructions to the perfect servant that the enologue studied it himself, and found that he had evidently stumbled upon the same manual of use in his own clockwork household.

The book is illustrated with many interesting sketches, including a quaint portrait of the Empress Dowager when she was under twenty-five, taken by a Chinese artist. ("China: The Long-Lived Empire." By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. The Century Company).

War Portraits

Mr. MURRAY HENDRIE, of Hamilton, Canada, enlisted with the 1st Canadian Contingent and went to South Africa last October with his regiment. Some short time since he was gazetted as second lieutenant in the 2nd Dragoon Guards. Mr. Hendrie has a considerable reputation on the steeplechase course in Canada, and is acknowledged to be one of the best gentlemen jockeys in that country. The news of his appointment to the 2nd Dragoon Guards has been received with great satisfaction in Canada.

Lieutenant F. St. J. Tyrwhitt, who has been serving with the C.I.V. in South Africa as lance-corporal, has been given a commission in that regiment in succession to Lieutenant Ark, who was killed in action. Lieutenant Tyrwhitt is a sergeant in the Queen's Westminster Volunteers.

Lieutenant Bertram Barré Waddell-Dudley, of the 2nd Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment, died at Wynberg on the 20th ult. of enteric fever. Born June 22, 1874, he joined the North Staffordshire regiment as lieutenant in the Militia June 6, 1896, and became lieutenant January 2, 1899.

Lieutenant Thomas Conolly (Royal Scots Greys),



LANC-CORPORAL F. ST. J. TYRWHITT
Promoted to a Commission



PRIVATE MURRAY HENDRIE
Promoted to a Commission



THE LATE LIEUT. B. B. WADDELL-DUDLEY
Died at Wynberg of enteric



LIEUTENANT T. S. PILKINGTON
Killed at Nitira's Nek



THE LATE MR. HERBERT DAVIES
Died of enteric at Springfontein



CAPTAIN F. S. WHITAKER
Killed at Heidelberg

once as one who knows her subject, root and branch. She is steeped in the romantic history of China; she is thoroughly conversant with the workings of those who have worked the same field; she sketches the rise of the Manchus, and she draws a wonderful picture of that remarkable woman, the Dowager-Empress, who, in a land where women are despised and degraded, has dominated over and made fools of all who have stood in her way or thought to outwit her. One of the most interesting chapters at the present moment is that devoted to the strangers' quarter in Peking, with its descriptions of the Legations, and the rebuffs and covert insults which have continually been the lot of the various Envoys. No Chinese official dares maintain intimate social relations with the Legations for fear of being denounced at Court as disloyal, and the "contempt of grandees and petty button-hole as they pass one on the streets of Peking is something to remember in one's hours of pride." The famous Tsung-li-Yamun, which deals with international affairs, is an inferior board, not one of the six great boards or departments of the Government.

It has not even the honour of being housed within the Imperial City. Ministers have always a long, slow ride in state across to the shabby gateway of the forlorn old Yamun, where now eleven aged, sloopy incompetents muddle with foreign affairs.

There has been some talk in view of the message from Mr. Conger about whether the Chinese would be able to send such a message in cipher, but does it seem impossible in the face of this?

"I go to the Yamun by appointment, at a certain hour," said one diplomat, "and while I am waiting my usual wait in those dirty, cold rooms, the air after tea is in and wants to know if I think there will be war between this and that European Power; because, mind you, some very regular telegrams have just arrived for those Legations. Every Legation telegram is read and discussed at the Yamun, you know, before it is delivered to us, and the cipher codes give them rare ideas."

Every servant in a foreign establishment in Peking is a spy and informer of some degree; espionage is a regular business; and the table talk, visiting list, dinner-list, card-book, and scrap-book, with full accounts of all coming and going, savings and doings, of any Envoy or foreigner in Peking, are regularly offered for purchase by recognised purveyors of such news. One often catches a glimpse of concentrated attention on the face of the turbaned servants standing behind dining-room chairs, that convey one of this feature of capital life. Diplomatic secrets are thus impossible in such an atmosphere. Every secret convention and concession is soon blazoned abroad. Every word

most hostile and lawless army of 60,000 vicious Chinese soldiers without the walls and scattered over the country round Tientsin. She has plenty to say about, and a wide knowledge of the art treasures which once abounded, but now are far to seek. She describes the Great Wall as vividly and picturesquely as Chinese interiors and visits to Manchu great ladies. To go back a moment to curio hunting, a sinologue given to prowling the old city of Shanghai told of a modern treasure he unearthed at a look-alike, in the way of a Chinese manual for house-servants in foreign employ. There were else

who was killed in action at Nitira's Nek on the 11th inst., was the son of the late Mr. Thomas Conolly, M.P., of Castle-town, Ireland. Born in September, 1870, he was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and received his commission in the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) in June, 1893. He was attached to the 21st Lancers for the Sudan Campaign in August and September, 1898, and after serving one year with the Egyptian Army, rejoined his regiment in South Africa in March of this year. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Second Lieutenant Thomas Douglas Pilkington, of the 1st (Royal) Dragoons, who was killed in the affair at Nitira's Nek, was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Pilkington, of Sandside, Calthorpe-shire, I.P. and D.L., and was born on June 19th, 1876. He was educated at Eton, and entered the 2nd Dragoons from the Militia on June 9, 1897. The present was his first campaign. Lieutenant Pilkington was a Deputy-Lieutenant for Calthorpe-shire, and a member of the Junior Carlton and the Cavalry Clubs. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Mr. Herbert Davies, who died on Friday last at Springfontein, of dysentery, and who had been acting as surgeon of the Welsh Military Hospital, was the son of Mr. Henry Davies, of Carus Lodge, Hilton, near Lancaster. He was educated at Owens College, Manchester, and took the M.B. and Ch.B. Degrees at Victoria University in 1898. He had been lately House Physician at the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, and before going out to South Africa was House Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, Manchester. Our portrait is by A. Winter, Preston.

Captain Frederick Shewell Whitaker, Roberts's Horse, who was killed at Heidelberg on June 23, had seen much service in Africa, having been through the Galka and Gaika Wars, the Bechuanaland Expedition, and the Matabele Campaign. On offering his services last autumn, he was given a squadron in the South African Light Horse, and afterwards Roberts's Horse.



The Duke and Duchess of Connaught enjoying a great deal of difficulty in finding a suitable home in Ireland, as they did not wish to spend all their time in the Commander-in-Chief's official quarters at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. At last they decided on a tiny Castle Blayney, co. Monaghan, which belongs to Lord Francis Clinton-Ropes, brother to the Duke of Newcastle.

CASTLE BLAYNEY: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S NEW IRISH HOME

THE SPRUEDEL, THE MOST CELEBRATED SPRING IN CARLSBAD

THE ALTE WIESE



THE MÜHLBRUN COLONNAD

Carlsbad, in Bohemia, is one of the most famous of European watering places. It has had a reputation for its mineral springs for over five hundred years. The best-known springs are the Sprudel and the Muhlbrun. The boiling water of the former rises like a fountain to a height of several feet. The most popular promenade of the town is the Alte Wiese, planted with magnificent old chestnut trees. It forms the bazaar of the town, and is also thronged by visitors.

THE QUEEN OF THE EUROPEAN SPAS: SCENES IN CARLSBAD

DRAWN BY ST. REICHAN



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN.
THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE NEW AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.



Photo. Jacksons, O'Shaughnessy and Co.

CAPTAIN THE HONOURABLE T. A. BRASSY,
THE GOVERNOR OF PRETORIA.



THE DEFENDER OF MAFeking AT PRETORIA: LORD ROBERTS RECEIVING MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL AT THE RESIDENCY.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Nelson Pror.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

To be without definite news of the position in Peking has been the strange experience of Christendom for a fortnight. Morning after morning silence was kept or speech was given that did not convince. The Chinese Legation in London gave fair assurances. All was well with the Legations—that was the message sent by an Under-Secretary from Peking. Though weeks had passed with no word from Sir Claude MacDonald, Sir Charles Macdonald was well, and the world was assured that it should have full persuasion to that effect in a message from Sir Claude himself. At any hour, said the Minister early in the week, that message might come. But Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday passed, and it did not come. On the contrary, the expectation of its coming was discounted by the words of all official persons here and abroad. Mr. Brodick, in the House of Commons, on Monday afternoon said that her Majesty's Government felt that they could not attach any credence to the mere assurances of the Chinese Government or of the Emperor himself that the Legations were still safe. "In the Confucian work, 'Spring and Autumn,' it is written that Envoys shall not be killed." That is enough for the Chinese Minister; but it did not seem to suffice in the ears of Europe. At St. Petersburg, as in other capitals, the attitude towards the soothsaying Chinese rulers has been one of incredulity. Such, too, has been the attitude of America, although a message from Mr. Conger asserting the safety of the foreigners gave a transient gleam of hope. The purport of the telegram depended on its date, and the date did not bear in the public eye the test of a strict examination.

The recent operations have brought into prominence the treaty port of Niuchwang, the chief sea-place of Manchuria, situated a little more than a hundred miles from Mukden, and thirty from the mouth of the Liao-ho. The water is too shallow for heavy shipping, and is frozen from November to March. The value of the exports is set down at £2,000,000 yearly.

All along the Manchurian border runs a second line of fortifications, commonly called the "Palisades," sadly neglected and fallen into decay. But the massive watch-towers erected at intervals have stood the assaults of time, and still serve as signal-stations and shelters for the small frontier garrisons. The country is inhabited by a predatory, roving population, whose real occupation is raiding and plundering, and if a hostile break loose, the beacons are lit on the towers to signal their approach.

The Chinese operations of the last few days on the Siberian frontier are illustrated by our scenes near the Amur. The navigation of the Amur begins about May and lasts till October. The motley fleet of tugs and river-boats of all sorts, screw, paddle, and stern-wheelers is laid up in the ice for the rest of the year. Most of the boats are of very light draught, as the shifting sands make the navigation a difficult and slow one. Blagoveshchensk and Verkhne-Amur are the two important headquarters of trade and traffic.

Blagoveshchensk like all Russian frontier settlements, is a collection of log houses, and perhaps one street, containing fairly well-appointed shops and several Government buildings. Since the building of the Trans-Baikal Railway, more activity has taken place, and the town holds about from eight to ten thousand people, half Russians, half Mongols.

One of the most interesting of our illustrations is a picture of the drawing-room in the house of Dr. Morrison, Peking correspondent of the *Times*. At the time the photograph was taken Dr. Morrison was in England, and had lent his house to Major J. H. Parsons and his wife. Mrs. Parsons appears in the picture at work on a portrait of Miss Bredon, niece of Sir Robert Hart. Last March Dr. Morrison returned to his house, and it is feared

he is one of the victims of the massacre. Miss Bredon has also, in all probability, perished. Fortunately Major and Mrs. Parsons had left Peking for Pei-tai-Ho before the railway was injured. We give some pictures of the China Inland Mission, including the mission house at Tientsin, the training home, and an interesting episode of school life.

THE EARL OF HOPESTOUN.

John Adrian Louis Hope, seventh Earl of Hopetoun, the first Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, was born at Hopetoun in September 1860. He goes at the age of exactly forty to govern at the Antipodes; but he goes the possessor of administrative and other experience greater than is often acquired by a man of moderate age. Educated at Eton, he became a Lord-in-Waiting when he was twenty-five. Simultaneously he served as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; the first five years of the now dying decade found him Governor of Victoria, and for the following four he was Paymaster-General. Then he accepted the always difficult post of Lord Chamberlain. Marrying in 1886 (when he had already been in possession of the family titles for thirteen years) Hersey, daughter of the fourth Lord Ventry, and becoming a father in the following year, when his son and heir, Lord Hope, was born, the Earl of Hopetoun fulfilled his course as the complete citizen, and fulfilled, too, the Disraelian ideal of a man's career, which his wife daily helps to make. As Viceroy in Australasia, Lord Hopetoun may easily forget mere politics; but in his day he was an enthusiastic admirer of the Fourth Party, led by Lord Randolph Churchill, and could make platform speeches, less random, perhaps, but hardly less racy, than those of the latter-day "Rupert of Drabro."

THE GOVERNOR OF PRETORIA

Captain the Hon. Thomas Alhurst Brassey, who went to South Africa in command of the 69th (Sussex) Company of the Imperial Yeomanry, and who has kept a very bright and useful diary of the war, is the new Governor of Pretoria. The eldest son of Lord Brassey, he was born in 1873: was

educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford; and married in 1899 Idina, daughter of the first Marquis of Abergavenny. When Earl Spencer was First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Brassey was his Assistant Private Secretary; and a secretaryship of the Royal Commission on Opium fell in his way in 1894. His Parliamentary ambitions have been defeated more than once—in the Epsom Division of Surrey in 1892, and at Christchurch in 1895. Better luck had been predicted for him at the next General Election; but the Governor of Pretoria will hardly be at home again in time to undergo the ordeal of the voting-urns.

BADEN-POWELL AT PRETORIA.

Mr. Melton Prior's sketches are this week of peculiar interest, for they deal with the arrival at Pretoria, on June 18, of the defender of Mafeking. In the celebration our Special Artist bore a gratifying part, for he, along with Mr. Bennet Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Mr. E. Smith, of the *Morning Leader*, met the General and welcomed him some distance outside the town. He came in Church Square was one of mingled enthusiasm and sullen interest, according as the spectators were loyalists or hangers. There was another thrilling moment when Major-General Baden-Powell was welcomed at the residency by the venerable Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts. Always "on the move," the hero of Mafeking did not prolong his stay in Pretoria. He had work to do elsewhere, and so June 20 saw his departure on his return journey to Rustenburg, where he has since been engaged in the pacification of that district.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN HOSPITAL COMMISSION.

"I am informed that Dr. Church is not merely the official head at the present moment of the medical profession in the country, but that he is the President of the Royal College of Physicians who, more than anyone in living memory, thoroughly enjoys the confidence of his colleagues, and is believed by them to be a man of peculiar firmness of mind, with a great power of organisation and business capacity." That is the all but exhaustive panegyric passed on Dr. Church by Mr. Balfour in proposing his name as one of the Commissioners to sit on the inquiry into the Army Medical Department and its efficiency in South Africa. That testimonial has since been endorsed by Dr. Church's friend and colleague, Sir John Luke; and it was generally accepted by members of the House of Commons, who, nevertheless, preferred that this inquisition for blood, brought about by the tale told by one of themselves, Mr. Balfour-Guthrie, should not be one on which a preponderant influence was left with the medical profession.

Dr. Church's fellow commissioner and brother professional, Professor Daniel John Cunningham, holds the Chair of Anatomy and Surgery in Trinity College, Dublin.



WINNING THE V.C.: LEUTENANT NORWOOD (5TH DRAGOON GUARDS) RESCUING A WOUNDED TROOPER UNDER FIRE AT LADYSMITH.

Sketch (facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior. See "PRETORIA."



IN THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT'S HOUSE AT PEKING. MRS. PARSONS' WORK ON A PORTRAIT OF MISS BREDON, NIECE OF SIR ROBERT HART AND LADY HART.

For him, too, Mr. Balfour had a high testimonial; and his scientific eminence is beyond doubt. Born in Crief, Perthshire, he had for his father Principal Cunningham, LL.D. of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews; and after preliminary training at a private academy in Crief, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he took first-class honours in chemistry, and became in time the Senior Demonstrator of Anatomy. Other posts he has held are the Secretaryship of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, and the Vice-Presidency of the Royal Dublin Society. As his favourite pastime is "fishing," he may have some sport in store as Commissioner in connection with unwilling witnesses; and he has already had experience in driving up a report, but that was a report on Marsupialia in H.M.S. "Colleger" investigation.

Lord Justice Romer, who is joined by Government with these now politically famous men of science in the Hospital Commission, was appointed to the Chancery Division of the High Court in 1890, and he leaves for the moment the Court of Appeal, with the sanction of the Lord Chancellor. Born in 1840, the son of a musical composer, he was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he was Senior Wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos of 1863, and Smith's prizeman of the same year. In 1864 he married Betty daughter of Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*; and a few months later accepted the Chair of Mathematics at Queen's College, Cork. In 1867 he became Fellow of Trinity Hall, and was called to the Bar. From that date the career of Sir Robert Romer is before the public. He took silk in 1881, and was last year appointed a Privy Councillor.

Sir David Richmond, ex Lord Provost of Glasgow, has been added to the Hospitals Inquiry Commission. "A man deeply versed in administrative affairs," was the account of him given by Mr. Balfour when his name was communicated to an interested House of Commons. Born in Perthshire in 1843, he was educated at Glasgow High School, and then travelled in Australia for some years, eventually settling down on the Clyde as a tube manufacturer and merchant, and entering civic life as a town councillor in 1870.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, whose name makes a fifth and final entry on the list of Commissioners, is not the President of the London Postivist Committee, nor yet the well-known lessee of the Haymarket Theatre. The name of the new Commissioner has not found its way into the pages of "Who's Who," but it has been made a



Photo Elliott and Fry.
Lord Justice Romer,
of the Court of Appeal.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
Dr. Curran,
President of the Royal College of Physicians.



Photo Chubbuck.
Professor D. J. Cunningham,
Professor of Anatomy and Surgery,
Trinity College, Dublin.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
Mr. Frederick Harrison,
General Manager London and North Western
Railway.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
Sir David Richmond,
Lord Provost of Glasgow.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN HOSPITAL COMMISSION.



IN A CHINESE SCHOOL, REPEATING HER LESSON.

notable name, for all that, by the new Commissioner, who is the General Manager of the London and North-Western Railway. Hospital questions have a way in war-time

of resolving themselves into transport questions; and Mr. Harrison will bring to the Board of Inquiry an expert knowledge that will enhance the value of its conclusions.

PARLIAMENT.

The House of Lords has passed the Bill for prohibiting the export of arms and ammunition to any country with which Her Majesty's forces are engaged in hostilities. Such legislation is unfortunately necessary at a time when the Chinese, armed with the latest weapons of European manufacture, are virtually warring with Great Britain. In the Commons the

Military Lands Bill was read a second time. This removes some defects in the existing law which empowers local bodies to acquire land for drill-mounds and rifle-ranges. The Volunteers Bill has lost its most novel provision, which would have enabled the Government to call upon Volunteers under certain conditions for foreign service. Mr. Wyndham withdrew this clause. A curious debate arose on the proposal that the War Office should have power to call out the Volunteers on a "sudden emergency." It was objected that this should not be done except in imminent danger of invasion. The Government replied that this was the same thing, and that no proper preparation could be made to meet invasion unless due notice were given to the Volunteers to have all their transport in readiness. This is plain common-sense, and yet more than sixty members voted for an amendment which could have no other effect than that of refusing to let

the War Office make a timely provision for the defence of the country. The Companies Bill entered the Committee stage, and excited infinite diversity of opinion.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CASINO GIRL" AT THE SHATTESBURY.

Even an entertainment so avowedly assuasive in its appeal as "musical comedy" has its degrees of merit, and "The Casino Girl" may be allowed just second-class honours. It stands exactly half way between the delightful "Helle" and the dull ("American.") "Beauty." Of course neither Mr. Henry Smith's mathematical and astronomical story nor Mr. Ludwig Engländer's tinkling and renaissance music is of more than average quality, and the dresses of the latest American importation are marked by the old, glaring, and tawdry arrangements of colour, though presented as picturesque a locale as Cairo. Still, the new Shattisbury piece is pretty consistently diverting, and if it repeats the "American Beauty's" mistake of laying too heavy a burden on one artist's shoulders, it can show quite a number of pleasing performers and attractive "turns." Thus there is Mr. James Sullivan, proved now rather stereotyped and German in his humour, and sadly overweighted by inexhaustible demands on his limited resources, still really laughable as an emboldened Teutonic brewer, and singing a song descriptive of Pilsener Tishie that is his own many wives with decided verve and gusto. Then, again, a new prima donna appears in the person of Miss Mabelle Gilman, a dainty brunette with an agreeable voice, piquant features, a most self-possessed manner for so young a girl, and a winning personality.



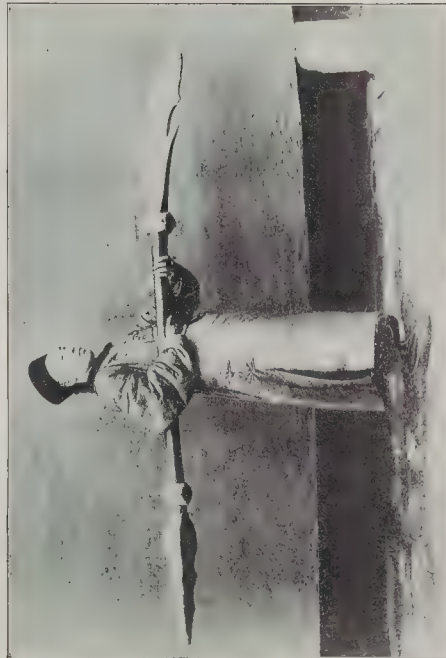
CHINESE INLAND MISSION HOUSE, CANTON.



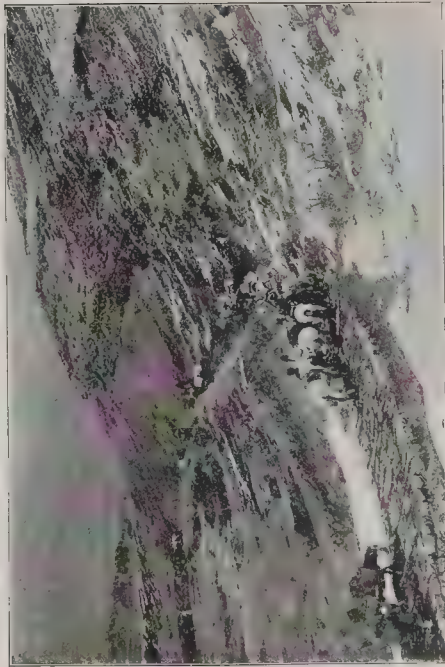
THE CAN KING TRAINING HOME OF THE CHINESE INLAND MISSION WITH MR. AND MRS. BROCK AND STUDENTS.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: CHARACTERISTIC SCENES, CIVIL AND MILITARY.

By Permission of the Peking Syndicate.



MILITARY EXAMINATION.



TYPICAL CHINESE ROAD.



UNIFORM OF A GOVERNOR'S BODYGUARD.



CHINESE HORSEMEN.

TROOPS FOR CHINESE SERVICE.

The first company of the Indian contingent to be ordered to China was the No. 3 Company, Queen's Own Madras Sappers and Miners. Many of the men were on furlough when the welcome order came, but the roll was complete a few days later, when the company embarked on board the *Noushera*, all in high hope of an early entry to Peking. Captain John A. S. Tulloch, R.E., who is in command of these sappers and miners at Bangalore, and who now leads them to China, is thirty-five years of age, saw service in Burma a dozen years ago, and has had his Captaincy since 1895.

The soldier's need of a knowledge of languages is perpetually brought into evidence. Even the choice of General Sir Francis Grenfell as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in China has not been wholly unconnected with the fact that he speaks nearly all the languages of the officers in command of the other portions of the Allied Troops. A more particular point is scored by Major J. Adolphus Burton of the Indian Medical Service, who has proved himself a proficient in the Chinese language, being the first medical officer to go through all the examinations. His Major, who, by the way, is no relative of Sir Richard Burton, although he may be said to have a capacity for Eastern languages in his blood, has volunteered for service with the Peking Expeditionary Force; and his offer, needless to say, has been gratefully accepted. Major Burton's last leave of absence from India was spent in China, and his special acquirements and experiences are certain to be available outside the strict bounds of the Medical Department. Major Burton, who has been attached to the 7th Madras Infantry, was born in 1864.

ART NOTES.

The appalling tragedy at Peking will have no need of the artist's skill to keep it in remembrance; but among its renowned victims are at least two ladies who have the common fame of occupying a conspicuous place in modern art—Lady MacDonald and her sister, Miss Armstrong. Many who recollect Sir John Millais's famous picture of the three Misses Armstrong, or "Dummy Whist," have associated—perhaps too rashly—two of the ladies there painted with the occupants of the Peking Embassy.

The name of Mr. Canon Woodville is too well known to readers of this Journal to need advertisement of his claims to general notice. He has achieved for himself an almost unique position among contemporary British artists as a painter of battle-pieces; and his technical knowledge of his special subject is generally recognised. In



A BRITISH EXPERT IN CHINESE: MAJOR J. A. BURTON, L.R.C.P.,
INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE.

He, or Burton, who belongs to the 7th Madras Infantry, recently returned from Tientsin to Burma, and has now volunteered, and been accepted, for service in China. He is one of the few British officers who speak Chinese. He is in the dress worn by him while in Chinese service.

the three large pictures now on exhibition at Messrs. Graves' Gallery, Mr. Woodville presents us with three episodes of the South African campaign which, for future historians, will mark the transformation into the sombre khaki of the brilliant scarlet and rich blue of our traditional uniforms. The "thin red line" will no longer, except under peculiar conditions, be called upon to show the tenacity of British pluck; for, as Mr. Woodville shows, "My Brave Irish" on Pieters Hill now carry with a rush the position

which for hours they had been approaching like foxes. In the "Charge of the 3th Lancers at Elandslaagte" he pays honour to the gallantry of a regiment which, among other claims to our admiration, can show in the boy trumpeter Shurlock of what stuff our rising generation can boast. The other picture, "The Bani of Majuba Day, 1900," is a faithful transcript of the written accounts of those who were witnesses of General Cronje's surrender of the untenable position into which he had been forced by Lord Roberts's strategy and the unexpected marching powers of the British troops. All three pictures will, in due course, be engraved, and will be lasting memorials of a campaign in which the "soldiers of the Queen" from all parts of her Empire for the first time fought shoulder to shoulder.

At the Burlington Fine Arts Club members and their friends have been invited to see a small but choice collection of pictures by Dutch artists of the "Golden Period" of that nation's art. Painting flourished in Holland a century later than in Italy, and, by a coincidence, almost simultaneously with Spanish art. Hobbema, Van Goyen, Metz, and Jan Vermeer are the most strongly represented in this exhibition; and Franz Hals is represented by a gem—although a mere sketch—of a writing-master, pen in hand, suddenly interrupted in his work. Jan Steen's portrait of himself would suggest that the artist was truthful almost to excess, and it would be interesting to know whether the lady in Vermeer's "Music Lesson" is to be regarded as a portrait or a study from a model. In either case, the standard of Dutch beauty in the seventeenth century seems to have been somewhat eclectic, judging by that of other times and other nations.

Mr. Joseph Farquharson's election as an Associate of the Royal Academy was a foregone conclusion, so far as anything can be predicted of a most capacious electorate. The result will be endorsed by his very large number of friends, for Mr. Farquharson is as popular socially as he is among his brothers of the brush. He has achieved distinction as a painter of snow scenes, in which he has shown himself especially skillful in rendering the tones and hues which snow presents in a wide, extended landscape.

Mr. Farquharson's chief competitor for the Associateship was Mr. F. D. Millet, an American painter of seventeenth-century life, whose recent work, though often humorous, has severely sustained the promise of his earlier pictures. He had, however, an active and powerful body of supporters, and the question really decided at the election was not the respective merits of the two artists, but the relative claims of landscape and figure-painting to a seat in the general assembly of the Royal Academy.



THE FIRST INDIAN TROOPS SELECTED FOR SERVICE IN CHINA: NO. 3 COMPANY, QUEEN'S OWN MADRAS SAPPERS AND MINERS.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: SCENES IN PEKING.

Photographs by Mr. N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.

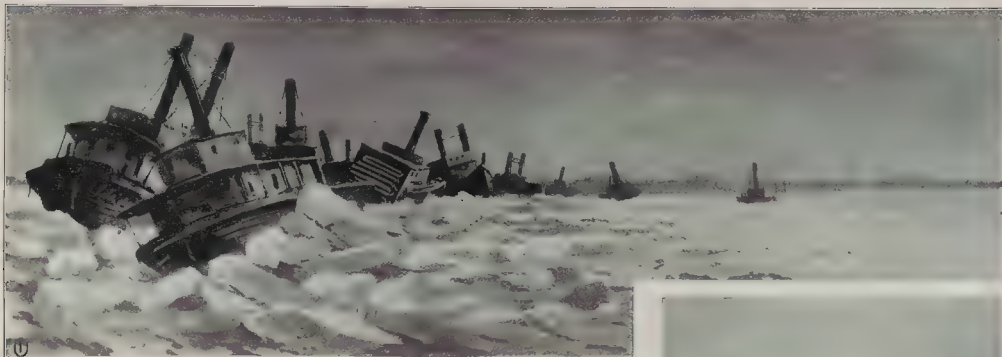


WATERING ROADS IN PEKING.



HÔTEL DE PEKING.

THE RUSSO-CHINESE DIFFICULTY: THE THEATRE OF WAR IN EASTERN SIBERIA.



1. On the Upper Amur. Elovika Frozen up during Winter.
3. Biagovetschensk, from Sakhalin.

2. Chinese Watch-towers and Beacons along the Frontier.
4. Biagovetschensk, bombarded by the Chinese: The High Street, with Remains of old Fort Khabarov.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



UNITED STATES AND BRITISH GUN-BOATS IN WINTER QUARTERS AT NIUCHWANG.

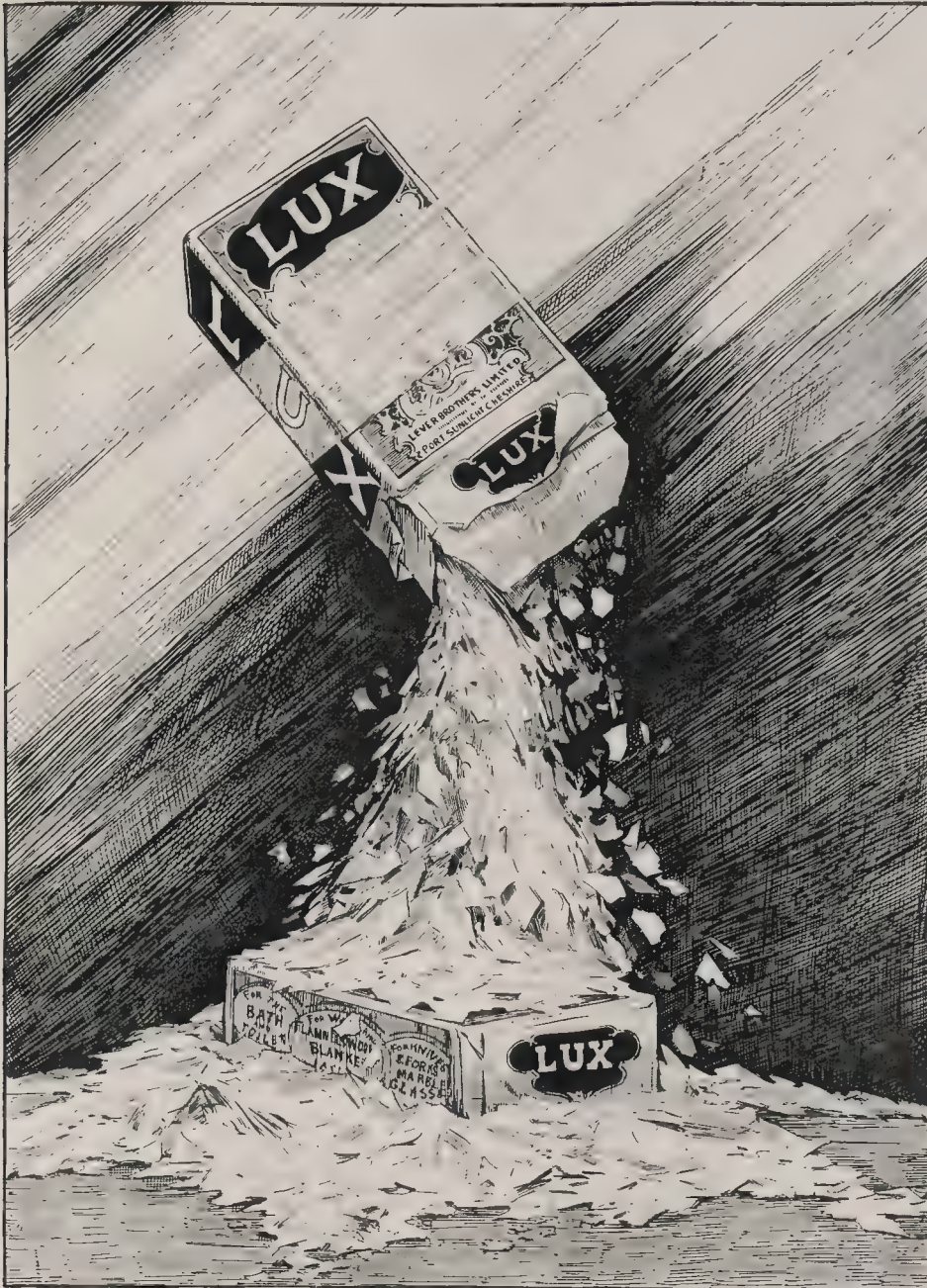
PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY LIEUTENANT GEAYLE, R.N.

The gun-boats in the picture are docked within the European Settlement in mud docks dug in the bank. They are thus protected from the heavy ice-floes during the opening and closing of the river.



PEITANG FORT, OPPOSITE TAKU, AT THE MOUTH OF THE PEI-HO RIVER.

From a Photograph lent by Colonel Arthur Morris.



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THE DEFENDER OF MAFeking AT PRETORIA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior



THE RECEPTION OF MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL IN THE MARKET SQUARE, PRETORIA.



AN INTERNATIONAL MUSTER: TROOPS OF THE POWERS

I N C H I N A



THE COMPOUND OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING.

THE RISING IN ASHANTI: COLONEL CARTER'S ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE KUMASI.



THE ACTION AT DOMPOASI ON JUNE 6: MISHAP TO COLONEL CARTER'S FORCE.

The enemy had stockades inside the bush twenty yards from the road, and were driven from their trenches, but owing to lack of ammunition and number of casualties, the British had to retire to Kumasi. The density of the forest-growth made it imperative for the column to advance in Indian file. The seven-pounder gun, with which it was intended to blow down the stockade, was carried in pieces.

THE NEWSLETTER. *London Week by Week.*



THE TEMPORARY TEMPLE OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOURERS
Being the Alexandra Palace, North London, where the Conference met



A DORMITORY IN THE ALEXANDRA PALACE
For the women members of the Christian Endeavour Conference

GREAT NEW STREET, July 25th, 1900.

With the thermometer at 92 in the shade London did not fail to give the Christian Endeavourers a warm reception. But it was worth sweltering on Thursday when they went to Windsor, for the Queen, with that graciousness and tact which always distinguish her, invited them into the quadrangle of the Castle and drove past them while going out for her evening drive. The Endeavourers sang "God save the Queen" and the hymn "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in grateful love" as Her Majesty passed. The Queen was dressed in thin white summer clothing, with a white feather in her white hat. Probably she has never seen more Americans together than she has done on this occasion and on the recent visit of the civil engineers of America to the Castle.

There are not many Chinese experts in the House of Commons. Mr. Joseph Walton is the leading jingo of the Liberal benches so far as the Far East is concerned, and having recently made a tour in the Celestial Empire he repeats Chinese names with a familiarity which amuses the House. Then there is Mr. Pritchard Morgan, who was very prominent at the time when everybody was demanding concessions, and who excites pleasurable sensations by his knowledge of the movements of Li Hung Chang. On the other side of the House Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett holds strong views, but they command less respect than is paid to the opinions of Mr. Yerburgh, a rich man whose leadership of fashion in dress makes some people ignore his

independence and ability. Probably nobody in the House knows more about China than Sir Thomas Sutherland, the chairman of the F. & O. Company, who gave early proof of

almost the fashion, and it was amusing to observe how anxious certain correct men were to conceal the fact that they had dispensed with a waistcoat. Young dandies wore black morning coats with white vests peeping out at the waist. Many members fanned themselves with copies of the orders of the day. This is a habit practised by "C.B." as well as by Mr. John Redmond. It makes them look very hot.

Considerable time was spent in the Consistory Court of London last week in reference to the disposal to the Board of Works for the Strand District of a strip of land belonging to the old churchyard of St. Anne, Soho. Wardour Street is to be widened from 30 to 40 ft. It has, of course, been a much cheaper process to purchase the church land than to acquire the property, consisting of little shops, on the opposite side of the street. The strip of land in question is 154 ft. 6 in. in length, and in breadth 9 ft. 4 in. at its northern end, tapering to 7 ft. 4 in. at its southern end.



IN THE PADDOCK AT SANDOWN—THE ABSENT SILK MAT

On account of the great heat the Prince of Wales let it be known that the silk mat need not be worn. And it was not. Most of the men appeared in straw, and several wore hat white duck. One of the few silk hats to be seen was worn by Sir Edward Clarke, who is plainly visible in this excellent photograph speaking to a lady. The Prince himself, however, wore a tall hat. His horse, Diamond Jubilee, won the Eclipse Stakes.

his capacity while serving his company in the Far East.

Nowhere was the heat last week felt more intensely than in the House of Commons. It compelled even old-fashioned members to modify the rigour of their costume. A larger number than were ever seen before in recent times appeared in white ducks, and several front-bench men wore straw hats. Of course they did not produce these hats in the House, but they wore them in the lobby. Grey coats were

The church itself has its main entrance in Dean Street, and there is also an entrance from Shaftesbury Avenue as well as one on the north side. It was consecrated on March 21, 1686, and it has been repaired several times. It was dedicated to St. Anne in honour of the Princess Anne, daughter of the reigning sovereign. The present turret—one of the most hideous things of the kind in London—was erected in 1806. In the graveyard lie Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in a tailor's shop hard by in great poverty in 1756, Hazlitt,



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOURERS LIVING IN TENTS AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE

Photographs by Russell

in 1830, and other men of note. The Countess of Lonsdale and Viscount Barrington occupy sittings in the church. An annual feature in connection with St. Anne's is the performance



THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE
Private Ward, 1st Devon scored 341

of Bach's Passion Music. The benches in the old churchyard are chiefly occupied by as villainous a set of foreigner-loafers as I have ever seen, and the place on the occasion of a recent visit presented a most dirty and untidy appearance. "Open spaces" are excellent, but they should be properly kept.

Talking of Johann Sebastian Bach reminds me that the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his death takes place on the day this paper is dated. The great composer died on July 28, 1750, at Leipzig, where the occasion is to be celebrated by the removal of the coffin containing the master's remains to a resting place under the high altar of the church of St. Thomas, where Bach worked for so many years. Bach was born in 1685, the same year which gave birth to his great contemporary, Handel. Another coincidence in the lives of these composers was that Bach, like Handel, became totally blind.

The Bisley meeting has been a disappointment this year. Private Ward, who carried off the Queen's Prize, is a coachbuilder of Okehampton, and is thirty-three years old. He did not start particularly well, scoring only 211 in the first and second stages, a figure that was

made by six other men, while two shots made 213, and Colour-Sergeant Comery ran up to 215. But Private Ward topped them all in the last ranges at 900 and 1,000 yards, his total score being 341, while Comery's was 338. Ward won the Queen's Prize in 1897. Only one other shot has carried off the blue ribbon twice, namely, Angus Cameron, Kingussie, who had only one eye. Colour-Sergeant Comery is an Englishman by birth and education although he lives in Glasgow.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the postponement of the "memorial service" in St. Paul's will really result in the abandonment of the idea. No matter what may be the truth concerning Pekin, we have yet, even in the most desperate cases, the privilege of hope, and it is a matter of surprise that the Dean of St. Paul's and his advisers should have given up that blessed feeling on the strength of unofficial reports. Recent events have tended to make us a little hysterical in joy and in sorrow. In fact, we are getting un-English, and anything that tends to play upon the emotions should be, where possible, carefully avoided.



COLOUR-SERGEANT COMERY (Highland Light Infantry)
Was second in the Queen's Prize with 338

hundred miles at the Crystal Palace on Saturday in 3 hours 46 minutes 56 seconds.

Lovers of nature have been alarmed, unnecessarily as it turns out, over the proposed establishment of the new National Physical Laboratory in the Old Deer Park, Richmond. The proposed site, which has been adopted with the concurrence of the Treasury, is free from physical and electrical disturbance. Moreover, it has the advantage of being near London. The men of science assert "most positively that there would be no nuisance caused by the laboratory." What is equally important is the assurance of Sir J. Wolfe Barry that the buildings "would be extremely good-looking." The new laboratory will be a kind of extension of the Kew Observatory, which is also situated in the Old Deer Park. All that now remains is for the Board of Trade to see that the new National Physical Laboratory is not interfered with by electrical tramcars or other electrical disturbances.

SOME DATES TO REMEMBER FOR THE WEEK.

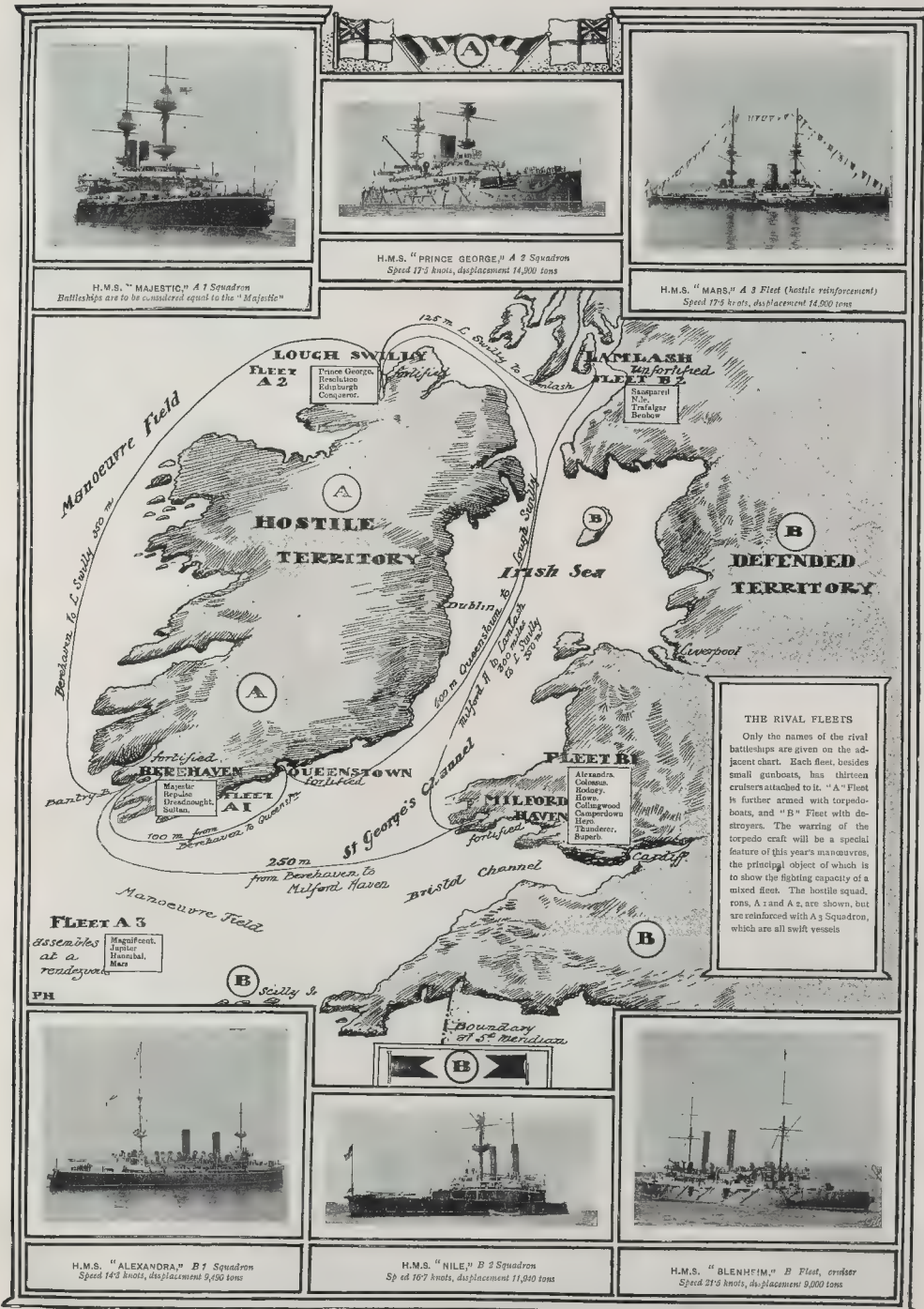
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|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| July 28. Earl of Crawford, b. 1847. | Hans Andersen, d. 1873. |
| 29. Max Nordau, b. 1869. | William Wilberforce, d. 1833. |
| 30. Dr. H. S. Lunn, b. 1859. | Bismarck, d. 1898. |
| 31. Earl of Leconfield, b. 1830. | Abbe Lize, d. 1886. |
| AUG. 1. Lord Hardinge, b. 1867. | Queen Anne, d. 1714. |
| 2. F. Marten Crawford, b. 1854. | Grimsborough, d. 1788. |
| 3. Earl of Aberdeen, 1847. | Jeremy Taylor, d. 1667. |



FIRING FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY

Drawn by T. Walter Watson, R.I.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES OF 1900

The Fighting Ground of the Fleets.

Photographs by Gregory & Co. and West & Son

The Naval Manœuvres continue for ten days after the mock declaration of war. Each fleet will attempt to sweep the other from the sea, cooping

him up in ports, and one finally overpowering its rival. After the struggle the vessels will engage in target practice

THE CAREER OF SIR ROBERT HART—By Henry Norman.

Sir Robert Hart was born in Ulster in 1835, and entered the British consular service in China in 1854. When the Chinese rebels of 1854 drove all the Chinese officials out of Shanghai, and there was consequently

come to the conclusion that he was doing more good where he was. This was in 1885, when the customs had grown to be a very big thing indeed. All the foreign trade of China, roughly fifty millions

sterling a year, passes through its hands; it collects all the duties, about four millions a year, which constitute the best part of the national income of China; it lights the Chinese coast and polices it by its own fleet of armed launches; it employs four thousand people, including foreigners of all nationalities, to avoid jealousies, and now it even collects some of the Chinese internal taxes—those that are pledged for the interest upon a foreign loan.

Sir Robert Hart presided over all this with despotic powers, for he had an absolutely free hand. The service under him has been a model of regularity, accuracy, and scrupulous honesty. Beyond this, his intimate knowledge of China and the Chinese language, together with his great ability and his high character, caused the Chinese authorities to put so much faith in

him that they always consulted him when they were in difficulties with the European Powers. No foreigner has ever been so intimate with them as he, and nobody has ever rendered them such services. So devoted was he to his work that during forty-one years of work in China he only took eighteen months' holiday at home.

Sir Robert Hart did not like being photographed. During the few weeks I had the great privilege of being his guest in Pekin I managed to take two of the photographs that are here reproduced for the first time. One shows him on his favourite Chinese pony, a beautiful specimen of its breed, "Sir Patrick," which he used to ride every afternoon; the other playing the 'cello in his library, as he did every day without exception for half an hour before dinner. The larger picture, "The I.G. in his den," he gave me instead of allowing me to take a photograph of him. It shows the

masses of manuscript books by which he was surrounded, for he was a man of the greatest diligence and order, and kept all his papers filed away with scrupulous care. His diary he had posted up every day since he was a boy. If these

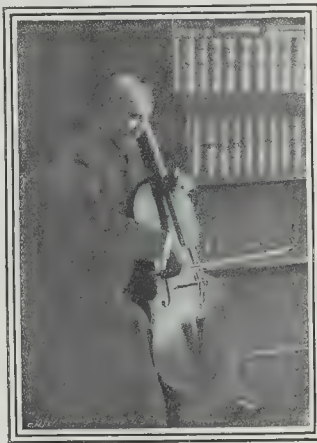


Photograph taken by Mr. Henry Norman: now published for the first time
SIR ROBERT HART ON HIS CHINESE PONY, "SIR PATRICK"

nobody left to collect the customs duties from the foreign merchants, the British Consul took over this duty on behalf of the Chinese Government. The system worked so well that finally it was extended to all the ports open to foreign trade. This was the origin of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs.

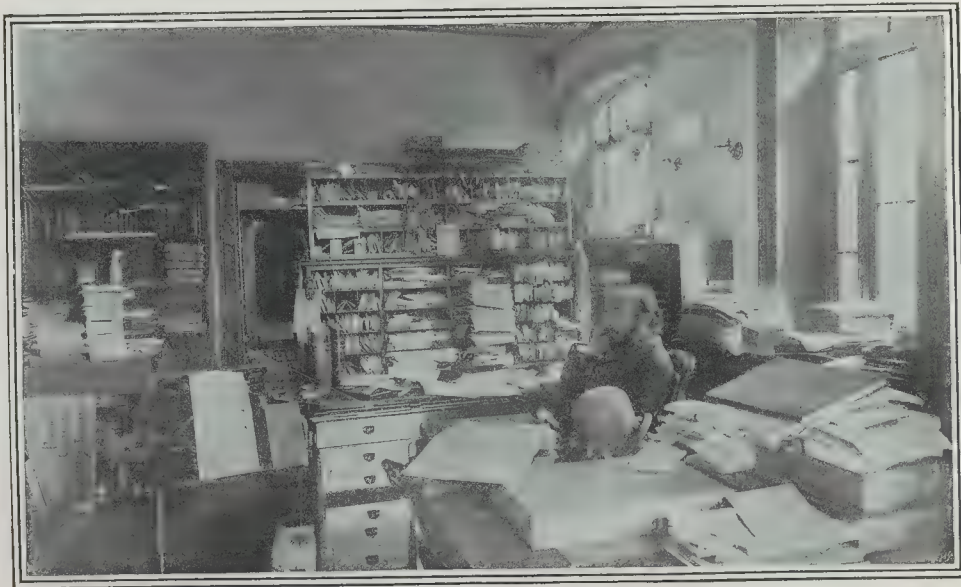
Robert Hart left the consular service and entered the customs service in 1859, and became head of it—Inspector-General, hence the title of "The I.G.," by which he was known to every Englishman in China—in 1863. In 1885 he was offered by Lord Granville the position of British Minister to China, and he accepted, but requested that the appointment should be kept secret while he arranged about his successor. The Government changed at home, and Lord Salisbury confirmed the appointment, but finally Sir Robert Hart begged to be allowed to withdraw his acceptance, as he had

have been destroyed, the world has lost the best material for an intimate history of modern China. But Sir Robert Hart will be remembered for something more than his great abilities, his lofty character, and his magnificent life-work. His memory will be cherished by all who knew him for his lovable nature and innumerable acts of kindness. He was an iron disciplinarian where work was concerned, but when work was done he was the gayest, jolliest, most playful man of his years in the world, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as to take infinite pains to get up some entertainment in which he could surround himself with joyous young people. That such a man, after such a career, with the prospect of a happy autumn of life so richly earned, and with such a record of unapproached service to the Chinese, should meet such an appalling fate at their bloodthirsty hands is a guilt never to be forgotten.



Photograph by Mr. Henry Norman

SIR ROBERT PLAYING THE 'CELLO IN HIS LIBRARY



SIR ROBERT HART IN HIS STUDY

THE BRITON AS GAOLER OF THE BOER

A Letter from St. Helena.

THE CAMP, ST. HELENA. May 11th, 1900.
General Cronje and his wife were allowed to attend service in the Boer prisoners' camp on Sunday last. They arrived about 9.45 in a



BOER PRISONERS MARCHING INTO ST. HELENA

carriage, admirably adapted for the British Museum or Madame Tussaud's, which was used

anything but bright; the one idea seems to be to make the hymns last as long as possible. The Boers appear to have very little melody in their voices, the singers being frequently out of tune. I may add that these hymns begin at daylight on Sunday, and also on week-days, and last at intervals all day.

After the service the general and his wife strolled about amongst the prisoners and exchanged more greetings. One could not help noticing the difference between the Boer and British with respect to general officers, for in some cases the men did not even rise to their feet as Mr. Cronje passed slowly by them, and many slouched past him with their hands in their pockets. After the service and the chat were over the prisoners quietly got into their carriages again, and without a cheer or demonstration of any sort they left the camp. It seemed strange to realise that this same general and his men only a few weeks before had for days refused to surrender, and had withstood a withering fire night and day from the British guns.

To-day another hundred Boer prisoners have just marched into camp, brought from the Cape by the *Zeyher*. They are a very rough-looking lot, and on more than one face the tale of the long struggle is too plainly written. The march of five miles to the camp is a great trial to them, especially after the sea voyage. When I say that the camp is 1,700 ft. above sea level you will understand how hard the hill is to climb.

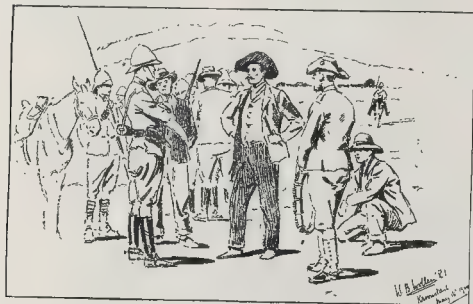
All the prisoners bring a bundle with them and some even boxes. It is amusing to watch some also carrying deal chairs, on which immediately a halt is sounded they seat themselves in the middle of the road. The march up usually takes from three to four hours as some of the old men can but crawl up. The cheery British Tommy (in this case a militiaman) with his usual good nature often takes a bundle from his charges and gives them a help up the hill. And strange to say, up to now, one never hears an angry word between prisoner and gaoler. The lot who came to-day carried even more comforts than the last batch, and if pillows and rugs went for anything they should be well off.

The prisoners when once in camp seem to be very happy and contented. They play games of all sorts, cricket, quoits, and a kind of "Tom Tiddler's" game, which to see big men playing is very funny. Another thing that strikes one is their activity. They are marvellously quick and springy on their feet. A cricket match has been arranged between the Boer prisoners and their gaolers, the good old 4th Gloucesters. From what we have seen of their play the gaolers will have to do their best to win.

Colonel Schiel appears to be in excellent health and spirits, and is at present busily engaged in writing his life, which should be an interesting work. The Government mule waggons have just arrived and will give some of the horses a well-earned and much-needed rest.

The climate here is a truly marvellous one; one day the sun shines and all is still, not a breath of air. The next day we get a very hurricane and sheets of rain; but still we live and even manage now and then to do more than smile.

ONE OF THE GAOLERS.

BOER PRISONERS AT KROONSTAD
Facsimile sketch by one of our Special Artists, Mr. W. B. Wollen. R.I.BOERS RIDING INTO CAMP AT CHRISTIANA TO GIVE UP ARMS
Facsimile sketch by one of our Special Artists, Mr. R. H. Paxton

by Napoleon during his captivity on the island. It was drawn by two small horses, accompanied by an escort from the St. Helena Horse, a body of volunteer sharpshooters, who wear the same uniform as the New South Wales Lancers. They look both smart and workmanlike.

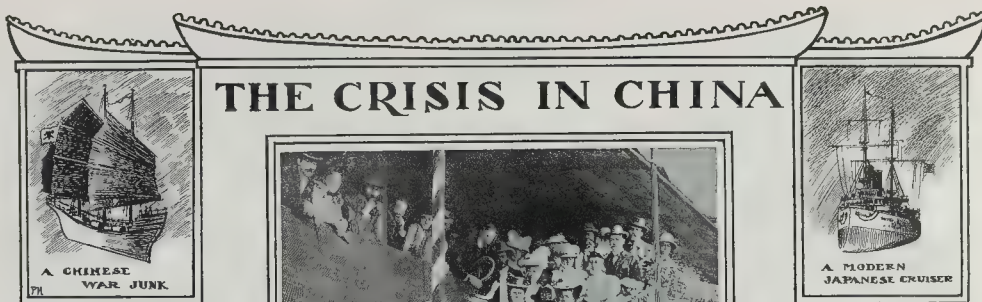
The Boer general was attired in black and wore a black felt hat. A white handkerchief was tied over his hat and round his chin, a custom, I am told, devised to checkmate the enterprising photographer. The handkerchief was removed after church. Solemnly and slowly the party drove to the entrance of the barbed wire enclosure. There was no hooting from our men, no cheering from the Boers.

The general and his wife were met by the chaplain at the entrance and conducted to a corner of the camp where the prisoners assembled for service. Silent greetings in the shape of hat-raising and hand-shaking took place. Mrs. Cronje also took part, and at times showed evident signs of emotion. The service was conducted by a tall dark Boer minister, who has come here to minister to the prisoners and is allowed to visit the camp.

The prisoners presented a strange group seated round him, and all wearing broad-brimmed hats. One could not help being struck with their reverence and fervour. The general and his wife were seated on chairs, and during most of the service the general sat with his arms resting on his knees and his face buried in his hands. The Boer style of hymn singing is



SOME OF MR. CRONJE'S OFFICERS CAPTURED AT PAARDEBORG



In the maze of recrimination over the situation it is noticeable that Russian diplomats are inclined to blame Germany. Prince Henry and his suite are said to have been intolerably insolent to the Chinese. Baron Ketteler met his death when entering what was practically forbidden ground. Meanwhile the Kaiser's famous vengeance speech delivered at Kiel has been made into a memorial card, and is now on sale all over Germany. It bears a laurel-wreathed portrait of the murdered ambassador.

Mumm von Schwarzenstein, Germany's ambassador-elect to China, is regarded as one of the most skillful amongst servants of the German Foreign Office, being, above all, endowed with the sixth sense—tact. He is descended from the well-known Patrizier family of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. He is between forty and fifty years of age, and of imposing, elegant presence. His coal-black moustache gives him a somewhat southern look. He began his diplomatic career in the Balkan States, apportioning his labours between the Roumanian and Bulgarian capitals respectively. Subsequently he was called home to the Foreign Office, where he appears to have been mainly engaged in elaborating politico-commercial memoranda under the eye of Herr von Marschall. The quality of his work gave his chiefs so much satisfaction that they entrusted him with the representation of Germany at Washington during the temporary absence of the duly-accredited ambassador, Dr. von

Holleben. While in this city he was fortunate in bringing to a successful issue several disputed points which had been awaiting solution by the governments of the United States and the Empire, and in winning the golden opinions of President McKinley, who expressed his gratification at the sending of a diplomatist of Schwarzenstein's stamp to Washington. His last post was in Luxemburg, where he had been plenipotentiary minister since January 3, 1899. He goes to China with Secrétaire Interprète Baron von der Goltz.

An excellent map of China has been issued by Mr. Henry Sell's paper, the *Commercial Intelligence*. The names of the chief towns are given in type varying with their importance, and the names of the treaty ports are given in a special type. All navigable rivers are clearly defined, and the cable and land lines presented in such a way that they catch the eye immediately.



INSIDE AN OPIUM DEN IN CANTON



THE EUROPEAN DIPLOMATS AT PEKIN—ARE THEY STILL ALIVE?

AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR
Ritter von Cudmann, Baron Wallhorn, escaped
the massacre as he was home on
furloughAUSTRIAN VICE-AMBAASSADRESS
Frau von Rothemann, wife of the Secretary to
the Austro-Hungarian Legation,
Peking, escaped the massacreTHE NEW GERMAN AMBASSADOR
To Peking, Mumm v. n. Schwarzenstein, who
has been appointed to succeed Baron
von Ketteler, murdered on June 20

stills, and often had to be supported on either side by two other women. I discovered that a Chinaman is never seen in the company of his wife, and to ask how a man's wife is considered a very indecent and improper question. Such is the low estimation in which woman is held in China. On suddenly looking at a clock I found that it was getting very late, and took my leave quite enchanted with what I had seen.



EXTERIOR OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKIN (taken from the Tatar wall)

Mr. C. V. A. Peel describes a Chinese opium den as follows:—

A Chinese opium den was a surprise to me and very different from what I had expected. On entering one night a house brilliantly illuminated outside with red and gold paint and dozens of Chinese lanterns, I was at once met by a most courteous gentleman speaking a little "pidgin" English, who led me up into a large well-lighted room, the walls of which were beautifully decorated with red silk embroidered with gold. The room was crowded with Chinamen, eating, sipping tea, listening to a large orchestra and flirting with a number of girls with horribly white painted cheeks, red lips, no eyebrows, and deformed feet. I was made to partake of some very weak tea, cakes, pomeloes, and other fruits. I was, in fact, most hospitably entertained. I ventured to remark to my host that it was a very beautiful room, to which he replied, "House this side belongy numpa one." I told him that I understood that foreigners were not allowed in these houses. My friend answered, "We no mind you, but we no like top-side piece heaven pidgin-men," meaning missionaries. I drew his attention to a man who stared vacantly at us from a corner. My friend remarked, "Yes, never mind him, just now hab got water top-side," pointing to his head and giving me to understand that the man was mad. A little bottle of scent standing on a table he called "smellum-water." My host next prepared or "cooked" an opium pipe for me. The pipe consists of a bamboo about a foot long with a hole three-quarters of the way down, into which is pushed a porcelain bowl, which is very porous, and in the centre of which there is a small hole not much bigger than a large pin-hole. The opium, which is viscous like treacle, is kept in a small tin box, into which is dipped a skewer-like instrument. What opium this implement brings up is held in a small spirit lamp resting on a table between two smoking

at full length whilst enjoying this fascinating drug. When the opium on the skewer begins to bubble it is smeared on to the surface of the pipe bowl, and some is inserted into the pin-hole, the skewer being twisted round in order that the hole may not be entirely clogged up. The pipe is then "cooked" and ready to be smoked; it is held bowl downwards over the flame of the spirit lamp all the time the opium is being inhaled. It takes at least ten pipes to make one feel drowsy. Whilst smoking the girls tuned up their curious fiddles, the front of the bodies of which were covered with snake skin, and began to sing in their shrill squeaky voices. Of course, they could not dance as their distorted feet measured 2½ inches in length and 1½ inch in breadth, so that when they walked they looked as if they were on

SOME OF THE ARMED FORCES FOR AND AGAINST CHINA.



THE REGIMENT OF CHINESE THAT BRITAIN HAS RAISED AT WEI-HAI-WEI

The officers from left to right are Captain Pereira (wounded during the disturbance at Wei-Hai-Wei in May), Major Bruce (wounded at Tientsin ten days ago), Colonel Bower (raised the regiment), and Colonel Dorrard



BRIG.-GEN. BARROW, C.B.
Commands a brigade of the Indian
Division for China

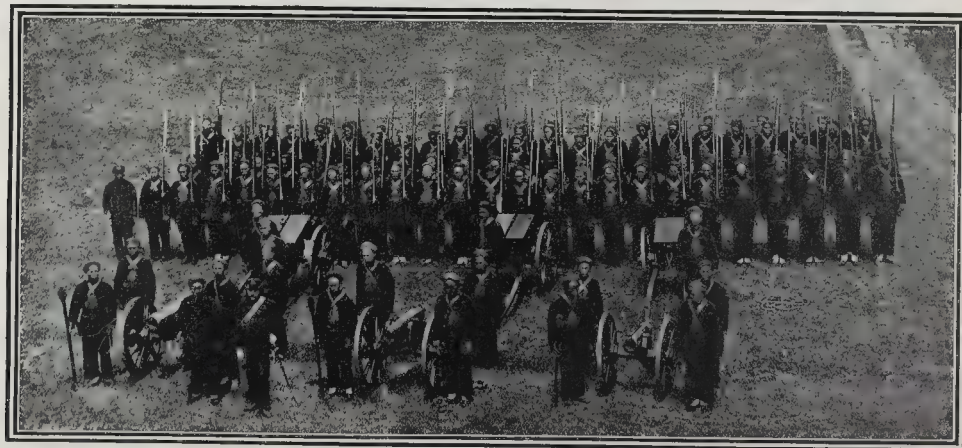


THE HONG KONG POLICE

A section of this force came to London for the Diamond Jubilee



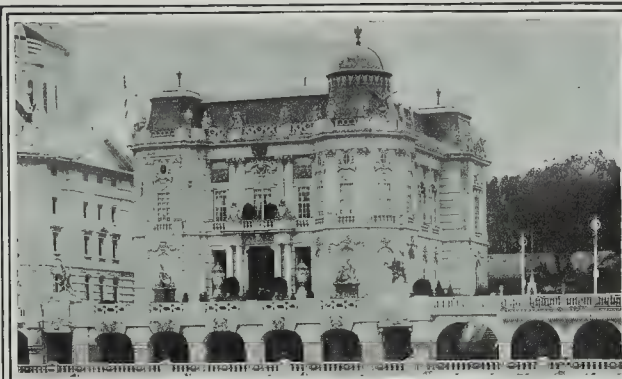
DEPUTY
PELHAM LAIRD WARREN
The Acting British Consul-General,
Shanghai



CHINESE FIELD BATTERY WITH ESCORT, AND ITS GERMAN INSTRUCTORS, DRILLING OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF WOO-SUNG

These pictures are interesting as showing some of the forces England has already got in China. At Wei-Hai-Wei there is a special native regiment officered by Englishmen under Colonel Hamilton Bower, who fought at Dongola. He came from the Indian Staff Corps. At Hong Kong we have a Chinese police force. The excellent practice of the Chinese artillerymen shows how much they have learned from their European instructors. There is a grim irony in the West teaching the East to fight the West and per contra

of the East defending the West. Brigadier-General E. G. Barrow, who has gone with an Indian brigade, has fought in Afghanistan, Egypt, and on the North-Western Frontier. He was Assistant-Adjutant-General in the Tirah Expedition, was mentioned in despatches, and got a C.B. He has recently been in command at Kohat. Our Acting Consul-General at Shanghai is Mr. Pelham Laird Warren, the eldest son of the late Admiral Warren and cousin of Sir Charles Warren



AUSTRIA

A conspicuous feature of this richly-decorated building is the carved heads over windows and doors



THE NATIONAL PAVILIONS

The "Pavillons des Puissances Étrangères," or official residences of the countries exhibiting at the Paris Exhibition, are grouped in a double row along the Quai d'Orsay, between the Pont des Invalides and the Pont de l'Alma. All the great Powers except Russia are represented, and some very small countries and even dependencies have pavilions. Each building has been designed in the most characteristic national style of the country which it represents.



SWEDEN

This wooden pavilion is the oddest house in the street. The tower at the back belongs to the Monaco building



BELGIUM

A modified copy of the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels. The beautiful clock attracts much attention



Our own pavilion, which is an almost exact copy of the original



HUNGARY

This view shows the doorway of the Hungarian pavilion. It is romantic both in colour and form



Portugal, which comes second in the second prize



IN THE STREET OF NATIONS

Commencing at the Pont des Invalides the pavilions overlooking the Seine follow one another in this order:—

- | | |
|------------------|-------------|
| 1. Italy | 8. Belgium |
| 2. Turkey | 9. Norway |
| 3. United States | 10. Germany |
| 4. Austria | 11. Spain |
| 5. Bosnia | 12. Monaco |
| 6. Hungary | 13. Sweden |
| 7. Great Britain | 14. Greece |
| 15. Serbia | |

Second row of pavilions in same order:—

1. Denmark	5. Luxemburg
2. Portugal	6. Finland
3. Persia	7. Bulgaria
4. Romania	



ITALY

The first in order, Italy's pavilion is the largest building in the Street of Nations. Its Byzantine-Gothic facade is very striking.



TURKEY

Its gleaming whiteness is very Eastern and conspicuous among its neighbours.



GERMANY

The building possesses the tallest tower and steeple. The octagonal window is a fine feature.



GREECE

The Grecian building is adjacent to the Swedish pavilion, and is a compact dwelling roofed with curved red tiles.



OF AMERICA
Pavilion at Washington



AIN
House, has a reserved exterior of great beauty.



is a long low pavilion very tastefully decorated.

THE AMBASSADORS OF GREATER BRITAIN

How the Colonies are Represented in London.

The birth of the Australian Commonwealth gives a peculiar interest to the Ambassadors whom Greater Britain sends to London. Almost in the shadow of Westminster's Abbey and Parliament House there is a great thoroughfare chiefly devoted to members' flats and chambers, political societies, the United States Embassy and Colonial Agents-General. It is Victoria Street. Here are situated the headquarters of the colonies in London; here are to be found the ten distinguished gentlemen who represent the ten great self-governing colonies at the seat of Empire. The first number of *THE SPHERE* contained the portraits of the Governors of the ten great dependencies of the Crown. But the governors, eminent peers for the most part as they are, are after all native Englishmen; they only officially represent the colonies and formally preside over their several destinies. But the ten Agents-General are colonists themselves, and are the chosen representatives of the several commonwealths, just as much as Mr. Choate is the chosen representative of America. For the most part they are eminent statesmen; some of them ex-premiers. They are specially selected to look after the interests of each "nation" of Greater Britain in London; and London and the kingdom ought to know a great deal more about them and their personalities than is known.

In the first place we may comment upon a growing feeling, which has already found official expression in high quarters, that the war has altered the relation of the colonies to the mother country, and that soon we may witness a practical expression of this altered relationship. It has been pointed out that an excellent beginning might be made, not in immediately giving the ten colonial representatives ten seats in Parliament, but by at least creating them Privy Counsellors of the realm. The colonies, having shared in our battles, deserve to share in some manner in our councils.

The *doyen* of the colonial ambassadors in London is, of course, the venerable Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, of whom *THE SPHERE* has already given the romantic history. It is astonishing to a stranger who pays for the first time a visit to the offices of the High Commissioner for Canada to be a spectator of the vast amount of work daily accomplished by Lord Strathcona and his staff for the moral and material welfare of the Dominion. Every Canadian visitor to the capital makes this his headquarters; it is also the central bureau for the dissemination of information about Canada, also for trade and emigration in Europe. The High Commissionership is no sinecure; but in spite of the weight of his eighty years, at almost any hour of the business portion of the day Lord Strathcona may be found at his post.

Next to Canada's Ambassador should come General Sir Andrew Clarke, of Victoria, R.E., G.C.M.G., soldier, statesman, administrator, and engineer, a man of whom the Empire may well be proud. Sir Andrew's father was Governor of West Australia, and he himself trained for a soldier. He is now a lieutenant-general in the British Army, and finds his experience as a soldier of great value in the colonies. He was formerly member of the Tasmania Legislative Assembly; became Surveyor-General of Victoria in 1874, and afterwards member of Parliament for Melbourne. Not only did he see active service, but he did useful work in time of peace as Director of Works for the Navy

between 1864 and 1873. In this capacity he designed and constructed the great extension of naval arsenals at Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and elsewhere. He was appointed Governor of the Straits Settlements, and held a command during the Maori rising. Sir Andrew is amongst the most cultured and genial of men,



NATAL
SIR WALTER PEACE, K.C.M.G.



CAPE COLONY
SIR DAVID TENNANT

a very strong Imperialist, and devotes his leisure to fishing and deer-stalking.

Cape Colony boasts at the capital of the Empire a distinguished representative in the person of Sir David Tennant, K.C.M.G. Four

years ago Sir David resigned the Speakership of the Legislative Assembly at the Cape, a post he had held for twenty-two years, to take up the duties of his present position. The Cape's Ambassador is seventy-one years of age, and probably knows Cape politics as intimately as any living authority.

Sir Walter Peace, K.C.M.G., and Natal became almost synonymous terms before the present unhappy war broke out, and so made Natal more familiar to Englishmen at home than Devonshire or Cumberland. Sir Walter was formerly a successful merchant in Durban, and though no politician is as thoroughly posted on the needs and aspirations as well as of the natural resources of the garden colony as any native. The pink of courtesy, Sir Walter well deserves any additional honour that may befall him.

A keen and brilliant lawyer is Sir Julian Salomons, K.C.M.G., of New South Wales, a member of the Legislative Council of that colony. Sir Julian is in the prime of life, being still under fifty, and an enthusiast on all matters pertaining to his colony.

Perhaps no more acute or eloquent representative has any colony than New Zealand, which five years ago wisely sent one of her younger statesmen and Minister of Education to London. Mr W. Pember Reeves is a typical New

Zealander, of ardent temperament, a strenuous Imperialist, and a man of sound practical sense. He began as a lawyer, but shortly afterwards became editor of the *Canterbury Times*, launched into politics, and rose to be a Minister of the Crown in his colony. He is an author of deserved repute, a poet, and a good all-round cricketer into the bargain. Few agents-general are better known to Londoners.

Sir John Alexander Cockburn, of South Australia, was a physician by profession before he took to politics, and for some time afterwards. He was Mayor of Jamestown for three and a half years, and after his election to the Assembly of the colony was (like Mr. Pember Reeves) given the portfolio of Education, and afterwards the Premiership. He is an enthusiastic archaeologist and is also a keen Imperialist.

Tasmania has despatched Sir Philip Oakley Fysh, K.C.M.G., to the metropolis of the world to represent her interests. Thirty years ago Sir Philip was an alderman of Hobart and an active politician, filling many offices up to the Premiership. He was Treasurer of the colony under Sir Edward Braddon's administration, and is now labouring zealously in London for the good of Tasmania.

The able gentleman who represents Western Australia started his career in that colony as a "squatter." He remained a squatter for seventeen years before he branched out as a merchant. Mr. Wittenoom entered the colonial Parliament in 1883, and soon afterwards became a member of the Administration and acting Premier. He possesses a great knowledge of mining in all its branches, and is, as are most Westerners, an expert horseman. For further evidence to this latter effect the reader may consult Lord Roberts anywhere between Bloemfontein and Pretoria, South Africa.

Queensland's distinguished representative in London is Sir Horace Tozer, K.C.M.G., a solicitor by profession. Sir Horace gained a more than colonial fame by his suppression, at the head of 2,000 men, of the great maritime and shearer's strikes of 1890 in his colony. He would adorn any assembly in the world, and will probably live to be, with his *confidants* of the colonial diplomatic corps, a member of the British Parliament. These, then, are the colonies of London—personified.

There is, however, another self-governing colony—England's eldest born—which has no mouthpiece and is without an ambassador at the seat of Empire. It is Newfoundland, otherwise "The Tenth Island," as Mr. Beckles Willson has christened it in his delightful book on the colony. But Newfoundland, with all the rest of the Crown colonies, may be said to be represented by the Crown Agent for the Colonies, Sir Montague Ommamney, one of the most urbane and astute officials at the Colonial Office. But the British Empire has a way of growing—a facility of perpetual expansion—which makes it more than likely that before long several of the present Crown colonies may send their agents-general to London. Among these may be mentioned Jamaica and Ceylon, whilst there is talk of a confederation between the West Indian islands. British Guiana is also likely at no distant period to be accorded the boon of self-government; and even the middle-aged amongst us may live to see the day when Rhodesia will be one of the populous colonies of the Empire.



CANADA
LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL



NEW SOUTH WALES
SIR J. SALOMONS



WESTERN AUSTRALIA
HON. E. H. WITTENOOM



SOUTH AUSTRALIA
SIR J. A. COCKBURN



NEW ZEALAND
HON. W. PEMBER REEVES



VICTORIA
SIR ANDREW CLARKE

CHEZ L'IMPÉRATRICE DOUAIRIÈRE DE CHINE

Rien de plus naturel, en Europe, que de voir les femmes des ambassadeurs et chefs de mission être reçues par la souveraine du pays où leurs maris sont accrédités. La Chine, il n'en est pas de même, et l'événement ne s'est produit que deux fois — l'année dernière et cette année. A quel mobile obéit l'impératrice douairière quand elle inaugure ces audiences ? Elle n'en eut sans doute pas d'autre que la curiosité de voir de près des Européennes en grande toilette. La réception de l'an dernier, qui devait inaugurer une série maintenant interrompue pour longtemps, a été plus commentée que racontée. Les détails qui suivent ont donc un certain intérêt documentaire, ne serait-ce que par les rapprochements qu'ils suggèrent à l'esprit entre la comédie d'alors et la tragédie de l'heure présente.

Toutes les « ministresses » s'étaient réunies à la légation d'Angleterre : la sympathique lady Mac-Donald est en effet la doyenne par ancienneté de séjour à Pékin, l'ontendie de ces dames. La France était représentée par une jeune femme charmante, la baronne d'Anthoard, remplaçant M^{me} Pléhon, à ce moment là, au Tonkin avec le ministre de France.

A 10 heures du matin, un imposant cortège de quinze chaises — neuf dames et six interprètes — portées chacune par quatre solides gillards, se mettait en route. Le mur d'enceinte crénelé de la ville impériale franchi, il fallut marcher longtemps encore, pour arriver à la salle d'audience où, d'ailleurs, les chaises de ville n'eurent point accès. Parvenues, en effet, devant le fameux pont de Marbre, les dames quittèrent leur palanquin, pour monter dans les chaises rouges des princesses du sang et furent transportées jusqu'à un élégant et coquet tramway — don de l'ancien syndicat industriel français qui a fait Port-Arthur — tendu de satin vert d'eau et traîné par des éunuques.

Le doyen du corps diplomatique, don Bernardo de Colozan, ministre d'Espagne, qui avait conduit jusque là le cortège, fut à ce moment prié de s'arrêter dans une pazoza, pour y attendre le retour de ces dames, en compagnie d'un eunuque, de quelques assiettes de fruits confits et de graines de nœuphar, et de nombreuses tasses de thé.

Cependant le tramway déposait les invitées de l'impératrice devant un petit pavillon, servant de salle d'attente, où elles furent reçues par le prince Tsing, oncle de l'empereur et les hauts dignitaires de l'empire.

Au bout de dix minutes, Sa Majesté fit savoir qu'elles pouvaient se présenter. Elles traversèrent une cour d'honneur à pied, chacune d'elles soutenue, par le coude, par une princesse — signe de haute déférence.



Quelques hauts dignitaires.

Sur une estrade, à laquelle trois ou quatre marches donnaient accès, se trouvait une table recouverte d'une draperie jaune. L'impératrice était assise derrière. A côté de la table, à gauche, était l'empereur, qui, au premier abord, avec sa figure tirée, ses traits d'enfant souffreteux, ses grands yeux curieux et timides à la fois, donnait moins l'idée de l'autocrate du plus vaste empire du monde, que celle d'un pauvre petit potache mis en pénitence sur sa chaise par une maman à poigne. L'impératrice a grand air. Sa figure, me disait M^{me} d'Anthoard, est fort énergique et distinguée. Ses

dames exécutent un profond salut, puis Lady Mac-Donald, s'avancant de quelques pas, fait, en français, son compliment à l'impératrice. Celle-ci répond en mandchou, non à la doyenne, mais au prince Tsing, qui traduit en chinois cette réponse, laquelle est, ensuite, traduite, en français, par le doyen des interprètes. Alors chaque dame, à son tour, monte sur l'estrade, salue l'empereur, lui serre la main, puis s'incline devant l'impératrice, qui lui prend la main et lui passe au doigt une bague, un bijou chinois en or, d'un travail grossier, représentant une chauve-souris, signe du



En palanquin.

traits sont fins, presque européens. Sont lent et légèrement foncé; elle n'a pas du fard et des couleurs voyantes chères à l'élégance chinoise. Ses yeux pétillent d'intelligence. Sa coiffure est celle des femmes mandchoues; elle n'a point cet air de crassé que certains voyageurs, qui ne l'ont jamais vue, lui prêtent volontiers dans leurs fantaisistes récits. Elle paraît plutôt aimable. De petite taille, mais grandie par la chaussure tartare à très haute semelle, elle porte un costume merveilleux : une robe à fond jaune, tissée comme nos Gobelins, doublée de zibeline. Ses bijoux sont de premier ordre et toutes les dames ont surtout admiré un collier de perles, unique au monde peut-être, don de l'empereur de Russie.

Dès qu'elles ont pénétré dans la salle du trône, et pris place, en ligne, devant Sa Majesté, toutes les

bonheur, et surmontée d'une assez belle perle. Pour redescendre de l'estrade, chaque dame est, dans l'escaier, soutenue, toujours par le coude, par un des grands mandarins du Palais.

De la salle du trône, accompagné par les princesses, le cortège se rend à la salle du festin, où est servi un repas chinois des plus succulents pour un Céléste, mais aux aromes trop violents pour l'odorat de nos charmantes Européennes. L'impératrice n'assiste pas au banquet.

Ce repas, auquel beaucoup d'invités n'ont touché que du bout des lèvres, à peine terminé, on passe dans un petit salon où se trouve Sa Majesté, et la conversation s'engage par l'intermédiaire des interprètes. L'impératrice examine soigneusement — véritable revue de détail — les costumes, les coiffures, et surtout la disposition des pieds et des mains de ses invitées et les prie bientôt de passer à la salle de théâtre où une représentation spéciale a été organisée à leur intention.

La petite fête dura deux heures, deux heures de musique assourdissante, qui faisait moins penser à du Wagner qu'à l'atelier d'un forblancier. L'impératrice qui, au début, se tenait dans sa loge, vint au parterre rejoindre ses invitées et leur offrir, comme porte-bonheur, quelques petites courges sèches, de 8 à 16 centimètres de longueur.

Au sortir du théâtre, une collation fut encore servie, puis, avec force compliments, congé fut pris de Sa Majesté qui annonça à ces dames qu'elle allait leur envoyer chez elles des cadeaux.

Ceux-ci arrivèrent le lendemain : rouleaux de soie superbe, de brocart d'or, mais tellement criards de teinte qu'ils seraient inutilisables en Europe; tableau peint à l'encre de Chine par l'impératrice elle-même et orné d'une dédicace et d'une signature; enfin une collection de vingt-sept peignes de toutes formes et grandeurs.

C'était il y a un an et demi. Les événements ont marché depuis.

JACQUES DU TAURAT.

NOTES ET IMPRESSIONS

Le Paris nouveau manque d'histoire, et il perd l'histoire de l'ancien Paris.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

Personne ne comprend personne.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

L'estomac est la conscience du corps.

H. TAINÉ.

L'art doit être un organe moral de la vie humaine.

TOLSTOÏ.

La jeunesse : un âge où les yeux brillent sans voir.

ALPH. DAUDET.

Nous prenons toujours le parti de la justice contre les gens que nous n'aimons pas.

Le mariage nous aide mieux à supporter les maux de la vie que les faveurs de la fortune.

G.-M. VAILTOUR.

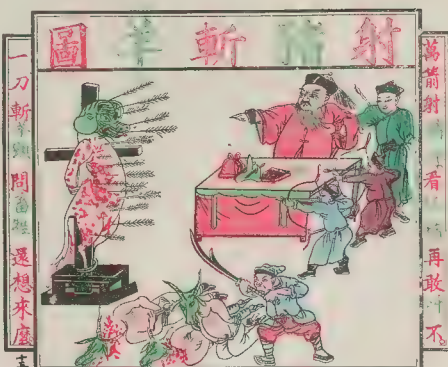


M. Gérard. ambassadeur de France, reçu par l'empereur de Chine

LE NATIONALISME EN CHINE



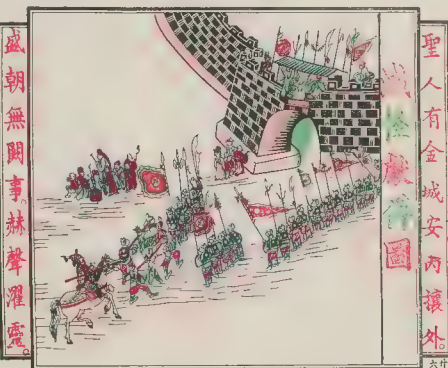
La Chine aux Chinois! — Tel pourrait être le titre d'une publication répandue à foison dans toute la Chine et dont nous reproduisons ici quelques images en résumant le texte qui les accompagne. Ce livre a dû puissamment contribuer à la préparation des événements actuels. Il s'ouvre par une image représentant des Chinois prostrés autour d'un porc crucifié, tandis que derrière eux, des chrétiens couraient leurs femmes.



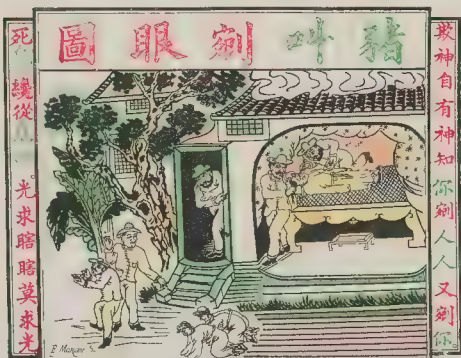
Le supplice du porc et de la chèvre. — Le monstre à figure de porc représente un chrétien; la chèvre un étranger. Au porc dix mille flèches, et vous écouteriez ensuite s'il criait encore à la chèvre un bon coup de couteau, qui lui tranche la tête et vous verrez si elle a envie de revenir! — Le porc percé de flèches porte l'inscription *Ye-Su Jésus*. La chèvre décapitée est marquée *Si* (occidental). Un mandarin à bouton rouge préside à l'exécution.



Les prêtres de Bouddah et de Taou exterminant les démons. — Aux armes, fervents adeptes de Tai Shang et de Shih Kia, fondateurs de votre foi! Unissez-vous pour chasser les diables étrangers, afin que ces affreux démons ne détruisent pas les statues dorées de vos dieux. Les démons étrangers sont représentés par trois porcs. Celui du milieu porte l'inscription *Ye-Su Jésus*, celui de droite *Kuan-Sue* (missionnaire); celui de gauche *Kuan-Tu* (disciple-converti).



La Déroute des barbares et le massacre des captifs. — Le Très-Saint Empereur en une place forte où il donne asile à ceux du dedans (les Chinois); et d'où il chasse ceux du dehors (les étrangers). Notre barbare dynastie est toute puissante, sa renommée est glorieuse, son pouvoir est immense. L'image représente un Mandarin à cheval précédé d'une chèvre et d'un porc captifs. Sur les remparts, des têtes coupées de porcs étrangers, surmontées d'étendards chinois.

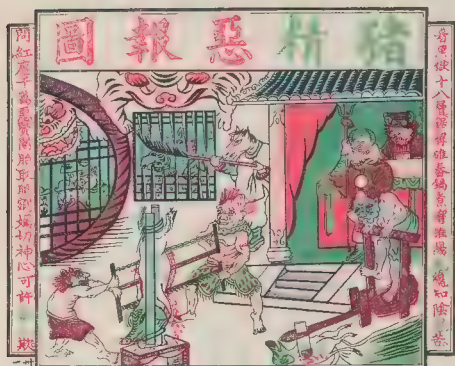


La secte des porcs (chrétiens) aveuglant les Chinois. — Deux étrangers arrachent les yeux à un Chinois couché sur un lit. Au premier plan, deux Chinois rendus aveugles par la même opération, rampent aux pieds des étrangers devenus leurs maîtres. Allusion à une légende d'après laquelle les missionnaires emploient les yeux de Chinois pour la transmutation du plomb en argent. Les yeux enlevés sont remplacés par du plâtre coulé dans les orbites. Cela s'appelle cocher un Céleste pour le voyage en Occident.



Extinction des chèvres par tous les tigres. — Lutter contre un tigre est difficile, mais quand tous les tigres s'élancent à la fois, qui oserait braver le torrent révolutionnaire? Les chèvres seront donc exterminées. Dans l'image, les tiges représentent, bien entendu, les patriotes chinois et les chèvres sont marquées du signe *Si* (occidental ou étranger). Comme dans toutes les enluminures analogues, les étrangers, chèvres ou porcs, ont la tête colorée en vert.

LE NATIONALISME EN CHINE



Les supplices de l'enfer réservés aux chrétiens. — On y voit un porc chrétien séché en deux, un autre pîlé dans un mortier — des démons à têtes de cheval et de bœuf président à la torture. L'huile que d'autres chrétiens y assistent derrière une grille, en attendant leur tour. Parmi ceux-ci, « des étrangers en costume européen. » Malheur aux convertis ! dit le texte, tels sont les supplices qui les attendent, eux, leurs femmes, leurs enfants et leurs petits enfants !



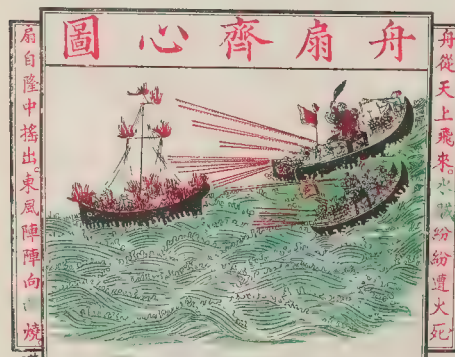
Pour fêter la naissance d'un enfant, sacrifiez un porc et une chèvre. — « Quand l'enfant aura trois jours, nous vous tuons. Quand l'enfant aura un an, nous les mangerons. » Vous, ce sont les porcs, les chrétiens, eux, ce sont les chèvres, les étrangers. Cette image se répète sous diverses formes en s'appliquant à tous les événements de la vie de famille. Dans celle-ci, le sacrifice est figure au premier plan, on aperçoit au fond la famille du nouveau-né.



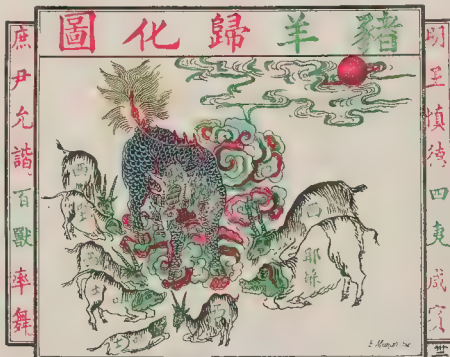
Rendez aux porcs ce qui vient des chèvres. — Des étrangers, en costume européen, apportent une chèvre à la porte d'un temple surmonté de l'inscription Hing-Tan, nom d'une école rebâtie fondée par Confucius. Leurs présents sont repoussés avec mépris et la morale de cette image, dit le texte, est que les disciples de Confucius ne veulent rien apprendre des chrétiens. A remarquer la couleur verte dont est toujours enluminée la coiffure des étrangers.



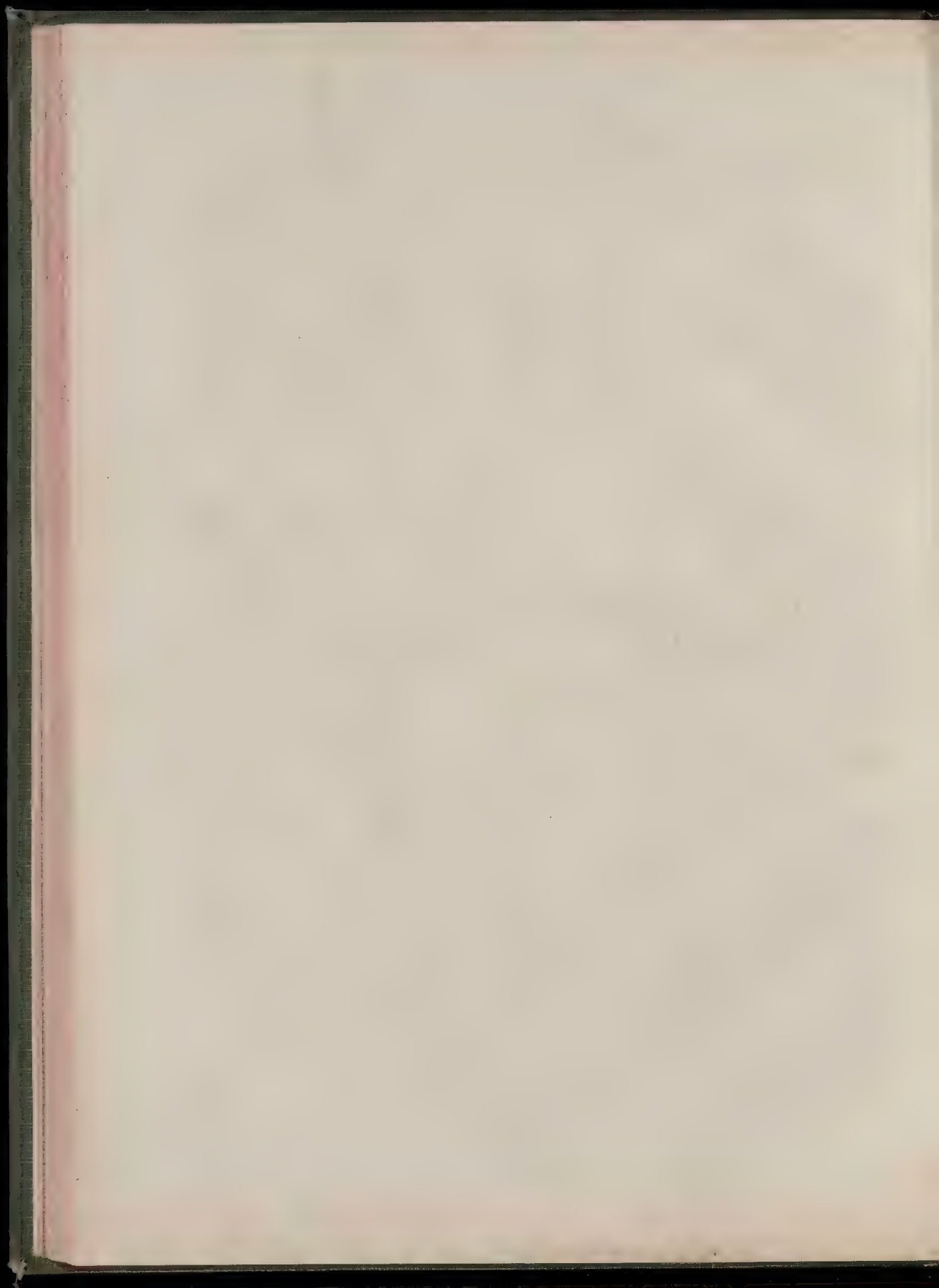
A bas les étrangers ! Au feu leurs livres ! — A gauche, en bas, un autelade que des patriotes contemplent en se bouchant le nez, car les livres étrangers empoisonnent : la religion dépravée qu'ils enseignent ne prêché-t-elle pas le mépris des traditions, des ancêtres et des sages, de Bouddah et des Genies ? Au premier plan, un portefaix apporte au bûcher une charge de livres chrétiens. Plus haut, des patriotes assomment des étrangers à coups de bâton.



Les pirates étrangers mis en déroute par l'éventail sacré. — Allusion à la légende, après laquelle Chu-Ko-Liang, ministre de l'empereur Liu Pei, ayant régné de 181 à 234 de l'ère chrétienne, mit en déroute une flotte ennemie, après avoir obtenu par ses prières un vent favorable. L'image représente le grand patriote monté sur une jouque de guerre et brandissant l'éventail qui souffle l'incendie sur le vaisseau des barbares occidentaux. L'incendie détruit le navire, ajoute le texte chinois, et les pirates meurent tous dans les flammes.



Soumission générale des porcs et des chèvres. — L'animal fabuleux représenté au milieu du groupe est le Kiin, roi des quadrupèdes. Les porcs sont, comme toujours, marqués des signes *Jiau*, missionnaire et converti; les chèvres, du signe *occidental* ou *étranger*. Tous les étrangers réfractaires, tous les chrétiens incorrigibles ont été exterminés des différentes manières représentées précédemment. Les survivants reconnaissent la suprématie de la Chine, ils se prosternent devant sa gloire et célèbrent l'apothéose du fils du Ciel.



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A CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS MAJESTY WITH QUEEN MARGHERITA
THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY

Topics of the Week

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha

ALL hearts in the British Empire will go out in the most sincere and profound sympathy to the Queen-Emress on the untimely loss of her second and well-loved son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The mournful news, so full of pathos to those acquainted with the strong affection subsisting between all members of the Royal Family, shocked the world all the more by reason of its being wholly unexpected. The deceased Prince had been ailing, it is true, for some time, but, endowed as he was with a splendid constitution and a thoroughly robust frame, he seemed destined to share the longevity of his illustrious lineage. Before he was called to the throne of the Duchy, he made a high reputation for himself as a naval commander, and it is an open secret that, had the choice rested with himself, he would have much preferred to follow that road to high distinction than to begin a new and wholly different career. But the statesmanship he, subsequently displayed in a position bristling with difficulties proved conclusively that he had inherited the wisdom and many-sidedness of his ever-to-be-lamented father, the Prince Consort. Like him, too, and also like the Prince of Wales, the Duke, both when resident in England and in his Duchy, associated himself personally with every practical endeavour to promote the happiness and the wellbeing of the humbler classes. Any well-thought-out scheme aiming at that purpose was sure to receive his closest consideration, and not a few owed to his intelligent mind the finishing touches which conduced to its success. Both here and in Russia the bereaved widow and children will be the objects of universal sympathy as genuine as deep. For the Duke was, above all things, a loving husband and father; there was no happier family in Europe than that which gathered round his now darkened hearth. Domesticity and sense of duty were his ruling attributes, as in the case of the Prince Consort, from the moment he emerged from boyhood: indeed, there is evidence that he formed his chief guidance at a still earlier age. English mothers, wives, and children will feel what it must be to have such a son, such a husband, and such a father suddenly snatched away in the very prime of manhood, and their sympathies will flow out freely to the whole of the august family to whom his loss cannot fail to be irreparable.

China and the Powers

ALTHOUGH the better news just to hand from Sir Claude MacDonald shows that no massacre had taken place up to a recent date the incredulity which necessarily forms a part of the diplomatic armoury was, it must be now admitted, sadly at fault when it caused him and his colleagues to belittle the warnings of coming danger which they received long before the crisis occurred. But they were not much to blame after all; we make little question that similar warnings had often been given previously to stave off unpleasant proceedings on the part of aggrieved Powers. The Chinese have always been adepts in angry grimacing, and the Foreign Ministers probably assumed that they were merely repeating that ancient device. It is greatly to the credit of Lord Salisbury, all the same, that this country was the first to discern the real ugliness of the situation brought into being by the "Boxers." No sooner, either, was that discovery made at Downing Street than quick recognition of the indispensability of Japanese help followed. Unfortunately, the other Powers either could not or would not come to that perception, and had not Lord Salisbury accepted the responsibility of indemnifying the Tokio Government, the Japanese reinforcements would still be waiting embarkation. But it is not at Peking alone that the forces of civilisation require to be strengthened against the forces of barbarism. The greater part of the Yangtze Valley is in a condition of dangerous fermentation; Russia finds her long frontier in Eastern Asia seriously menaced; France has had to "scuttle out" of Yunnan; the bit of territory carved out of Shantung by Germany may prove a very expensive possession. The Powers will, of course, have to complete the work they began when they smashed the Taku Forts, and if the Chinese Government does not make submission on the occupation of Peking further force, the only argument understood by Tsu-tai and their kin, will have to be applied. All this, however, would matter little if, on the capture of the capital, the besieged Europeans are found alive: it is their possible fate which still fills Christendom with fear and horror despite the better news just to hand.

Regicidal Mania

It seems banal to say that the world has been shocked by the murder of the King of Italy. The phrase is so common that it trips from the tongue as a matter of course. And yet it is literally and absolutely true. Tens of thousands of people, to whom King Humbert was only a name, felt a thrill of horror when they read in their papers on Monday that another King had fallen a victim to the Anarchists' mania for regicide. In addition, moreover, to the feeling of horror is the feeling of hopelessness. These murders are so far beyond the range of ordinary human motives that it seems impossible to devise any scheme for preventing them. They evidently in no way depend on the private or public character of the Sovereign or President or Prince assailed. The Empress of Austria was a woman of beautiful character who had injured no one. The Prince of Wales is universally popular on the Continent as well as in England. President Carnot was a highly respected and entirely honourable man who discharged with great dignity the duties of his post. King Humbert was also a man with whom his subjects had no reasonable ground for complaint. He had a most difficult task to discharge, and the rôle which he assigned to himself left him few opportunities of winning personal popularity. But no one can contend that he did not labour hard for the sake of Italy, and that the consolidation and growth of the Italian kingdom were not largely due to these unceasing yet self-effacing labours of the King. The only possible explanation of his murder is to be found in the Anarchist idea that the best way of changing the constitution of society is to strike at the titular heads of authorities in each country. Given this idea it is not difficult to find instruments to carry it out. We all honour the soldier for facing the cannon; the Anarchist honours himself for facing the scaffold. If that risk is removed by too-merciful laws he congratulates himself on obtaining notoriety at a cheap price. The escape of Spido, and the mild punishment inflicted on the murderer of the Empress of Austria, were scandals in jurisprudence which have possibly helped to encourage the attack on King Humbert. It may be suggested, however, that capital punishment is not necessarily the best remedy for crimes of this character. There is a suggestion of heroic martyrdom about the scaffold; there is none about the whipping-blo ck. If creatures of the Spido type knew that they would be treated to a sound flogging, delivered under humiliating conditions, they would be less likely to advertise themselves by killing a King.

Uganda

HAPPILY, there is one portion of the British Empire where everything is going on quite smoothly. Sir Harry Johnston's report on the present condition of the Uganda Protectorate proves that this recently turbulent acquisition has settled down to the arts of peace. His chief complaint, indeed, is that the natives are such incorrigible idlers as to delay the development of the country's magnificent resources. Work they will not so long as there are plenty of bananas to eat, and as that is all the year round, except when drought dries up the plants, these children of nature see no reason for making their limbs ache. The first thing to be done, therefore, is to indoctrinate the Buganda with that "divine discontent" which influences the civilised nations of the earth to earn the wherewithal for the purchase of luxuries. On that point, Sir Harry addresses a few admonitory words to the Christian missionaries. It is their practice, he says, to teach contentment to their converts, with the result that a large portion of the land, although extremely fertile, remains uncultivated. It may be a question, however, whether these delightfully lazy people will be happier when they learn to covet gaudy prints, trade rum, and the other essentials of civilised life. That may be of benefit to their country, but there is something to be said, all the same, for their indifference to luxury. For the rest, it will not be long before the Protectorate has direct railway connection with the littoral, and when that "missing link" is supplied, it will be odd, indeed, if the shrieking engine does not bring with it the whole cargo of European wants in their more elementary forms.

A Collapse of the Opposition

RUMOUR is still busy with the question of the date of the dissolution of the present Parliament, but it is safe to say that the date is not yet known even to Members of the Cabinet. In the first place, there is no absolute necessity for a dissolution this year. It is true that the

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WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL, and will prove particularly interesting as a reference to Political and other matters

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present Parliament has, in the French phrase, exhausted its mandate. There is no longer any enthusiasm of any kind left in the House of Commons. Members wearily meet day after day, and wearily ask one another how long their collective existence is to last. Constitutionally, however, there is no reason why this Parliament should not continue for at least another twelvemonth, and at an extremity for two full years. It is, however, generally assumed that Ministers will take advantage of the present mood of the country and of the present collapse of the Opposition to advise Her Majesty to dissolve Parliament within the next few months. That is not a view that is likely to commend itself to Lord Salisbury personally. Lord Salisbury, as a Conservative statesman, is naturally disinclined to call in the prerogative of the Crown in order to snatch an advantage for his own Party. Nor is it easy to see why the Unionists should do better or worse at the polls now than they would six or twelve months hence. The Liberals, it is true, are hopelessly disorganised now, but they have been in that condition for several years, and are likely to remain in it for many years more. It is not only the question of Imperialism that divided the Liberal Party, but the question of Home Rule. For the moment not a word is said about the latter difficulty, but it is always there. If the Liberals again take up Irish Home Rule as the leading item in their programme, their defeat in England and Scotland is inevitable. If, on the other hand, they drop Home Rule they will have against them some eighty Irish members and a considerable Irish vote in English and Scotch towns. At present they are not, as a Party, prepared to face that risk. Nor, as a Party, have they the courage to shake off the pro-Boer fanatics. Till they have done both these things their return to power is impossible.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

It is the Prime Minister who decides whether the Government shall dissolve, and there is reason to believe that Lord Salisbury has not as yet arrived at any decision in the matter. Nevertheless, those members who are leaving for the Continent are bidding good-bye to their colleagues who remain on duty with the firm conviction that many will not meet when the House re-opens. The prevailing uncertainty as regards the General Election will not, however, be allowed to continue for long, as it affects many important interests.

It is now supposed that, should the General Elections occur in October or November next, and should the Conservatives obtain a majority at the polls, Lord Salisbury will re-assume the Premiership, and also the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is felt equally by his supporters and by his opponents that, with a Conservative Government in office, no other statesman but Lord Salisbury could conduct the Foreign Affairs of the country during the continuance of the present crisis in China, with all its attendant dangers. Lord Salisbury would, however, only consent to continue in office on the understanding that he will retire when the political atmosphere is clearer.

The experts in such matters now predict that the Government will dissolve in the Autumn, that the Unionist Party will be returned with either an equal or an increased majority, that Lord Salisbury will re-assume the duties of Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, and that—should circumstances in South Africa permit it—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will be appointed Minister for War for the purpose of reorganising that Department and the Army. According to those authorities only one or two of the present Ministers will be removed from office, and the expected great alterations will be postponed till the time occurs when Lord Salisbury retires.

Mr. Akers-Douglas, the First Commissioner of Works, proposes to effect a daring change in Piccadilly. He has obtained the permission of the Queen to cut off a strip of the Green Park from Hyde Park Corner to Walsingham House, and to add this to the roadway. That would diminish the congestion of the traffic in Piccadilly, and would improve the appearance of the street. It is a gracious act on the part of Her Majesty to give the strip of land, for the Green Park is a Royal Park, and therefore the Treasury will not have to ask the country to indemnify the Department for the transfer.

The General Election, the crisis in China, the return of the troops from South Africa, and the hopes of a revival of provincial business, will not only shorten the holidays of many, but will fill London during the autumn and winter months as it has not been for years. This will be pleasant reading for London tradesmen, who have been severe sufferers by the collapse of the season. That the war is practically over is the opinion of those who are most behind the scenes in official life, and so strong is the impression that it is reported that Lord Roberts is contemplating returning home at an early date. His arrival in England would be the signal for general rejoicing, and that of itself would re-animate London.

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Casting a Creusot Gun

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THERE is probably, at the present moment, no better-known firm in the world than that of MM. Schneider et Cie., more popularly known in France as "Le Creusot." It has always, of course, been well known, but recent events in the Transvaal and the Far East have made its reputation universal.

Strange to say, the business was founded by an Englishman, an engineer of the name of Wilkinson, who established himself at Creusot in 1786, and erected iron-smelting works. It was here, too, that shortly after Watt's discovery the first steam-engine was put into use. In fact, the rise of the Creusot Works and the development of iron and steel work have kept pace with each other. The present firm of MM. Schneider et Cie. was founded in 1836 by M. Eugene Schneider. At that time the works covered a very restricted area, and were mostly composed of iron-smelting furnaces.

At the present day the works, mines, railways, etc., owned by the firm cover 485 acres. They consist of the principal works at Creusot, the artillery works at Havre, the naval and bridge constructing works at Chalons-sur-Saone, the mines at Creusot, Montchanin and Longepierre, in the Saone-et-Loire Department, and at Decize, in the Nievre, iron mines at Mazenod and Change, in the Saone-et-Loire, the artillery polygons at Villedeu Creusot, le Hoc, Havre and Harfleur, and the brickworks at Perreuil.

The Creusot works, which are the most important, extend over four kilometres. The various sections are connected by a network of railways, amounting to 300 kilometres, on which there are 30 locomotives and 1,500 waggons. The docks of Bois-Bretoux, on the Canal du Centre at Montchanin, allow of the economical transport of material, machinery, etc., by water.

The number of persons employed by the firm average about 15,000, but this will be considerably increased by the new buildings now under construction. The stability of the *personnel* has been most remarkable. One-third of it has over twenty years' service, a quarter has over twenty-five years, and an eighth has over thirty years' service.

Though MM. Schneider et Cie. construct ironwork of every



MRS. E. E. BREDDON



MR. R. E. BREDDON
Deputy Inspector-General of Maritime Customs
in China



MRS. BREDDON

kind—bridges, mills, boats, barges, torpedo vessels, etc.—it is as gun manufacturers that they are chiefly known. It is impossible to obtain statistics of the amount of guns turned out by the firm; however, communicate they may be in regard to all other matters they are silent in regard to this. Not even the total tonnage is given. The entry "Atelier de Constructions et Ateliers d'Artilerie" is followed by the significant word "néo-éolien" to show that the statistics, though not given, have not been omitted by inadvertence. No reference need be made to the quality of the Creusot guns; their reputation is universal, and the war in South Africa has given proof of what they can do.

The absolute care with which all the operations are conducted is apparent from the following description of the process of construction of a Creusot-Canet gun furnished me by an official of the firm:—

"The ingot of steel on being taken from the steel works is carried to the forge, and there given a first forging in order to give the metal the qualities of cohesion and homogeneity which the ingot does not possess, on being simply cast, in an equal degree from the centre to the surface.

"The ingot is placed in a furnace heated to the necessary temperature and taken to the forging press to undergo the operations of hammering and drawing. In the course of this operation it is given an octagonal shape.

"In the course of the second operation" (known as the "étampage") "in which it is heated and reheated several times, the ingot is given the shape it should have when it is sent to be unroughened. During these various operations the extremities

of the ingot are cut off, for experience has proved that the metal in these is generally of poor quality. Then, to give the metal back the homogeneity of which the successive heatings and reheatings may have to some degree deprived it, it is heated to a bright red and then allowed to cool slowly and progressively.

"The gun is then unroughened and brought to something like its final dimensions. The unroughened piece is then tempered to give the necessary hardness to the metal. In order to do this the gun is suspended in a vertical furnace. In order that the heating may be regular a rotary movement is given to it. At the precise moment that it reaches the desired temperature the door of the furnace is opened and the tube plunged rapidly into a bath of oil. In spite of the precautions taken it sometimes happens that the tempering is

not absolutely regular. In this case the operation is repeated.

"The gun thus tempered is ready for the finishing work. In order to follow the quality of the steel throughout all the operations small rings are cut from the extremity, which are broken into what are known as 'larrasx d'essai.' These are carefully tested, being drawn, struck, and bent to verify whether or not the metal possesses all the necessary qualities."

It is, therefore, clear that a gun turned out from the Creusot Works is as near perfection as any weapon can be. MM. Schneider et Cie. are under contract with the French Government not to supply their guns to any Power in Europe. They can, however, supply nations in other parts of the world, and in addition to the Transvaal, the greater part of the Japanese and much of the Chinese artillery comes from their works.

Residents in Peking

MR. R. E. BREDDON, Deputy Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs, China, came home from Peking a couple of years ago, with the intention of retiring. He had then filled the post of Commissioner of Customs at Han-kan, Canton, and elsewhere, but was induced to return to Peking as Deputy Inspector-General. His wife and daughter went with him. Like Sir Robert Hart, Mr. Bredon came from the north of Ireland, and Sir Robert married his sister. Our portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Bredon are by Rieman, Jones, and Lotz, San Francisco.



DEAN DI FRANK 1886, R.L.

TEAN A BIRTH BY LONER JAMES

On June 15, when General Broadwood's cavalry brigade was attempting to turn the left of Commandant P. de la Roche's 11th, fifteen miles from Pretoria, the fighting was very severe. Broadwood advanced against the kopjes on his front, the Mounted Infantry protecting his left and Gordon's cavalry his right. Perceiving a gap in the enemy's line behind which two guns were firing aimed with damaging accuracy, Broadwood determined to attempt to cut this in order to break up the enemy's fire line and reduce their artillery fire. "Q" Battery galloped for the gap and unnumbered. The Boers, seeing an

opportunity, did what they had rarely done before. A large mounted body charged in close formation across the open up to within 600 yards of the battery, and opened a murderous rifle fire. There was but one way to extricate the guns. The 12th Lancers were ordered into the open in front, where they formed and charged. The enemy did not wait long enough for the squadrons to get really home. They scattered, but ten were left dead and several wounded, and the guns were saved.

AN AWKWARD MOMENT: "Q" BATTERY CHARGED BY THE ENEMY



On this day, before the entry into Pretoria the Guards' Brigade, after nearly twelve hours' marching, were met by a large crowd of people in the town square. The march was a grand march past of troops took place in the Market Square, Pretoria. Lord Roberts and the staff, after lunch outside and making all arrangements, then rode into the Market Square. The appearance of the men after the long and arduous march was a sight to be remembered. It will be remembered that, through some error, the Guards did not lead the march past into the town square, but they had their day at the entry into Pretoria, and furnished Lord Roberts with a grand sight of honor. The splendid appearance of the men after the long and arduous march was a sight to be remembered. It will be remembered that, through some error, the Guards did not lead the march past into the town square, but they had their day at the entry into Pretoria, and furnished Lord Roberts with a grand sight of honor.

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THE GUARDS' BRIGADE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PRETORIA BEFORE MARCHING THROUGH THE TOWN

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT, C. E. FETTER, R.W.S.



LADY MACDONALD'S TWO LITTLE GIRLS
Now reported to be safe at Chefoo

Life at the British Legation, Peking

By R. H. MACDONALD

WHILE I write, the fate of Lady MacDonald and her children, and the other Europeans in China, is still shrouded in that awful mystery which envelops the East, and with the gruesome stories of the Shanghai versions of the tragedy still fresh in my mind, I am carried back to a short summer visit paid two years ago to the scene upon which all eyes in Europe have for days been turned. Peking itself is an Eastern city of a type fast vanishing. A city of mystery, poverty and dirt, with glimpses of a fairyland which to many of us is only a dream of the "Thousand and One Nights." Imagine a walled-in city with many gates. Long, wide streets, and others narrow and dark. Brightly painted signs in quaint Chinese characters, a busy, bustling throng of picturesque natives, through which the green chair of a Mandarin forces its way, the bearers spitting contemptuously on anyone who gets in their road. Great desolate spaces, scenes crowded like a fair, Chinese ponies, Pekingese carts, with the spokes coming through the tyres in great knobs which tear up the roads. Long strings of camels heavily laden—everywhere brilliant sunshine, indescribable filth, heat, and dust, and frightful roads with ruts two or three feet deep—such is the City of Peking. Once inside the British Legation compound all this was changed. A fair garden, European buildings scattered here and there, the whole so arranged as to give a great idea of space. Everything cool and fresh. Two elaborate pagodas on pillars led

up to the Legation—a Chinese Prince's house richly decorated in all the wealth of Oriental fancy, modernised to European ideas sufficiently to be comfortable, and furnished with a quaint collection of curios, amongst which many reminiscences of Sir Claude MacDonald's West African appointment found a place.

Lady MacDonald ever has been a charming hostess. There was always someone staying at the Legation, which was like a green oasis in a desert. At evening one heard the Chinese fring and beating gongs to frighten away evil spirits from the Imperial Palace in the Forbidden City, which is almost adjoining. The two little girls of Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald had both English and Chinese nurses, and were always in the open air. They are not strong children, and it was only a short time ago that their mother



This god presides over Buckhouse's temple, and was photographed with much difficulty owing to the fact that it resides in a very dark hall
THE CHINESE GOD OF WAR



MR. C. W. KINDER
Chief Engineer of the Chinese Railways

was hastily summoned back to Peking with the tidings that they were seriously ill, but on arrival happily found them much better.

There were spacious stables in the compound, where the Alaofos looked after the Chinese ponies in training for the race. There was a little chapel, and there was a purely English house. Mr. Bax Ironside's, the only two-storied building in the compound.

Every morning the guards drilled in the grounds. In the afternoon they played cricket, and when any visitors of importance arrived they received them by presenting arms.

There were plenty of sports going on, and the student interpreters helped to keep things moving, but life is very dull in this far Eastern city, and the passage of a globe-trotter made a welcome change from the monotony of ordinary life. The Legations, of course, visited each other a great deal. There were delightful dinner parties where only French was spoken, and where the Continental fashion of rising and leaving the table with the ladies was followed. Lady MacDonald, as the doyen of the Ministers' ladies, entertained a great deal. In the summer all who could went away to the hills, or to Paoingfu.

Dr. Morrison, of the *Times*, who was a constant visitor, and knew more of what went on in Peking than the Chinese themselves, has sometimes amused his hosts by telling them the movements of every person who had left the Legation during the day, and what they did and said in interviews outside which were supposed to be most private. A less frequent visitor, but one as well known in Peking as Sir Robert Hart himself, was Mr. Kinder, the British engineer who opened up China to railway enterprise. He lived at Tongshan, where he married a pretty Japanese lady. The illustration is from a photograph taken at Tongshan a few months ago. Mr. Kinder has long been a prophet of evil in North China, but, unfortunately, has been little heeded.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAST

PUNISHMENT IN A CHINESE YAMEN: THE BASTINADO

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. THOMSON

"I be just come from speech with the woman, and can't say as 'twas sense or yet nonsense I got out of her. She kept a close watch on her lips 'peared to me; but her eyes threatened bad things, an' her weern't at ease. 'What will happen, will happen,' she sez to me; an' at the first utterance it seemed a deep sayin', yet, come to think on't, 'twas a thing known so well to me as she."

"Why did you go to her?" inquired Timothy, knowing without need of answer.

"'Bout last night. Couldn't banish it from my head what her said as to your sweetheart. So I went an' 'telled her how you met my Sarah, an' axed if that comed in the spell, seeing the gal wear tokened to another man. An' she said as it might be or might not be, because the spoken word remained, an' was no more to be called back again than last year's primroses. Then I axed her what her own view of it might be; an' she up an' said what I told 'e; 'What will happen, will happen.' Arter that I grew hot, an' said any fule knawed so much, an' she turned round 'pon me like a dog you've trod on by mistake, an' her eyes glinted like shinin' steel, an' I reckoned she was gwaine to answerlook me ther an' then. So I cleared out of it."

"What happens, happens, because it must. That's all right enough, John. And things won't fall out differently, because we take thought and pine about 'em."

"I be keepin' comp'ny, an' it may be a sort o' state as blinds the eyes 'raps," said Aggett, humbly.

"I trust 'e in this thing—you're a gen'leman an' wisen't me, as he a more work for him alongside 'e. But ther 'tis she'm my awn maid, an' if the 'maiz' betwixt looks of her have fired 'e, then, as you'm a gude man, so I pray you'll be at trouble not to see her no more. 'Tis very well to say what must fall must, but the future did ought to be a man's servant, I reckon, no his master."

"That's not philosophic, John."

"Anyway, if ther's danger in my gal to you, then turn your back upon her. I sez it w' all respects as man to master; an' as man to man I'll say more an' lid you be a man an' look any way but that. I's say, I sez it though not worthy to hold a candle to 'e. An', what's more, I trust 'e."

To Timothy's relief John did not delay for an answer to his exhortation, but proceeded upon his way. So they parted, by curious chance, at that spot where to-day there rise the mound and aged thorn. The moor was of a uniform and sullen iron colour under a sky of like hue, but paler shade. The north wind still blew, but the clouds were lower, denser, and heavy with snow.

Even as Aggett went down the hill and his rival proceeded upwards, there came fluttering out of the grey the first scattered flakes of a long-delayed downfall. They floated singly, wide-scattered on the wind. Here and there a monstrous fragment, undulating like a feather, capsize in the invisible currents of the air. Then the swarms thickened, and hurried horizontally in puffs and handfuls. The clean, black edges of the distant moor were now swept and softened with a mist of falling snow; aloft, faster and faster, came the flakes, budding and leaping out of nothingness, and appearing as dark grey specks against the lighter sky. Presently, indication of change marked the world, and a glimmer of virgin white under oncoming gloom outlined sheep tracks and made ghostly the grey boulders of the moor. By nightfall the great snow had fairly begun, and blinding blizzards were screaming over the moor on the wings of a gale of wind.

(To be continued)

THE CHESTER TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—The Chester Musical Festival took place last week, and although the management were deprived of the support of the Eaton Hall party, who are in mourning, yet it is understood that from a financial point of view the Festival was again a success. It can hardly of course rightly be described as a Chester Festival, inasmuch as the whole of the principal artists came from elsewhere, while the band were engaged from Manchester, London, and Liverpool, and even a large contingent of the choir were borrowed from Bradford, Leeds, and Manchester. They wanted further rehearsal, although this, curiously enough, was more observable in the familiar music than in the novelties. The principal novelty was a *Requiem* from the pen of Dr. J. C. Bridge, organist of the Cathedral, and brother of Sir Frederick Bridge of Westminster.



In accordance with the permission of the Italian Government, German war and ambulance material has passed through Milan for embarkation at Genoa. Considerable interest was aroused by the sailing of the several liners with detachments of troops and war stores. Our illustration is from a photograph by G. Amato.

GERMAN WAR MATERIAL FOR CHINA: THE "BREMEN" LEAVING GENOA

The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

Light at Last

AFTER several painful weeks of alternate fear and hope, our suspense was at last relieved by a telegram, dated July 21, from Sir Claude MacDonald, forwarded by Rear-Admiral Bruce at Taku, on July 28,—i.e. seven days later, from which we gathered, it is true, that the Legation had been in great peril, that between June 20 and July 16,—i.e. a period of about four weeks—it had been repeatedly attacked by "Chinese troops" (no mention of "Boxers") with "both rifle and artillery fire," that on the latter date an armistice had been agreed on—"the Chinese barricades being close to ours,"—that the women and children, thank God! were so far safe in the Legation, and that up to the date of the message, 21st ult., the casualties had been 62 killed and "that number" wounded—the killed including an officer of the Marines, Captain Strouts, and two student interpreters—Olyphant and Warren.

"Rest of the Legation all well."

A Soldier-Diplomatist

While serious enough in all conscience, the news conveyed to us in this message was nevertheless of a very tranquillising kind; and the only cause for wonder was that if our Ambassador was able to send through as much intelligence to Taku—by runner, it is to be presumed—he did not profit by the opportunity to send more and give greater amplitude to his details. But even from Sir Claude's comparatively meagre despatch it is clear that the fighting round the British Legation at Peking must have been as severe as the which once raged at the Residency in Lucknow; and it is fortunate that our representative in China was an experienced soldier before he became a diplomatist. For now surely it can be said of him by none of his critics that he is the right man in the wrong place, a square peg in a round hole. To his soldierly sense was undoubtedly due the long and successful defence of the Legation, while his diplomacy then came in to supplement his military skill by bringing about the armistice of which he speaks. His news was borne out by a message of the same date—21st ult.—from the German Secretary of Legation to his country's Consul at Tientsin, and telegraphed thence to Berlin on the 28th ult. "Attack of Chinese troops," said Herr von Below, "ceased since July 16. Speediest possible advance of relief troops urgently necessary." Other messages of the same date stated that the Austrian, Dutch, Belgian, and Italian Legations had been destroyed and others damaged; that over 400 non-combatants had occupied the British Embassy, which there had been four attempts to fire—two

resulting in the ruin of Hanlin College; that at last 2,000 Chinese had been killed; that the Americans occupied a strong position on the City wall; that the North Cathedral was being held by Chinese converts as allies of the aliens, who, for the rest, though short of ammunition, had plenty of food in the shape of rice and horses; that the great danger was that the Chinese who were defeated at Tientsin might enter the City; and that, though safe for the time being, the Ministers were still in a practical state of siege.

Ministers as Hostages

Far from yet being free agents they were hostages in the hands of the party in power at Peking—whatever that is—trump cards in the game of bluff which the Chinese are now trying on with the Powers. This much was practically admitted by Li Hung Chang, who, in talk with the Russian and Italian Consuls at Shanghai, "professed that he was anxious to obtain the assurance of the military commanders that all hostile operations would be suspended on condition that the Ministers were safely brought from Peking to Tientsin." The advance of the Allied Forces from Tientsin on the capital, Li declared, would mean death to the remainder of the foreigners there. The Throne, he added, was still able to restrain the Chinese troops and "Boxers," and the suspension of hostilities at Peking on the 16th ult. seemed to prove the truth of this assurance. Other Chinese accounts brought the safety of the Ministers up to July 24, on which date an important decree, *from* Sir Chi Chen Lofengluh, thus ran:—"It is fortunate that all Foreign Representatives, with the exception of Baron von Ketteler, are found in safety, and unharmed. Provisions in the shape of various foodstuffs, vegetables, fruits, &c., are to be supplied to all the Legations in order to show our courtesy." But this Imperial courtesy can only become complete when it restores the Representatives of the Powers to free and unfettered communication with their respective Governments.

Military Preparations

It is clear, therefore, that the crisis at Peking has not yet reached its acutest stage, and the advance of the allies will be watched with the keenest suspense. Who is to command this advance is not yet known, though Colonel Hamilton Bower, commanding the Chinese Regiment from Wei-Hai-Wei, has been appointed Military Governor of Tientsin, while the Russians have taken over the control of the railway. After it was captured and looted the native city of Tientsin "presented an appalling spectacle of ruin and desolation." General Gaselee, commanding our Indo-British contingent has arrived.

But the most sensational telegram of the past week in connection with China was that which reported to us the fiery speech delivered by the German Emperor to the troops of his expeditionary force when leaving Bremen—*a speech* which was a curious blend of a fierce exhortation to battle and a Papal benediction. This bellicose appeal to his departing troops was variously reported, but the following would appear to be its essence:—

"You have the task before you of revenging a hideous crime—that of the violation of the sanctity of Ambassadors and the laws of hospitality. You are going to meet an enemy which it is right that you should know never gives quarter and never takes prisoners. I exhort you so to comport yourselves as German soldiers that for a thousand years no Chinaman shall dare to look with an evil eye upon a German. You will open the way for civilisation for all time. Adieu, comrades." Another version of the Kaiser's appeal to his away-going contingent made him say: "Quarter will not be given; prisoners will not be taken," as if the fighting customs of the Chinese would also have to be practised by his own troops.

It remains to be seen whether the Allied Army of retribution and relief now concentrating at Tientsin, with 20,000 Japanese for its nucleus, will allow its advance to be retarded by the threatening attitude of the authorities at Peking with the Ministers as hostages in their power; and also whether the Powers—England in particular—will be influenced by the reasoning of the Viceroy at Shanghai, who declares that, with the aid of the other Viceroy of the Yangtze Valley provinces, he can maintain order himself, but that if foreign ships of war make their appearance in the river he will not be responsible for the consequences. In the meantime Admiral Seymour has gone south to study the situation on the Yangtze-Kiang, to which the anarchy and unrest that are rampant in other parts of the Celestial Empire, notably in Chinese Manchuria, now threaten to spread.



THE 24th PUNJAB INFANTRY GOING ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "MUDRA" AT CALCUTTA
INDIAN TROOPS EMBARKING FOR CHINA

From a Photograph by F. Kapp, Calcutta



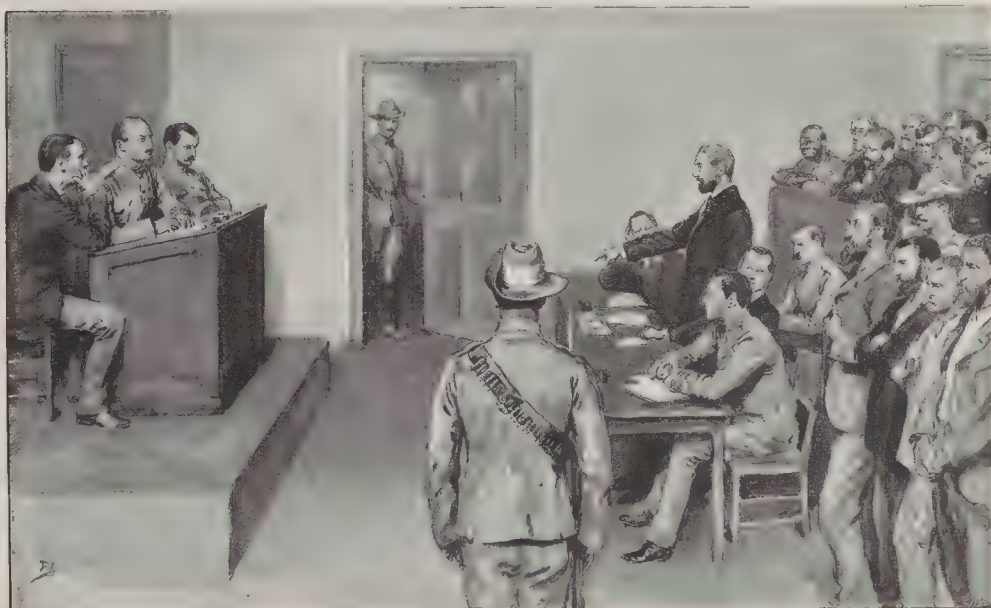
DRAWN BY W. RABBIT

FROM A SKETCH SENT BY MRS. GARTHELYE

One of "Tommy's" characteristics is his determination to get what pleasure he can out of his unfortunate condition, and the fact that a trolley has been available in a camp on the railway has before now provided him with considerable recreation. Given a slight incline and you have something approaching a

rolling slide, the effort of bringing the machine up the slope being more than compensated for by the agreeable run down.

A FAVOURITE AMUSEMENT IN A CAMP ON THE RAILWAY



Mr. Bell Lord Charles Bentinck
Major Baden-Powell

Mr. de Kock, Crown Prosecutor Four prisoners

The Commission assembled at Mafeking for the investigation of rebel prisoners consists of a President (Major Sir John Bull, Scots Guards, brother of the defender of Mafeking) and two members (Lord Charles Bentinck, 9th Lancers, and Mr. Bell, Civil Commissioner of Mafeking). They have tried over 100 prisoners,

the great majority of whom have been found guilty of bearing arms against Her Majesty's Government. These prisoners are then sent to Cape Town to be tried by ordinary Court of Law. Our illustration is from a sketch by a British Officer.

TURNING THE TABLES: THE MAFEKING COMMISSION TRYING REBEL PRISONERS

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What PADEREWSKI says of it

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March 22, 1900.
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I am,
Yours very truly,
I. J. PADEREWSKI.

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THE SPHERE

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

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[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

Sixpence Weekly.



COUNT VON WALDERSEE, THE COMMANDER OF THE ALLIES, AND HIS WIFE (WHO IS AN AMERICAN)

Count von Waldersee sailed from Genoa for China on board the "Sachsen" on the evening of August 21. The Countess did not see him off. Born in New York as Marie Esther Lee, she was married in Paris in 1864 (at

the age of twenty-seven) to Frederic, Prince of Noix (the uncle of our own Prince Christian), who was sixty-five years of age. He died within a year. In 1874 she married Count von Waldersee. She has no children

OUR OTHER AFRICAN WAR—The Heroic Relief of Kumasi.



KING PREMPEH AND HIS COURT

The ex-King was deposed February, 1896, since which time he has been living at Elmina on the Gold Coast. On August 20 he and Asahi (the deposed King of Ashanti) left Sierra Leone on the "Dwarka" for the Seychelles on the other side of Africa.

On the opposite sides of the Dark Continent, not far from the same latitude, there are two islands, which represent two phases of the struggle for our right to live in Africa. On the west lies the lonely island of St. Helena, where Mr. Cronje and his Boer comrades are safe and sound. On the east lie the islands of the Seychelles, which are to be the future home of Prempeh and Asahi, the two Ashanti kings who have been re-disputing our right to that troublesome little corner in the north-west, for on the 20th of last month the two monarchs set sail from Sierra Leone on board the troopship *Dwarka* for the opposite side of the little group of islands which we got hold of in 1794, and now form a dependency of Mauritius.

Sir Frederic Hodgson, the Governor, reached Kumasi in March, and almost immediately trouble broke out with the natives. On April 30 a force of Hausas set out from Lagos for Kumasi under Captain J. C. Aplin, and after terrible hardships reached the capital, only to be shut up with the residents. Meantime a force from the north had set out from Gambaga, 340 miles distant from Kumasi, under Major Morris, D.S.O., the Commissioner of the Northern Territories. His little army consisted mainly of Hausas, with whom he reached the capital on May 15 after a great deal of fighting. At five o'clock on the morning of Saturday, June 23, Major Morris, at the head of his little force, which had been sadly depleted by the enemy, moved out of Kumasi with the Governor and Lady Hodgson, cut their way to Cape Coast (reached on July 11) in a march which will never be forgotten by them, so many hardships had to be borne. From the time of the departure of Major Morris's relief column from Gambaga to the date of the departure from Kumasi he had one officer killed, while other officers received altogether seventeen wounds. The other casualties were: Native officers, 1 killed, 3 wounded; Hausa, 20 killed, 204 wounded. In addition the native levies suffered heavily. In the march from Kumasi to the coast his losses were 2 officers killed (one had been previously wounded four times), 1 officer wounded, 80 men killed and missing, and 37 wounded. Captain Bishop, Inspector of Constabulary, Gold Coast, and Ralph, Lagos Constabulary, and 100 native soldiers were left behind at Kumasi with rations up to July 15.

"I will personally relieve Kumasi by that date under any circumstances," Colonel Willcocks wired on July 5; and he did, for at six in the

evening of July 15 he entered the stricken town. Colonel Willcocks's telegram announcing the fact made terrible reading in its abbreviations:—

Terrible scene [of] desolation and of horror, stench sickening; nothing but burnt-down houses and putrid bodies to be seen, the lazar right up to [the] walls of the fort. Garrison delighted beyond words. Native soldiers most of them too weak to stand. British officers thanked God for relief, as a few days more would have seen the last of the defence.

Colonel Willcocks buried heaps of rotting corpses which had been lying near the fort for weeks, and cut short the bush and the grass which was growing up quite close to the walls of the fort. The work was sickening in the extreme, but "all ranks helped bravely."

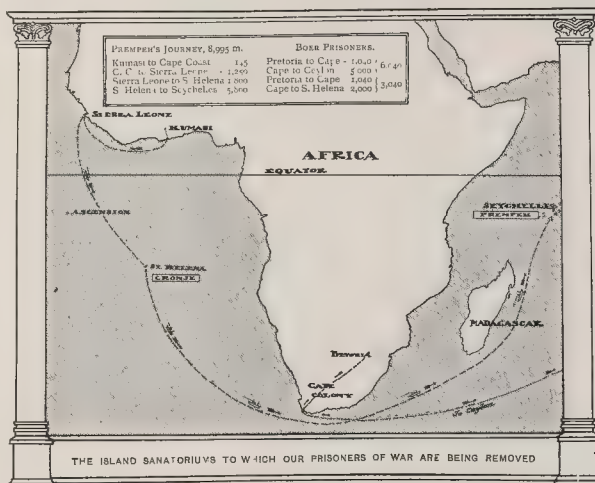
On July 17 he marched out of the capital, leaving behind 150 native soldiers—under Captain Eden, Lieutenant Mayne, Medical Officer Thompson, and Sergeant Desborough, R.A., all West African Frontier Force—with ample supplies of ammunition and of food for seven weeks. He took away with him the old garrison, most of them in hammocks, and a great many refugees, women and children. On July 22 a column under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Morland reached the rebel camp



ASABI, KING OF KOKOFU

Exiled with Prempeh to the Seychelles. This picture was taken on board the "Dwarka," which bore him to Sierra Leone.

at Kokofu, where Asabi was king. The rebels were entirely taken by surprise, and as they rushed from their war camp to occupy a stockade on the main road Major Melliss, with the F Company Hausas, 1st Battalion West African Frontier Force, in the face of their hurried fire, charged with bayonet and dashed over the stockade, forcing rebel force back. The Hausa company, ably assisted by the Yoruba and Nupes, and also one company of the West African Regiment, after carrying a second stockade on the left flank, never stopped till they entered the town of Kokofu on the heels of the enemy. The capture of Asabi, King of Kokofu, means a great deal, for he was one of the principal instigators of the rising, and by the traditional usage of the country his presence is indispensable at the installation of the King of Ashanti.



GENERAL VIEW OF CAPE COAST AND ITS ROADSTEAD, FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—How the Allies Entered Peking.



A CHINESE POLICEMAN AT TAKU
On the invitation of the photographer he left his duty to be snapshotted, a process he had never before experienced. Hence his stern look.

We now know some facts about the entry into Peking from General Gaselee's telegram. He says:—

At a conference on August 22 it was agreed that the allied forces should concentrate within five miles of Peking on August 24 and assault on August 25. The attack, however, was begun in the early morning of the 24th (owing to the fact that the Russians met with opposition and had to be reinforced), and our troops had to make a forced march of 25 miles from Tung-chau in great heat. We were on the extreme left and attacked the south-east gate of the Chinese city. There was practically no opposition at that point as we were not expected there, and portions of the 7th Rajputs and 24th Punjab Infantry broke down the gate and rushed it. The Fusiliers and 1st Sikhs followed on with some cavalry and guns. I then sent whatever cavalry were at hand and 24th Punjab Infantry to the Temple of Heaven to secure our left flank and a camping ground, and with the other corps pushed on towards the Legations. At 3 p.m. we got on the canal opposite the water gate and were signalled to from the wall held by the Legations. I, with some of my staff and about 70 men of the 7th Rajputs and 1st Sikhs, rushed across the almost dry moat and entered through the water gate without any loss.

We found all well in the Legations. Sir Claude MacDonald at once showed me round position with a view to further action. Meanwhile

our field artillery were brought up to fire at the central gate of the Tatar city (which the Japs had been bombarding all day), but a sortie by the Americans and the Russians of the garrison along the wall anticipated the bombardment, and the gate fell into our hands. Two field-guns were then brought into the Legation, and the rest sent back to the Temple of Heaven. About 5 p.m. the Americans under General Chaffee entered the Legation, and then moved on towards the central gate of the Tatar city for the night. By nightfall we had about 400 men in the Legation.

Of course the Empress has fled from the capital.

In the issue of July 28 a picture of a Chinese field battery "with German instructor" was given. A correspondent points out, however, that the officer in question was the late Colonel J. E. Cooke. Colonel Cooke was the



A CHINESE MILITARY OFFICER
Major Chang Yu Law is the military mandarin at Shantung.

son of Captain James Cooke of Bristol, and began his career in the merchant service. Being in Shanghai at the time a force was raised to aid the local authorities in suppressing the Taiping rebellion he received a command, and was soon promoted from captain to major. He fought in all the battles that took place in this province under General Ward; later at Ningpo he received a command in the Franco-Chinese contingent, in which he remained till its disbandment, after which he commanded the Anglo-Chinese contingent (General Ward having died from wounds) in the service of the Taotai of Ningpo, holding the local rank of major-general. He died on February 20, 1881, aged forty-four, and was buried at Shanghai. The photograph of the battery was taken by Major Watson, who was second in command of the Anglo-Chinese contingent.

COMMANDER OF A CHINESE GUNBOAT



THE SHAN-HAI-KWAN REGIMENT OF THE IMPERIAL CHINESE ARMY

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—From the Religious Point of View.

The West wishes to teach Christianity (in its varying guise as Protestantism or Roman Catholicism); China wishes to worship its own gods in its own way; hence the explosion (or part cause of it) in China. Miss Gordon Cumming in her *Wanderings in China*, which has just been issued in a cheap form by the Blackwoods, gives an excellent account of the work of the Western missionaries. Mr. Joseph Walton, whose *China and the Present Crisis* has just been published by Messrs. Sampson Low, deals at some length with the missions in China at the present time as he has seen them work.

By far the best account of the Chinaman's objection to the Christian is to be found in the blue book prosaically titled "China, No. 1" (1892). Further Correspondence respecting Anti-Foreign Riots in China." In June, 1891, the Tsung-li-Yamen (which serves the Chinese Government as Minister of Foreign Affairs) submitted a memorial to the throne in which this curious passage occurred:—

The religion of the West has for its object the inculcation of virtue, and in Western countries it is everywhere practiced. Its origin dates a long time past, and on the establishment of commerce it intercourse between China and foreign Powers a clause was inserted in the treaties to the effect that "persons professing or teaching the Christian religion should enjoy full protection of their persons and property, and be allowed free exercise of their religion."

The hospitals and orphanages maintained by the missionaries all evince a spirit of benevolent enterprise. Of late years, when distress has befallen any portion of the Empire, missionaries and others have never failed to come forward to assist the sufferers by subscribing money and distributing relief. For their cheerful readiness to do good and the pleasure they take in works of charity they assuredly deserve high commendation. Even granting that amongst the converts there are bad as well as good people, still they are all equally Chinese subjects, amenable to the jurisdiction of their own authorities, and the missionary cannot claim the right of interfering in any disputes or lawsuits that may arise. There is no reason, therefore, why the people and the converts should not live together in peace and harmony. Yet mischief-makers are continually fabricating baseless stories which they industriously propagate until the suspicions of the people are aroused, and then lawless villains seize the opportunity to create trouble with a view to committing plunder. If immediate steps are not taken to prevent outbreaks of this kind both the Chinese and foreign mercantile community will, it is to be feared, have no assurance of safety in the future, and the very important interests involved cannot fail to be seriously prejudiced.

The authorities for a time at least listened to this counsel, as the accompanying picture of a mandarin protecting the Methodist New Connexion Mission shows.



CHINESE WORSHIP AS DESIRED BY GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA
These are a few native Protestants at the London Missionary Society's chapel at Tientsin



MRS. MILLS AND PUPILS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL AT CHIFU
A native teacher sits in centre of group. The school is supported mainly by private philanthropists in Great Britain and America



CHINESE SOLDIERS DEFENDING A METHODIST MISSION
Lao-ling mandarin Mr. Wei Tsun Chien, with military mandarins stationed with soldiers to protect the Methodist New Connexion Mission at Chiu Chiu, Shanung



CHINESE WORSHIP AS DESIRED BY THEMSELVES (The eldest son of a family worshipping his ancestors at the family altar)

Many proofs of the purely philanthropic character of the missionaries are forthcoming. Miss Gordon Cumming has already described in these pages the school for the blind at Peking. A correspondent writes about another pathetic mission—the school for deaf and dumb children at Chifu, in the Shan-tung province, where Boxer outrages have been numerous. This school, the only one of the kind in China, is under the charge of Mrs. Mills, widow of the Rev. C. R. Mills, a Presbyterian missionary, who has carried on her self-denying work for some years in the face of much difficulty and discouragement. To the average Celestial the education of the deaf and dumb is an impossibility, and the fact that it has been done under his very eyes is to him only another proof that the "outside barbarians" are in league with evil spirits. Probably the difficulty to his imagination is accentuated by the fact that Chinese written characters are based solely upon sounds, or combinations of sounds, which he considers it impossible to convey to the minds of deaf-mute children. On our side the difficulty of teaching is increased by the fact that the Chinese have no alphabet, and it is obviously waste of time to try and invent finger signs for each of the many thousand written characters now in use. Yet there are certain elementary principles upon which Mrs. Mills has found it possible to proceed, and to educate a number of native deaf-mute children. The school is supported mainly by friends in Britain and America.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION—*The Pacific Invasion by Great Britain.*



THE GREAT ENTRANCE TO THE EXHIBITION IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

GREAT BRITAIN AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

WE have heard a great deal in England in disparagement of the Paris Exhibition, and the ill-feeling kindled by a great many journalists on both sides of the Channel has no doubt not been without its effect upon the inroads of English visitors. None the less, there are signs that a reaction is already setting in, and within the next two or three months a vast crowd of our countrymen will see the Exhibition, which some impartial persons pronounce to be the most beautiful sight of its kind that the world has yet known. In any case Great Britain has been represented by several of its most enterprising firms, and with results which leave them no reason to regret their enterprise. Among jewellers, for example, Messrs. Mapin Bros., of Regent Street and Cheapside, may be congratulated upon having been awarded two gold medals in connection with



SOME BOULOGNE FISHWIVES ON THE MOVING ROADWAY

their exhibit of gold and gem jewellery, cutlery, and dressing-bags, and also watches. Messrs. Howard & Sons, the artistic furniture firm of Berners Street, to whom belong the interesting exhibit that is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, have been awarded two gold medals and one in silver. In the competition for typewriters the Remington typewriter has secured the Grand Prize. It would seem to be a far cry from typewriters to whisky, but in this latter article Messrs. John Dewar & Sons, of Perth and London, have also secured the Grand Prize. Messrs. Bovril, Ltd., have been awarded two gold medals, one for their general products and one for their emergency rations. The Grand Prize for toilet soap has been awarded to Messrs. A. & F. Pears, who have so long held a world-wide reputation for this commodity; whilst the first Grand Prize ever awarded for English perfumery has been won by Messrs. J. & E. Atkinson of Old Bond Street.



THE EXHIBIT OF MESSRS. HOWARD & SONS
The artistic furnishers of Berners Street, at the Paris Exhibition



THE EXHIBIT OF MESSRS. MAPIN BROS.
The well-known jewellers of Chapside and Regent Street, at the Paris Exhibition

"PRETTY, WITTY NELL GWYN"—Her Amazing Popularity.



SIR PETER LELY'S PORTRAIT OF NELL GWYN (in the National Gallery)

but she was at her best in comedy. She could not touch a serious character. Her first lover was Charles Hart, an actor at the King's Theatre; her second the handsome Lord Buckhurst, with whom she kept "merry house" at Epsom in July and August, 1667.

Her association with the King became common talk, and in the spring of 1670 the postponement of a new play, *The Conquest of Granada*, by Dryden, in consequence of her absence from the stage, confirmed the report. The play was first performed in the autumn of 1670, Nell speaking the prologue "in a broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt." At the Duke's Theatre a great effect had been created by the appearance of an actor in "a hat larger than Pistol's, which took the town wonderful, and supported a bad play by its fine effect. Dryden, piqued at this, caused a hat to be made the circumference of a timber coach-wheel." The brims of this umbrella-like hat were spread to their full limit, and the merry actress threw the theatre into "a convulsion of applause, nay, the very actors giggled, a circumstance none had observed before." This was her last performance on the stage. She moved in this year, 1670, to Pall Mall—the Army and Navy Club now occupies the site. Next year she moved to the opposite or south side, her garden adjoining that of the King's. Hence the incident described by Evelyn of the King talking to the "impudent comedian" as she leaned over her wall from a conveniently placed mound. An insurance office now covers the site of this house. Here her second son, Lord James Beaulieu, was born on December 25, 1671; he died in Paris in 1680. Nell Gwyn, died here of apoplexy in November, 1687. She was buried in the old church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where her mother, who fell out of the window of her house at Chelsea and was drowned, had been laid in 1679. Charles II. spoke on his death-bed to the Duke of York to be kind to the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, and "Let not poor Nelly starve." Dr. Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon.

Nell's wit induced the King to bestow a title on their son Charles, who on December 27, 1676, was created Baron of Headington and Earl of Burford. On January 10, 1684, Charles, the King, created Charles, his son, Duke of St. Albans, and appointed him Registrar of the High Court of Chancery and Master Falconer of England. He also made him a colonel of horse. Charles Beaulieu distinguished himself at the battle of Belgrade. He was a Knight of the Garter. On April 17, 1694, he married the lovely Lady Diana de Vere, one of Kneller's "beauties" at Hampton Court, daughter of the twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, and had eight sons by her. He died in 1726; the Duchess died in 1742. The noted actress, Harriet Mellon (1775-1837), was married on June 16, 1826, to the ninth Duke of St. Albans at her house in Stratton Street, the ceremony being performed by the Duke's uncle, the Rev.

Lord Frederick Beaulieu. (Note that Nell's grandson was the bishop of her supposed birthplace.) The present Duke, the eleventh, inherits his ancestor's titles as well as the office of Hereditary Grand Falconer of England. His property includes Bestwood Park, Nottingham, which was settled upon Nell by Charles II. It was "long an appurtenance to the Crown," and was "eagerly sought for by royal favourites." Burford House, Windsor, the site of which is now occupied by the Royal Mews, was also bestowed upon Nell Gwyn by the King.

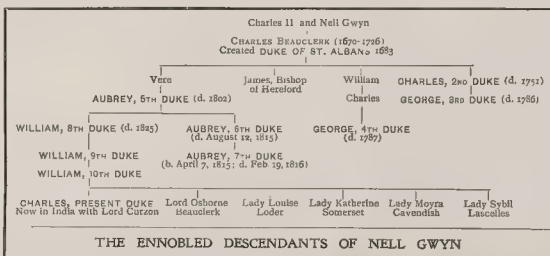
A. B.

As Nell Gwyn and Moll Davies were rivals for the public favour as well as for that of Charles II., so London has two actresses impersonating the first-named player at the same time. It is not my province to compare the tall and stately Miss Julia Neilson with the popular comic opera singer, but so far as personal appearance is concerned Miss Marie Tempest has more than one of the physical attributes of Pepys's "pretty, witty Nell." For Nell Gwyn was "low in stature, and what the French call *mignonne* and *fiquante*, well-formed, handsome, but red-haired, and rather *embonpoint*; of the *euphrasie* she was a complete mistress. Airy, fantastic, and sprightly, she sang, danced, and was exactly made for acting light, showy characters." She had lively, laughing eyes, "but so small they were almost invisible when she laughed; and a foot the least of any woman in England." Her merry manner, her natural wit, and her constant good humour enabled her to hold her own at court as on the stage, while her liberality made her loved by the people. In four years she got "above £60,000" from the King—who had previously refused her £500 a year—and she dispensed this vast sum with a free hand. She is constantly alluded to as "Nell" and "Nelly." Even Evelyn, who hated her in common with others of her class, called her "Mrs. Nellie."

Hereford lays some claim to being her birthplace. The street in which she was supposed to have been born, formerly Pipe Well Lane, is now Gwyn Street, and so recently as 1883 the Bishop of Hereford assented to a tablet, intended to mark the site of her birthplace, being placed on his garden wall. On the other hand, it is held that she came into the world on February 2, 1651, in the Coal Yard, Drury Lane. This unsavoury place, now Goldsmith Street, was situated at the north end of Drury Lane, on the east side.

Her other connection with Drury Lane—the street, not the theatre—is found in an entry in the diary of that pleasant chronicler, Pepys, who on May Day, 1667, goes to Westminster, "on the way meeting many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings door in Drury Lane in her smock sleeves and bodice looking upon one; she seemed a mighty pretty creature." Her house was at the top of Maypole Alley, at the south end of Drury Lane, "over against the gate of Craven House," and from it she could see the famous Maypole in the Strand. Her house was known as the "Cock and Pye" from the reign of Henry VII. It was destroyed in 1891. Soon after this date she lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where her first son, Charles Beaulieu, created Duke of St. Albans by the King, his father, was born on May 8, 1670.

Nothing is known of her childhood beyond that she sold strong waters to gentlemen until we hear of her as an orange girl in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre. The orange girls stood with their backs to the stage and banded words with the libertines of the town. Nell then became an actress, and acquired considerable reputation, for on April 3, 1665, Pepys goes to a play at the Duke's House: "All the pleasure of the play was, the King and my Lady Castlemaine were there, and pretty, witty Nell, of the King's House, and the younger Marshall sat next us; which pleased me mightily." Her first appearance on the stage is supposed to have been in this year in the character of Cydaria in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*. It is impossible in the brief space at my disposal to enumerate all the parts which she is known to have played,



SIR PETER LELY'S PORTRAIT OF NELL GWYN (in Hampton Court)

THE QUICKEST TRAINS IN THE WORLD—England Falling Behind.



LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN EXPRESS TRAIN ENGINES FOR THE NORTH

The *Times* can scarcely be called a sensational journal, yet it has published an article proving conclusively that England is falling behind in point of railway speeds. The honours for the quickest trains fall, of course, to America. But France runs the quickest long-distance train in the world, namely, the Sud Express from Paris to Bayonne, a distance of 486 miles, which it accomplishes at the rate of 54.13 miles per hour. The next fastest long-distance train is the Empire State Express, of the New York Central and Hudson River Company, running from New York to Buffalo, a distance of 440 miles, at the rate of 53.33 miles per hour.

The quickest train journey, however, is that done by the Philadelphia and Reading Railway expresses from Camden to Atlantic City (the Brighton of Philadelphia), a distance of 55½ miles, in fifty minutes—the



THE SECOND QUICKEST LONG-DISTANCE TRAIN IN THE WORLD
The Empire State Express runs from New York to Buffalo (440 miles) in 8 hours 12 minutes at the rate of 53.33 miles an hour, although it has no fewer than twenty-eight loaded "clacks," many of them for miles through crowded streets, and the addition it is constantly checked at level crossings and drawbridges; yet it is always on time at terminal.

miles an hour for 17 to 20 miles on end." The next fastest train after these is the Midi of France, which covers the 67½ miles between Morceux and Bordeaux at the rate of 61.6 miles per hour. The fastest English train is the London and South-Western from Dorchester to Wareham, a distance of 15 miles, which is covered at the rate of 60.1 miles per hour. And next to it, among British trains, is the Caledonian, from Forfar to Perth (32½ miles), which runs at the rate of 59.1 miles per hour. The fastest Great Northern train runs from Peterborough to Finsbury Park (73½ miles) at the rate of 55.3 miles per hour, a rate achieved by the North-Eastern from York to Darlington (44½ miles). During the great race between the East and West Coast in 1895 the "Adriatic" ran from Euston to Crewe, on August 22, 158 miles in 2 hours 28 minutes, and the



LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN EXPRESS ENGINE



GREAT NORTHERN EXPRESS ENGINE

speed from start to finish being at the rate of 66.6 miles per hour. "It must be borne in mind," says the *Times* correspondent, "that these 'Atlantic City flyers' start on their swift career and finish the same through some miles of crowded streets, and that just out of Camden they are crossed at grade by the rival line [the Pennsylvania Railroad, which does the same journey at the rate of 64.3 miles per hour], which controls the signals at this point, and the details of the daily running show that they are sometimes stopped, and often severely checked, by signals; and yet, thanks to powerful locomotives with ample boilers, the lost time is always made up, though it sometimes entails running at 88



THE QUICKEST TRAIN IN GREAT BRITAIN
The London and South-Western run from Dorchester to Wareham (15 miles) at the rate of 60.1 miles per hour

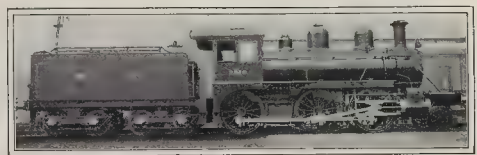
"Hardwicke," from Crewe to Carlisle, 142 miles, in 2 hours 4 minutes. This works out at the wonderful speed of 66.50 miles an hour. The whole journey from Euston to Aberdeen, 540 miles, was performed at an average speed of 64.51 miles per hour.

Some time ago a great hubbub was raised by the report that certain English railway companies had commissioned American-built engines, not for speed but for goods traffic.

The Midland Company have gone in for a hybrid American-Midland locomotive, built by the Baldwin Works at Philadelphia. It is known as a "Mogul" freight.



ENGLISH PATTERN OF MIDLAND RAILWAY GOODS-TRAIN ENGINE



THE AMERICAN PATTERN OF A MIDLAND RAILWAY GOODS-TRAIN ENGINE

MEN AND WOMEN

Thomas Paed, who died in London on August 23, will be remembered in Scotland when many great artists have been forgotten, for he touched that domestic side of art which is always popular. Born in 1826 in Kirkcudbrightshire, six years after his brother John, who is still with us, he became an A.R.S.A. at

wife years ago. When he returned to Pekin in the spring from long leave in Ireland he was accompanied by his two children, who, it is feared, have been with him during the past awful months in that city.

Miss Alice M. Wilson, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the Vicar of Christ Church, Paignton, Devon, has been awarded the medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving the life of a girl at Goodington.

Stellio Arghiri is a remarkable boy whom Sir Thomas Lipton recently rescued while cruising in the Greek Archipelago. Though only thirteen, the boy,

istan and Bhootan campaigns. He became Director of Artillery at the War Office in 1870, and did much to put that branch of the service on a better basis. Mr. Gladstone made him Surveyor-General of the Ordnance in 1880, and two years later Sir John went out to Egypt as Sir Garnet Wolseley's chief-of-staff. He subsequently became Governor of Malta.

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, having passed a living death at Weimar for twelve weary years, succumbed on Sunday at the age of fifty-five. Nietzsche, who was the son of a pastor near Lützen, was elected



ADMIRAL KENNEDY
The new commander at the Nore



MISS ALICE WILSON
Saved the life of a girl



A CRETAN POLYGLOT BOY
Being educated by Sir Thomas Lipton



MR. CHARLES HENRY OLIVER
President of the Imperial College, Peking



EARL DE LA WARR
Who has returned from the front

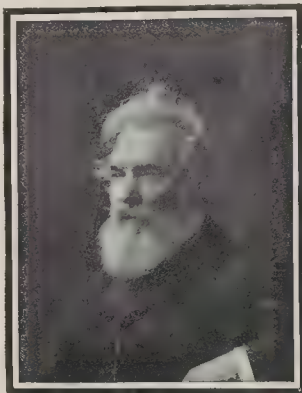
the age of three-and-twenty, and found his way to London in 1852. For many years the engravings of his pictures had a great vogue, and they are still to be found in many a cottage throughout the length and breadth of his native country. Typical specimens of his works are reproduced on the opposite page.

Lord Albemarle, who flatly declined to surrender to Commandant Delarey last week when summoned by the Boer general, has long been an enthusiastic volunteer, and has done excellent work with the C.I.V's. There is a certain irony in the fact that he is of Dutch origin, as his name of Keppel suggests. His brother-in-law, Colonel W. L. Davidson, commands the Royal Horse Artillery at the front. His brother, Derek, is Equerry to the Duke of York, and one sister is a nun.

Sir William Robert Kennedy, who succeeds to the command at the Nore, belongs to the Marquis of Ailsa's family. He saw service in the Crimea at the age of seventeen, and he fought in China (1856-9). He was commander-in-chief in the East Indies in 1892-5. In 1860 he won the Royal Humane Society's medal. He was made a K.C.B. in 1897.

An Irishman, Mr. Charles Henry Oliver, is the President of the Imperial College, Peking—or Tung Wên Kwan, as it is generally called. Mr. Oliver, who is the son of the Rev. John Oliver of Belfast, was born in Dublin on October 25, 1857, and had a distinguished career in the Queen's College, Belfast, where at eighteen he won the Porter Scholarship and Peel's Prize; at nineteen graduated B.A. as double gold medallist in mathematical science and in experimental science; and when twenty-one took his M.A. degree, again winning gold medals in mathematics and experimental sciences, an achievement which has been done by only one other graduate of that college, namely, Mr. Joseph Larmour. On graduating Mr. Oliver was offered the Professorship of English in the Tung Wên Kwan by Sir Robert Hart, and proceeded to China in 1879. In May, 1894, he was made vice-president of the college, and in September, 1895, president. He married a daughter of Dr. John Dudgeon, M.D., of Peking, the well-known author of *The Miraculous Method of Taking Off the Shadow*, the most famous work on photography published in Chinese. He has two little sons, but he lost his

who is a Cretan, speaks English, French, German, Italian, Greek, Turkish, and Arabic as fluently as a native, and Russian slightly. He was certified as an interpreter by the Italian admiral in command of the Allies at Crete. He is an orphan, and Sir Thomas Lipton has sent him to Enfield Grammar School, for he has been much struck by the lad's talent.



THE LATE MR. THOMAS PAED, R.A.

Sir John Miller Adye, who died in Lord Armstrong's house on Sunday, came of a race of soldiers, for his family have served in the artillery, which he joined in 1836, in uninterrupted succession since 1762. He commanded the artillery detachment at the Tower during the Chartist Riots and was closely associated with Lord Raglan during the Crimean War. In India he fought during the Mutiny, and served in the Afghan-

Professor of Classical Philology at Basel in 1869, and though he became a Swiss citizen served as a bearer in the Franco German War. His philosophic work, begun in 1878, became, under the influence of a study of Voltaire, of the most nihilistic type, for it denounced all religion and treated all moral laws as a remnant of superstition. He invented the "übermensch," the "above man," who was to be developed by giving perfect freedom to the struggle for existence. Nietzsche went mad in 1889. His works were translated (with difficulty) into English four years ago.

Mr. Robert Burns-Begg, who died at Kinross last week, inherited some of the literary ability of his grand-uncle, the poet, for he wrote *The Loch Leven Angler*, *The History of Loch Leven Castle*, a memoir of the poet's sister, Isobel, and an account of witchcraft in Kinross. He was a solicitor, and sheriff clerk for Kinross. His elder son, Robin, who was trained as an advocate in Edinburgh, is now a lieutenant in Kitchener's Horse, and is acting as secretary to the Military Governor of Pretoria.

The Rev. Benjamin Evans, of Gadlys, Aberdare, was a prominent and well-known Welsh Baptist minister. Born at Dowlais in 1845, he had to begin to earn his living as a collier at the age of eight. After a theological course at Haverfordwest Baptist College he was ordained at St. David's, Pembrokeshire. In 1876 he went to Aberdare. He was Welsh agent for the Baptist Missionary Society, financial secretary to the Welsh Baptist Union, one of the editors of the *Welsh Missionary Herald*, and for twelve years a member of the Aberdare School Board. He was a voluminous writer, his best and most ambitious achievement being a biography of the late Rev. Dr. Price of Aberdare.

Staff-Captain A. J. W. Neville, Queen's Harbour-master at Pembroke Dock, who died on the 16th ult., was the senior navigating officer in the British Navy. He was made a sub-lieutenant in 1862, lieutenant in 1864, and staff-commander and staff-captain in 1892. He was assistant staff-captain at Portsmouth Dockyard for five years, and succeeded Staff-Captain W. L. Dodds as Queen's Harbourmaster at Pembroke Dock in 1897. He is believed to have held a high opinion of Milford Haven as a naval port.

OBITUARY



MR. R. BURNS-BEGG
Robert Burns's grand-nephew



REV. B. EVANS
Welsh Baptist minister



FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE
German philosopher



STAFF-CAPTAIN A. J. W. NEVILLE
Senior navigating officer in the navy



GENERAL SIR JOHN ADYE, G.C.B.
Distinguished artillery

THE OUTLOOK ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS—By A. R. Ropes.

Not much of importance has come through from Pekin, but there are one or two significant items of information. It is plain that the Russians are separating themselves from the



A DEPOSED NDIAH MAHARAJA

The Maharajah of Bhawalpur, who is about the age of Victoria, is one of the last of the Princes in Rajputana, has been deposed by the Indian Government on account of his attitude towards his father, the late Sir Jamnath Singh Bhadani, G.C.S.I., who died in 1891, leaving the late Maharajah, who is now in the possession of a small estate, but the Maharajah's shocking intemperance and reckless behaviour have obliged him to leave the administration in the hands of the Prince's Minister and gradually control the prior life of the Maharajah. Every attempt was made to restrain him and every chance was given him to reform. In June he shot his body-servant dead, and he has now been deposed by the Indian Government. He has now been deposed, but still resides in the State under surveillance. His infant son succeeds him. The Maharajah is now in a state of mourning, and the Gaskara of Bhawalpur, who is now in Scotland, is entitled to one of the titles of the Maharajah.

other Allies not, however, by trying to make friends with the Chinese, but by prosecuting the war with more vigour. The reason for this is obvious. The Chinese Government lately in power undoubtedly brought about the attacks on Russian territory across the Amur and on the railways that the Russians are building in Manchuria. Though not quite ready the Russian Government has grasped the opportunity. China has put herself technically in the wrong, just as the Boers did by their invasion of Natal, and Russia is proceeding to conquer Manchuria and annex the Chinese bank of the Amur. It is difficult for any other European State to object very strongly to this course.

But another significant hint of the future is given by a fact not obviously related to the Far East. The Boer delegates have received in Russia the most chilling official snubbing that they have experienced in their unhappy Odyssey—far worse than their reception at the hands of the supposed Anglophobe Administration of the United States. And this is especially significant, because next to Holland Russia is the country in which the feeling in favour of the Boers is most genuine and strong. The inference is plain. Russia intends to extend and consolidate her dominion in the Far East and absorb the bulk of Manchuria. To do this requires men, but above all money; and Russia's resources are strained already. A new loan is talked of and is likely to be issued. France will be appealed to again; but will she respond?

Hitherto, in the Dual Alliance, Russia has held out her cheek for France's kiss and her hand for France's hardly-saved sous. But Russia has carefully abstained from taking up France's enmities against England or against Germany. Least of all would the Czar's advisers care to encourage France against England now. For the danger in the Far East is of a conflict with Japan for Corea and supremacy in China. Japan has undoubtedly taken the first place in the advance to Pekin. But for her prompt help and the gallantry of her soldiers the besieged envoys might have been massacred or dragged away to torture. Above all the Japanese fear of Russia—the fear of her

enormous size and power—has been broken. Russia has immense resources, but these resources have to be brought immense distances, and, as Napoleon and the Allies in the Crimea proved, the great Empire, invulnerable to invasion, can be exhausted by a wasting frontier war. The Japanese have seen their soldiers side by side with Russian and German and American troops, and they have proved themselves inferior to none. If Russian and Japanese interests clash, it is not the Mikado that will give way readily.

Now, if France were to do as some of her politicians wish and quarrel with us—there are plenty of pretexts—Russia would find it hard to remain neutral, and yet could not join in the strife without ruining all her present plans. Her strength is turning to the Far East; and in that quarter it would be easy for Great Britain to decide the conflict between Japan and Russia by a naval force sufficient to turn the balance, and an army corps from India, without substantially weakening her defence against France. Then, too, French money would be needed for French purposes, and English wealth would back up Japan. The risk is plainly too great for Russia to run; nor is it necessary. Therefore the rumour that the Czar has been "damping down" the French hostility to England, so far as it is serious, may be true in substance. The



A SEVENTEEN-STOREYED BUILDING IN CHICAGO WHICH IS A POSTAL DISTRICT IN ITSELF

The city of Chicago possesses the strangest postal district in the world. It consists of a single building on a comparatively small ground area, but one which rises to the height of seven stories. The rooms number 1,200, and are occupied by nearly 6,000 people. The difficulty of a specially delivered letter to this community, which may be compared to a whole town set up on one floor, has been solved by making it a postal district in itself. The Mondwack building has therefore become the Mondwack district with a post office of its own, with four letter carriers, who in their rounds never leave the building but simply deliver letters to the Mondwack inhabitants. The black lines on the drawing show how the building is divided up among the postmen. Of course England does not possess anything like this. It is only in a land of tall buildings that such a postal district could arise.

horrible expensiveness of the modern machinery of warfare is the best guarantee of peace, and the next best guarantee is the uncertainty as to the effect of new weapons. It is greatly to be hoped that the British Admiralty will soon bring out some special anti-submarine contrivance; otherwise our sanguine neighbours might become bellicose on the strength of their submarine boats, as they did in 1870 on the strength of the mitrailleuse.

The Shanghai difficulty has given rise to a good deal of talk about the vacillation of our Government in England. Abroad I fancy it will be regarded as one more instance of the Mephistophelian guile of perfidious Albion. Seeing that the great mass of European property at Shanghai was very poorly protected Admiral Seymour, apparently, had some of the troops from India diverted to that city, and arranged with the Viceroy to land them. When the

troops arrived the French consul, with the inevitable French instinct to put a spoke in the wheel of the perfidious, objected to the landing of the men unless French troops also landed (there were no French troops to land at that time). The British consul said that in that case the troops should go away north, and they started. Thereupon the merchants and consuls of all nations, as far as can be gathered from the accounts, begged the British consul to bring the troops back and land them as originally arranged to protect the foreign settlements. The ships were overtaken by a torpedo-boat, and did come back, and the troops were landed. Very possibly our Government did "wobble" over the matter; but, as often before in our queer island story, their indecision produced all the effects of a deep and cunning plan, forcing their rivals to beg them to carry out their original arrangement.

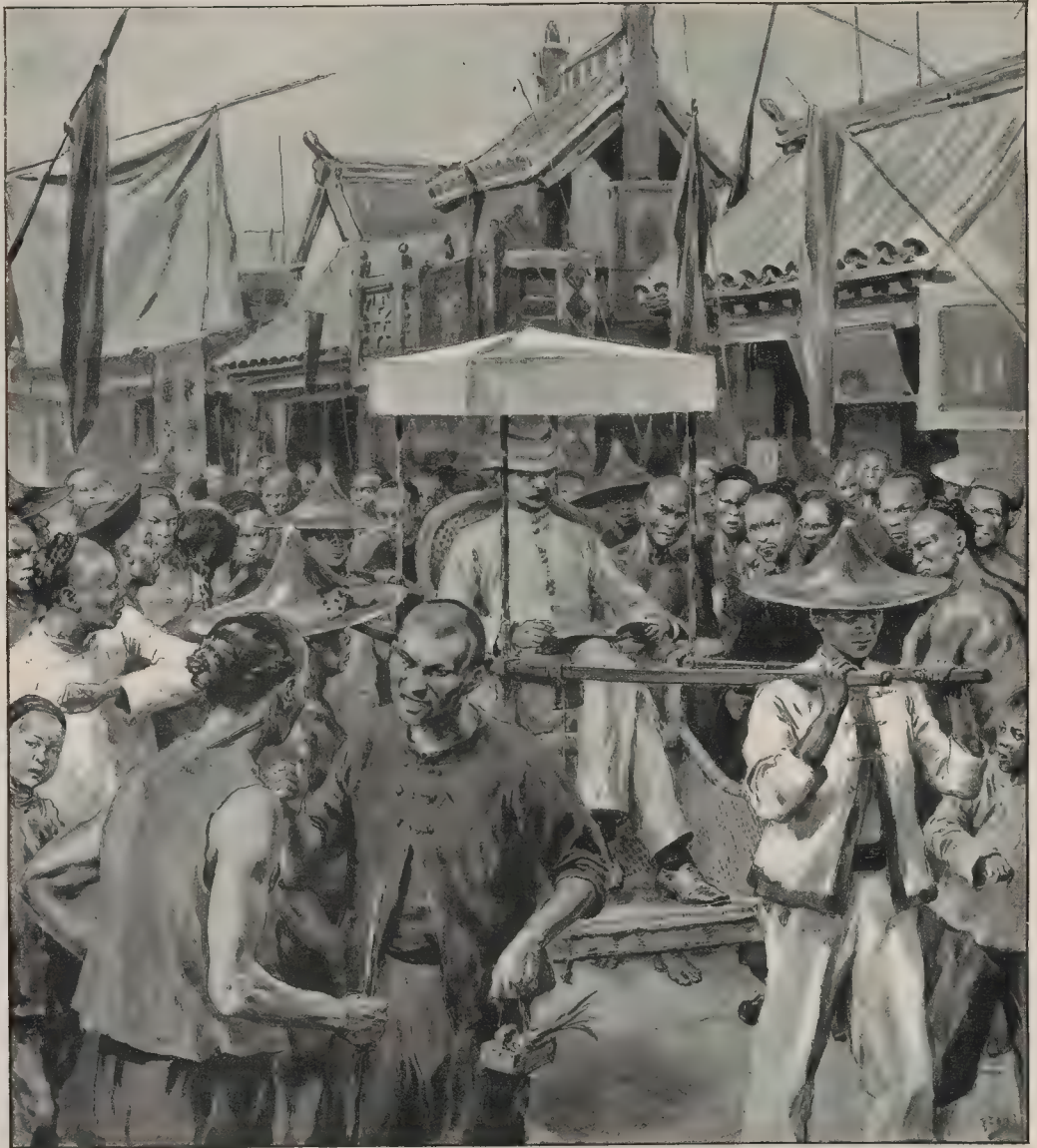
At any other time the feud between Roumania and Bulgaria would mean trouble. The Macedonian Committee resident in Bulgaria seems to have developed into a political lack-mal and murder society like the Mafus or the Camorra. Its operations have extended to Roumania, and the latter State naturally resents this. The Bulgarian Government seems too weak or too deeply involved in intrigue to suppress the conspiracy. Here are all the necessary conditions for a very pretty explosion in the Balkan powder magazine; but probably the big Powers, Russia and Austria, will keep the little States quiet. When the Far East is to be won or lost nobody wants to have more trouble brewing in the Near East.

There have been some curious rumours about the matrimonial intentions of the Queen of the Netherlands. The form of the announcement was unusual; the royal lady was "inclined to marry" Prince Somebody of Somewhere. Then the rumour was contradicted, but guardedly. Are we to suppose that Prince Somebody is not inclined to marry the Queen? No doubt the announcement will soon be true of him or another. Germany is almost the only State where a Protestant prince of a sovereign but not important family can be found; though the Dutch before the Boer War would probably have preferred an English consort for their Queen.



COUNT ZEPPELIN, THE INVENTOR OF THE NEW FLYING MACHINE

Count Zeppelin is the inventor of the "Hindenburg" machine when recently travelled from Friedrichshafen to Lonsdale, as fully described in the words of that journal of two. He is a general in the German Army and was brought fire American Civil War on a private capacity. During that campaign he made his first aerial voyage in a balloon belonging to the Federalists. He fought in the Franco-German War, distinguishing himself by his reconnaissance. More recently he has been employed in the staff of the King of Württemberg, and in his capacity he has acted as a several state functions in England. He has spent £25,000 on aerial experiments and got a certificate with which to begin him.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADO, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. MICHE, JUNR.

Our Correspondent writes: "I send you a sketch illustrating the present attitudes of Chinese and foreigner in Canton, and, indirectly, all over China. A foreigner is here shown riding in a chair down the street, leading to the river steamer wharves and Canton House—not a type of the narrow alleys, called streets, in the city proper—a street notorious for its throng of pirates, thieves and rowdies. The foreigner, apparently unharmed, sits in his comfortably appointed chair, smokes and reads, unarmed save for prestige. His valet coolies, in a sort of uniform, make their way through a dense crowd, which, though not actively hostile, expresses sullen hatred in every look and gesture. The long-robed, well-to-do merchant

looks serene or grins contemptuously; the half-naked coolies mutter abuse under their breath and growl out oaths when obliged to make way for the 'foreign devil's' chair; the boat-boys mix abuse with their yells of the destination of their boats—'Panchan! Kill the devil!' 'Shikloong! Cut off his head.' The children, safe in their irresponsibility, hawl and shriek unrestrained, the booth-keepers scream their wares in the foreigner's ear as he passes—for the amusement of the crowd. But he sits on, apparently unconscious of it all, turning the page of his book or flipping the ash of his cigar with the utmost indifference and serenity. So that, though willing to wound, all are afraid to strike, and he is safe."

BY PRESTIGE ALONE: A STREET SCENE IN CANTON



THE MANŒUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A WELCOME REST AT MID-DAY
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY J. HOTCHKISS

continued to be heard pressed. On the 8th the Chinese made a big advance in the Fu, burning all the main buildings. In the evening a 1 pounder was placed west of the Chinese barracks and several shells struck the Chinese Secretary's house. Rifle fire from the roof silenced it, and it has not since made its reappearance. The next day an attempt was made to fire the French Legation. There had been several previous attempts which had been beaten back. Three prisoners were taken by us, and the attempt failed. On the 11th the French captured twenty prisoners in a small house outside the Legation. They were all killed, after two had been questioned, but given nothing reliable. Both our big guns were taken into the Hanlin, and a Chinese barricade a few yards from our position beaten down. The shell fire in the Fu the next day became so hot that we were forced to withdraw from one of the buildings we occupied. This the Chinese took possession of, and later set fire to it. The enemy built up a barricade inside the Carriage Park and topped the wall with sandbags and planted their flag upon this. This was nearer than ever, so that "Lang Ton" was again called into action and a few shells sent into it. It was found impossible to destroy it as so little of it could be seen. Our posts in the Hanlin were advanced and are now a few feet from the Chinese.

The Assaults of July 13th

On the evening of the 13th the enemy made a big attack. Two houses in the French Legation had been undermined. These were blown up, several people being buried in the ruins, which were afterwards fired. The French inflicted severe loss on the enemy, but were forced to withdraw to a new position, leaving the Chinese in occupation of a large portion of the Legation. The stables of the German Legation were fired about the same time, and the Germans had to retire. A reinforcement of Russians arrived in the nick of time, and the charge that was made must have surprised the Chinese not a little. The Americans, too, managed to score a hit. The Chinese had crept down towards their barricade from the German Legation. The Americans were changing guard at the time, and charged into them, accounting for a fair number. We found a number of blank cartridges in the German Legation. For these balls were made, a useful addition to our munitions. We had been making a lot of our cartridges. We discovered 30 lbs. of Chinese gunpowder in the Fu. With brass and pewter we managed to cast a great number of missiles. We reloaded the empty cases of the Italian 1-pounder with solid shot, made balls for our "International" and rifle ammunition to a fair amount. On the 15th Mr. Warren, of the British Legation, was killed in the Fu, but the firing was noticeably slackened. The Chinese had just begun negotiations, and news of the fall of Tientsin had probably reached them. On the 16th, while Captain Strouts, Colonel Shiba, and Dr. Morrison were crossing an exposed part of the Fu on the way to the Italian position, they were fired upon by snipers. Captain Strouts was mortally wounded, Dr. Morrison slightly wounded in the thigh, and a bullet passed through the lapel of Colonel Shiba's coat. Since this date the firing has slackened and for days has almost entirely ceased. We have been asked time after time to leave for Tientsin, but we don't see our way just at present.

July 19

During the last few days we have had an unusually quiet time, and yesterday we received the first communication we have had from the outer world since the beginning of June. It was a letter addressed to the Japanese Minister, stating that 33,300 troops are to leave Tientsin for our relief to-morrow. A day or so back one of our messengers returned, bruised and scarred, from a severe beating he had received at the hands of the enemy. He was captured, and taken to Jung Lu's headquarters in the Imperial City. Here he was handed a despatch addressed to Sir Claude MacDonald, alleged to emanate from Prince Ching "and others," inviting the foreign Ministers to take their families and staffs round to the Tungli-Yamen, where they would receive ample protection until an opportunity occurred to send them home. They were to leave in small detachments, and on no account to take with them a single armed soldier, as this would only excite the soldiery. An answer was to be given before noon the next day, and the despatch concluded by saying that this was the only means of escape, and that if it was refused, then even their great affection for us could not save us. To this a reply was sent declining the invitation to the Yamen, and stating that the foreign soldiers were merely protecting the lives of foreigners from the attacks of Chinese Government troops. If they wished to negotiate, a responsible official must be sent bearing a white flag. All day yesterday perfect quiet reigned. The Chinese banners were hauled down and white flags run up in their place, the soldiers and Boxers walking openly about in front of their barricades. In the Fu, which the plucky little Japs have so gallantly defended, men came over in crowds, laid down their arms, and wished to give themselves up. This Colonel Shiba refused to allow, and ordered them back to their barricades. They, however, sent across fruit to the soldiers, and evidently wished to make themselves as friendly as possible. In the afternoon, a despatch came from General Sun. He stated that foreign soldiers had not merely defended the lives of foreigners, but they had made sorties and attacked the Chinese. There were, moreover, many "riotous rebels" in the City wall, who continually fired on the Chinese. He must ask that they be withdrawn. We replied that most of the attacks on the Legations had been made from the wall, and that we declined to withdraw our men, who, by the way, have extended their barricade to the east, almost regaining the ground that the Germans lost. Notices to the Chinese were put all round our lines, warning Chinese against building barricades or advancing to our position, otherwise they will be fired upon. We continue our undermining, and trench-digging, and our position is being strengthened all round. On the wall the numerous note of a few days previous, this comes as a great refreshment, although it puts back the date of our relief several days. A cipher telegram has also been sent in by the Chinese authorities, but as the code has been burned it has been difficult to make out its full meaning. It concludes with a wonderful query as to whether the Chinese Government is protecting us and supplying us with food! We have still further strengthened our position, a huge barricade having been built across the South Bridge, which now makes the sniping from the North Bridge ineffective.

Later

The siege has been partially raised, not a shot being fired for over two days. Yesterday, too, a market was opened in the Fu for eggs and fruit, but it appears that the vendors were executed by the

Boxers. This morning a further sale was held, but not much was to be bought. Evidently news of our troops has reached them, and they wish to put on the surprised and injured look when our relief arrives.

A further batch of despatches arrived, some or them being code messages from home, which the Yamen now thinks it time to forward. In one despatch we were again asked to leave for Tientsin, but no limit of time was given.

July 20

To-day is the Festival of the God of War, and we expect a big attack, as the occasion was so auspicious. Nothing, however, happened. One of our coolies, engaged in barricade-building in the Fu, was killed. In the afternoon four large carts of fruit and vegetables were sent in by the Yamen. Our mining operations in the Hanlin have been stopped, as we find we are being counter-mined. All our defences have been strengthened during these few days, and we shall be able to make a good stand if we are attacked severely on the approach of relief.

July 22

We sent off two messages to-day—one to meet the troops and one to Tientsin. Up to date our losses are 57 killed and 87 wounded.

July 23

A most severe rainstorm during the night. We are still in duress vile. Firing has now ceased for a week, but a close watch is kept on all our lines. General Tung's banners were again planted on the wall. It is reported that the big guns around us have been moved into positions round the city, so that evidently a fight will be made against our relief force. Last night the Japanese Secretary died from his wounds, which brings our number of killed up to 58.

July 25

Rumours continue to come in as to the progress of our relief column. The Empress-Dowager is reported to be making preparations for flight. We have again been invited to return to Tientsin. Our list of dead is now 61, wounded 91.

July 28

A second messenger of ours, a boy disguised as a beggar, who left here on the 4th, has returned from Tientsin. He brought a note from the British Consul to the following effect:—"Yours of July 4. 24,000 troops are now landed and 19,000 here. General Gatacre expected Taku to-morrow. Russians hold Peking (this is six miles from Tientsin). Tientsin city is under Russian Government, and the Boxer power here exploded. Plenty of troops are on the way if you can hold out in food. Almost all the ladies have left Tientsin." This was dated July 22, and for a confusing and unintelligible communication would seem hard to beat. We are just as ignorant as ever as to the date of our relief. Colonel Shiba has an informant among the Chinese soldiers who daily supplies him with news. He reports various battles on the road, in which the foreigners make very steady progress.

July 29

The Chinese are beginning their sniping tactics again, although it seems that a great number of men have been withdrawn. Last night a most severe attack was made on the Pei Tung, which I have not yet mentioned in my notes. The Pei Tung is the chief Roman Catholic cathedral here: it is situated on the west of the Imperial City, two or three miles to our north-west. Early in the Boxer scare Archbishop Favier provisioned it for a long siege and laid in stocks of ammunition. Several thousand Chinese converts fled to it for safety, and a small foreign guard of thirty-five French and Italian Marines was sent there. There are the priests, too, probably bringing the foreign contingent up to fifty, and many Chinese were armed with firearms. Since June 19 we have heard no news from them, but they are still holding out, as we can hear the various attacks. Last night big guns were brought to bear on it, and from various sources it appears several thousand Chinese made an organised attack, but it seems to have failed, as firing has continued all day.

July 30

The Chinese have erected a barricade across the North Bridge. Yesterday it was commenced, and we brought the Italian gun up and fired two rounds. They evidently have an excellent shot among them, as six successive shots came through the loopholes, the second wounding the gunner in the hand. They made an amusing use of the white flag, waving it every time they added another brick. This barricade now commands the South Bridge, which we are now unable to use. We have, however, our tunnel from the Legation to the Fu, which makes crossing quite safe. Several messengers came in yesterday, and we gather that foreign troops are at Maton, and that the Chinese have been driven back to Chang Cha Wan. If this be true they should be here in a few days. Preparations for the departure of the Court also seem to be being pushed forward, and all the gates are prepared with stones and sandbags ready to be closed. Chinese troops are being sent to the front in large numbers. Our meat rations are now reduced, but flour is still plentiful. The health of the garrison has been wonderfully good. The children suffer most. Four have died, and all are thin and pale through lack of proper nourishment. Fever has been almost entirely absent, and no cases of dysentery. Our rice diet has been our safeguard!

August 1

A messenger to Colonel Shiba arrived from Tientsin. From his message we learn that, owing to difficulties of transport, the relief force had been unable to start, but could do so in the course of two or three days. They will send another messenger when the estimated date of arrival at Peking is fixed. After the meaningless note of a few days previous, this comes as a great refreshment, although it puts back the date of our relief several days. A cipher telegram has also been sent in by the Chinese authorities, but as the code has been burned it has been difficult to make out its full meaning. It concludes with a wonderful query as to whether the Chinese Government is protecting us and supplying us with food!

We have still further strengthened our position, a huge barricade having been built across the South Bridge, which now makes the sniping from the North Bridge ineffective.

August 2

From the Peking Gazette we learn that Hui Cheng, late Minister to Russia, and well known for his friendship to foreigners, and Yuan Chun, both members of the Tungli-Yamen, have been beheaded for making wild statements which are likely to cause dissension between the Emperor and Empress-Dowager. Evidently they had been urging reasonable measures of peace. In the evening the American Minister received a messenger bearing several notes. News of the departure of our relief column was received with

tremendous satisfaction, and we hope that another week will see the end of our troubles here. To-day occupied a block of Chinese houses outside the Legation east of the Mongol Market.

August 3

A Decree was published yesterday ordering Jung Lu to select suitable military and civil officers to escort the Ministers to Tientsin, when they have fixed a date for starting. Another Decree says that all merchants and missionaries must be protected according to Treaty, as the war between China and the Foreign Powers has nothing to do with them. The native converts, however, who have dared to oppose Government troops, building barricades, and entrenching themselves in their villages, have acted merely as rebels, and must be severely punished. But as they are all children of the State, if they choose to give up their false faith they will be spared.

August 5

A heavy thunderstorm in the night seemed to frighten the Chinese pretty considerably, and they fired into our lines until the rain ceased. They evidently expected we should attack them under cover of the rain. A Russian Marine who went outside the barricade in Legation Street was killed.

August 6

Very quiet all day, even for these times of semi-peace. During the night a Chinese barricade fell down in the Fu, and startled the men behind it. They yelled, and the yell passed all round the Atchais. In the north and west a heavy fusillade was started, and continued for about half an hour. It seemed at one time as if the general attack we have been expecting so long had commenced, but after a time the firing died down. We probably fired a few shots in return.

It is stated that east of the French Legation, up to the Ha Ta Main Street, there are now very few soldiers left. They have probably been withdrawn to meet our relief force. Horse-flesh is getting scarcer. We probably have enough for another week or ten days. Rice, too, is failing, which, considering the number of Chinese we have to feed daily beyond our own requirements, is not to be wondered at.

The following is a rough census of residents in the British Legation:—Europeans, 527; Chinese, 356; total, 883.

Our line in the Mongol Market has now been extended up to the Carriage Park wall, and forms an excellent line of defence. It is as vigorous as those of the early days of the siege are now made upon us. Last night signalling with lanterns was observed from the Chien Men and the Ta Men to the Imperial City. About 3 a.m. a most furious fusillade opened, the Mongol Market being the chief point of attack. Our Nordenfled, which is placed on the wall south of the Carriage Park, did good work with the few rounds it fired. The position of the Christian converts in the Fu is pitiful. Rice for so large a number it is impossible to give. They are reduced to eating a concoction of elm leaves and chopped millet stalks rolled into balls, and kept together with what little uncooked manly like rice. Numbers are dying daily, and unless relief comes quickly we may have a plague spot in our midst. There are numbers of Chinese in our lines who are unable to leave. Many of these are absolutely starving, and we have no means of helping them. Numbers of our dogs are being killed for food for the Christians. Dysentery has made its appearance, there being now five cases in the hospital. Several children are practically at the point of death, six having already given up the struggle. We have now only two cows, but the amount of milk they can give is small indeed. Eggs, which we were able to buy a few weeks or so back, are unobtainable now. Let us hope there has been no delay of the troops' date of starting. We have been informed that Li Hung Chang has been given full powers to treat with the Foreign Offices of all the Powers, but no cessation of hostilities has taken place here.

August 11

Yesterday, our first definite news of the departure of the relief column arrived in the shape of letters from the British and Japanese Generals. They expect to arrive on the 13th or 14th. Nightly attacks continue to be made on us.

August 13

A sharp attack was made on our position last night. A gun was mounted on the wall above the German Legation and fired at the Chinese American barricade. A new force seems to have been brought into the City. They are armed with the latest magazine rifles, and seem well supplied with ammunition, the firing being as heavy as we have ever had. Our Nordenfled did good work in its position over the Mongol Market. We must have accounted for a great number. One German was killed in the German Legation, and Captain Lebrousse, of the French guard, was shot through the head. The members of the Tungli-Yamen asked for an interview to-day at 11, but probably in fear of the results of the firing of their soldiery did not put in an appearance. They sent in a despatch stating they were too busy to come, and that we had provoked the attack by killing a general and 23 men in the Mongol Market. We replied in a very strong note, saying that fortunately no women or children had been hit during their attacks, but that if such a thing happened we should not be responsible for the results as affecting the safety of the Empress. They replied that any man who fired on our Legation after that would be Court-martialed and severely punished.

August 14

Last night saw the most fierce attack yet made upon us. Another gun was put into position on the Imperial City Wall, and commenced operations by wrecking Sir Claude's bedroom, which was luckily unoccupied. Our Colt at the main gate redoubt was trained on the embrasure, and after one or two further rounds from there, silenced the gun for the night. From the Hanlin, the Carriage Park, Mongol Market, Fu, and French Legation, the heaviest fusillade we have yet had was poured into us. Three times the whole volunteer corps was compelled to take up their general attack positions, and officers were heard urging their men to advance. They did not appreciate the orders, and remained behind barricades pouring in a ceaseless stream of bullets. There were several casualties on our side, another German being killed, the American gunner's arm was broken and several others were slightly wounded. At 2 a.m. we heard the most welcome sound of the siege. The guns of the relief column opened fire. We sent up rockets, which were answered immediately at a very short distance. The Chinese are making a fair resistance.

Relieved! The British entered our lines by means of the sluice gate in the City Wall. They had made a magnificent march from Tung Chou, doing twenty miles, mostly in the heat of the day. I leave description of the entry to others.



TAKING A 6-INCH GUN UP THE STEEP SLOPE TO THE EAST FORT AT FREETOWN
A NEW USE FOR A TRACTION ENGINE



The latest cure for seasickness is at least original. According to a St. Nazaire newspaper all the travellers on the ship to be seen and placed a Gladstone bag on his stomach. The spectacle of fifty passengers from Dover to Calcutta on the sloping decks each under his baggage, taking a rest from a lady's purse to a large St. Nazaire trunk would be not unimposing, and would ensure the enthusiasm of all spectators.

A NEW CURE FOR SEASICKNESS. WHAT WE MAY EXPECT ON THE CHANNEL BOATS

DRAWN BY W. BALSTON



This illustration of a military band performing in the Market Square for the first time since the town was occupied by our troops, shows that although the inhabitants who had to leave on the outbreak of war have not yet returned, a goodly crowd can be gathered on so interesting an occasion. Our photograph is by H. W. Nicholls

JOHANNESBURG UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG

Competitions on the Sand

THROUGHOUT August and the early part of September the workers of the Children's Special Service Mission voluntarily devoted their time and energies to the work of evoking interest and sympathy among children for the foreign missions. For this purpose some sixty or seventy popular seaside resorts were visited during the holiday season, and attractive services were conducted on the beach. A somewhat novel feature was introduced into one of these services. As soon as the sea receded a tract of the beach, about 100 ft. square, was

roped off, and a large outline map of the African continent sketched out upon the sand. The coast line was marked by a continuous row of big white stones; the lakes and rivers were represented by green patches and lines of fresh seaweed; mounds of sand took the place of mountains and were capped with salt instead of snow. All the materials for these preparations were gathered by the children. The important towns were shown on the map by sand castles, into each of which was inserted a white stick carrying a card clearly printed with the name of the place it represented. There is an old saying, "First the missionary, then the trader. Which was first in the field in this case we cannot

say. Anyhow, the utilization of the sand as a means of advertisement of missions found its counterpart in the competitions on the sand organised by Bovril, Ltd., and other well-known firms. These firms gave handsome prizes to children for the best design made in the sand. One firm of distillers so contrived the competitions that the design should be a direct advertisement of their whisky. The matter was brought before the local Town Council, where a Councillor denounced this particular competition as demoralising to the children. The head of the distillery firm, also a Councillor, said he did not think that wrong could be made by getting children to construct certain letters with shells.



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWN, R.I.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ROYAL CENTRAL PHOTO COMPANY, Bournemouth

A NOVELTY AT THE SEASIDE: A SAND COMPETITION

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"THE WEDDING GUEST"

THE hand of the author of *A Window in Thrums* and *The Little Minister* is revealed in Mr. Barrie's new play at the GARRICK Theatre in many a welcome touch of delicate humour and not a few passages of tenderness of a peculiarly subtle and moving kind. Even such rare qualities as these, however, cannot wholly redeem an unfortunate choice of subject, still less a lack of tact in the handling of the dramatic materials. The story of *The Wedding Guest* is another variation on the familiar theme of the husband, the wife, and the discarded mistress. Mr. Paul Digby, a young artist, has won the affections of a beautiful and innocent girl—Miss Margaret Fairbairn, daughter of a Scottish laird, but unfortunately he has kept from her a painful secret of his past life. What that secret is the audience are not long in divining. Among the crowd at the wedding, which, in Scottish fashion, takes place in the drawing-room of the house of the father, there appears a mysterious woman, who, when the ceremony reaches its climax, suddenly faints and, with a shriek, falls to the ground. No one of assembly, however, appears to have understood the significance of this incident,

the new-fashioned amateur of "problem plays" are left to make what they can. With all its faults *The Wedding Guest* pleased the audience; but their pleasure was largely due to the author's skill in portraiture and his ever-welcome gift of humour. The Scottish wedding, which occupies the first act, is delightful, and the quarrels and reconciliations of the laird and the parson Gibson over the draught-board in the last act afforded abundant entertainment, admirably played as these personages were by Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Henry Viliart. Miss Dorothea Baird, as Margaret, was the very ideal of grace and innocence; and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, though a little inclined to exaggerate the intermittent frenzies of the unhappy Kate, exhibited genuine power. The fact that Digby is portrayed as a rather drifting and helpless person is not the fault of Mr. H. B. Irving, who plays the peccant artist with skill and discretion. Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones made a very favorable impression as the chief bridesmaid, and Miss Blanche Wilmont, as Kate's little Scottish nursemaid, brought out Mr. Barrie's wholesome humour in a really charming way.

"THE LACKEY'S CARNIVAL"

Audiences in these days do not expect absolute novelty in the story of a new play, but are, as a rule, content if dramatic ideas are served up afresh in an effective fashion. There is still, however, reason to regret that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has not been able to find for his new comedy, *The Lackey's Carnival*, at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre, any theme less familiar than that of the young wife who

London audiences, achieved a decided success by the sincerity which she was enabled to impart to the distresses of Mrs. Stephen Oplander. Mr. Herbert Waring played the self-torturing husband in his customary grave and impressive manner, and some other parts of more or less prominence were very effectively played by Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. Bromley-Davenport, Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Carlotta Addison, Mr. J. Wiles, and Miss Ida Moleworth.

The young Prince of Denmark "defied augury," and Herr Schultze-Carlus, who will commence a series of German performances at the COMEDY Theatre on Friday next, is not less contemptuous in his attitude toward popular superstitions. This gentleman's first nights are to be all Fridays, and it would appear that his bill is to be changed regularly once a week. The opening production will be Herr Feld's *Jugendfreundin*, coupled with the prologue to Goethe's *Faust*.

Meanwhile the German Dramatic Society, who, it will be remembered, were playing in London last autumn and winter, have once more taken up their abode at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, under the direction of Mr. Charles Schenckfeld, pending the building in London of a special German theatre for their accommodation. Thus we have—or rather shall have in a few days—two companies playing pieces in the German language. The Society's operations commenced on Thursday evening with a representation of Goethe's *Iphigenie* with



At the annual festival of the Ravensbourne Swimming Club, which took place at the Westminister Baths, the lady competitors provided the most exciting item in the hundred yards race for the Ravensbourne Challenge Cup. The handsome trophy was won outright last year by Miss Bertie Cadbury, of the Portsmouth Ladies' Club, who came to compete for the new one, as did Miss Thorpe, of the Leeds Club, amateur lady champion of Yorkshire; Miss M. Graham, of the Glasgow Club, amateur lady champion

of Scotland, and Miss Hanson, of Jersey. In the four preliminary heats Miss Thorpe did the best time of the contest, winning with the shortest case in 1 min. 31.5 sec., or exactly three seconds better than Miss Cadbury. A very close contest took place in the final heat between these two ladies, but Miss Thorpe won a splendid race by five yards in 1 min. 32.5 sec.

A LADIES' SWIMMING RACE: THE START FOR THE RAVENSBORNE CHALLENGE CUP

DRAWN BY PHIL EBBUTT

which brings the first act to a close, save Digby himself. In the next act we find ourselves in the lodgings of Kate Ommersay, the mysterious woman referred to, whither Margaret has come, moved by sympathy and compassion. Kate being temporarily absent, the young bride beguiles the time with conversation with a nursemaid and with fondling a baby in a cradle, all which affords to the spectators, though not to the innocent visitor, further indications of approaching revelations. Even when Kate returns and alarms her visitor by her half-distraught manner and sarcastic utterances Margaret has no suspicion. With the appearance, however, of Digby on the scene an explanation becomes inevitable; but still the author delays this long foreseen sage in the development of his story by a number of trivial devices. Among these is that of making Kate drop asleep in a chair exhausted by one of her fits of mental excitement. There is, indeed, throughout this protracted act a sort of feeble ebb and flow, together with a succession of abortive climaxes which are directly opposed to the canons of the playwright's art. The gradual softening of Kate's harsh nature in the contemplation of her rival's sweetness and innocence is doubtless pretty, though it has no influence on the progress of the story, since Digby finally cuts the knot by confessing that Kate had been his mistress and that the child was his. "What is to be done?" may be said to be the refrain of the last act. Many are the proposals and suggestions, but in the end the wife forgives and the forsaken Kate with her child goes forth into the world. Such is the denouement of which the old-fashioned moralist and

suffers herself to be "black-mailed" by a second to whom in former days she has been imprudent enough to write a couple of uncut yet compromising letters; and the more so because the author's constructive skill is not so conspicuous on this occasion as it is wont to be. A long third act is almost entirely taken up with the details of a riotous ball given by Thomas Tarbovy, Sir Richard Oplander's valet, and the arch-villain of the piece, to his fellow-servants and friends in the ballroom of his master's house at Kensington during the absence of the family; but though this new version of *High Life Below Stairs*, shorn of its humour and drollery, is deemed important enough to furnish the title of the play, it has really little influence upon the action. A similar remark applies to the elaborate inquiries made with a view of detecting by Sir George Carcy, an eminent lawyer, into the mystery of certain clandestine meetings between Tarbovy and Mrs. Stephen Oplander, which have aroused the suspicions of her husband and driven him to paroxysms of jealous fury. The problem is how to restore peace and concord in the Oplander household; but this is after all solved not by detectives but by the suspected wife's frank though tardy statement of the facts, and, above all, by her solemn avowal of innocence. For all this there is much clever writing in *A Lackey's Carnival*, and many characters that are sketched with a firm hand. The comedy is, moreover, exceedingly well acted. Tarbovy, the valet, insolent, designing, and self-confident to the last, is raised by Mr. Allan Aynesworth far above the rank of a commonplace factor in melodrama, and Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, who has hitherto been but little known to

Clock's music, followed on Friday by Ibsen's *Nora*, and to-day (Saturday), by Sudermann's *Heinrich*.

Sir Henry Irving has, it appears, thought better of his project of appearing in Lord Byron's *Manfred*. Though avowedly not written for the stage, this somewhat mystic and sombre drama has more than once been performed. The play is, however, wholly void of action, and has been chiefly valued by managers for the opportunities it affords for scenic and musical illustration.

Most playgoers must have observed the growing tendency to crowd the programmes with lists of characters and performers. The new drama at DURY LANE presents in this way an array of thirty-two "speaking parts," while Mr. J. M. Barrie's new piece at the GARRICK has no fewer than forty-eight. As it is the business of the dramatist in general to concentrate the interest of his story on a limited number of leading personages, it follows that lists of such abnormal length must include many parts of little importance.

On the other hand the programme of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre comprises nineteen characters only, while in the new piece with which Mr. Charles Wyndham is preparing to open his theatre in the Charing Cross Road, the same author has been content with ten.



MR. R. HARWAR GILL
Who has been given a commission



TROOP-SERGEANT RONALD ADAM
Who has been given a commission



THE LATE LIEUTENANT W. B. HARRIOTT
Died of wounds received at Diamond Hill



THE LATE LIEUT. H. T. STANLEY
Killed near Hexpoort



THE LATE LIEUT. W. V. ST. G. MCLAREN
Died of exposure in South Africa

Our Portraits

MUCH regret will be felt in cricketing circles at the news of the death in action of Lieutenant H. T. Stanley. In Somersetshire he was exceedingly popular, and probably his best cricket was shown while playing for his county, for which he scored 127 in the match with Gloucestershire last year. Lieutenant Stanley was the son of Mr. E. J. Stanley, M.P. for the Bridgwater Division of Somersetshire. He joined the West Somersetshire Yeomanry Cavalry in 1897, became Lieutenant in 1898, and was commissioned in the Imperial Yeomanry in February last. Lieutenant Stanley was killed in a skirmish which occurred between a party of Boers and General Clement's force near Hexpoort. Our portrait is by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

Lieutenant William Victor St. Clair McLaren, who died from exposure near Pretoria on the morning of July 26, was the younger son of the late W. S. McLaren, Heidelberg, Transvaal, and of Mrs. McLaren, now of Wiston, Lanarkshire. He was born at Heidelberg on May 24, 1877, and was educated at Merchiston Castle School Edinburgh, Leipzig, and Jesus College, Cambridge. In June of last year he was gazetted to the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and sailed for the Cape in October. He took part in the battles of Modder River, Magersfontein, Koodoosberg Drift,

Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, and Driefontein, and in the numerous smaller engagements from the entry into Bloemfontein till after the taking of Pretoria, through all of which he passed without scathe. On July 25 the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, acting as rear-guard to a long supply column, about thirty miles to the east of Pretoria, experienced a terrific storm of rain and thunder; the night following was bitterly cold, and it was found in the morning that Lieutenant McLaren had succumbed. He was a most promising young officer, and was a great favourite in his regiment. Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

Troop-Sergeant Major Ronald Adam, Lord Loch's Horse, has just been given a commission in the 1st King's Dragoon Guards. Loch's Horse took a prominent place in front of Lord Roberts's main advance; they crossed the Vaal first and held the mines for two hours before they were reported, thus saving them from being blown up. They also saved the Vaal bridge, one span of which only had been blown up before their arrival. A party of six patched up a boat, made from paddles, which leaked terribly, and went down the river to examine the bridge. They found 600 charges of dynamite neatly hidden away, all connected up with wires under the water. These they traced up and found connected with the telegraph wires which crossed the river some way lower down, so that the centre bridge could have been blown up at any

time either from Johannesburg or the Klip River, but the party promptly cut the wires and the danger was averted. Our portrait is by R. H. Lord, Cambridge.

Mr. R. Harwar Gill, son of Major Wallace Gill, late of the 1st Volunteer Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment, was in July last granted a commission in the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, now stationed at Rangoon. Mr. Gill was lieutenant commanding the Cyclists' West Yorkshire Volunteer Infantry Brigade, and is author of "The Military Cyclists' Handbook." He went out to South Africa as a sergeant in the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment. Our portrait is by Midgley Asquith, Harrogate.

Lieutenant William Rupert Harriott, N.S.W. Mounted Infantry, who died from wounds received at the battle of Diamond Hill, near Pretoria, was born at Armidale, N.S.W., in 1876. He was gazetted supernumerary second lieutenant in the Army Service Corps of New South Wales in July, 1899, and afterwards received a commission as second lieutenant in the N.S.W. Mounted Infantry (second contingent) under Colonel Knight, and left Sydney in the transport ss. *Southern Cross* on January 17, 1900. He was very popular both with officers and men. Our photograph is by W. B. Clarke, Sydney.



DRAWN BY F. J. WATSON

A smoking concert was given by the non-commissioned officers and men of the New South Wales Artillery Volunteers to the Victorian and New South Wales Naval Contingents for China. The concert

took place in the Sydney Town Hall. The public were admitted to the galleries, the body of the Hall being reserved for the bluejackets. The concert was a great success and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed.

FROM A SKETCH BY FRED LESTY

THE AUSTRALIAN NAVAL CONTINGENT FOR CHINA: A FAREWELL CONCERT

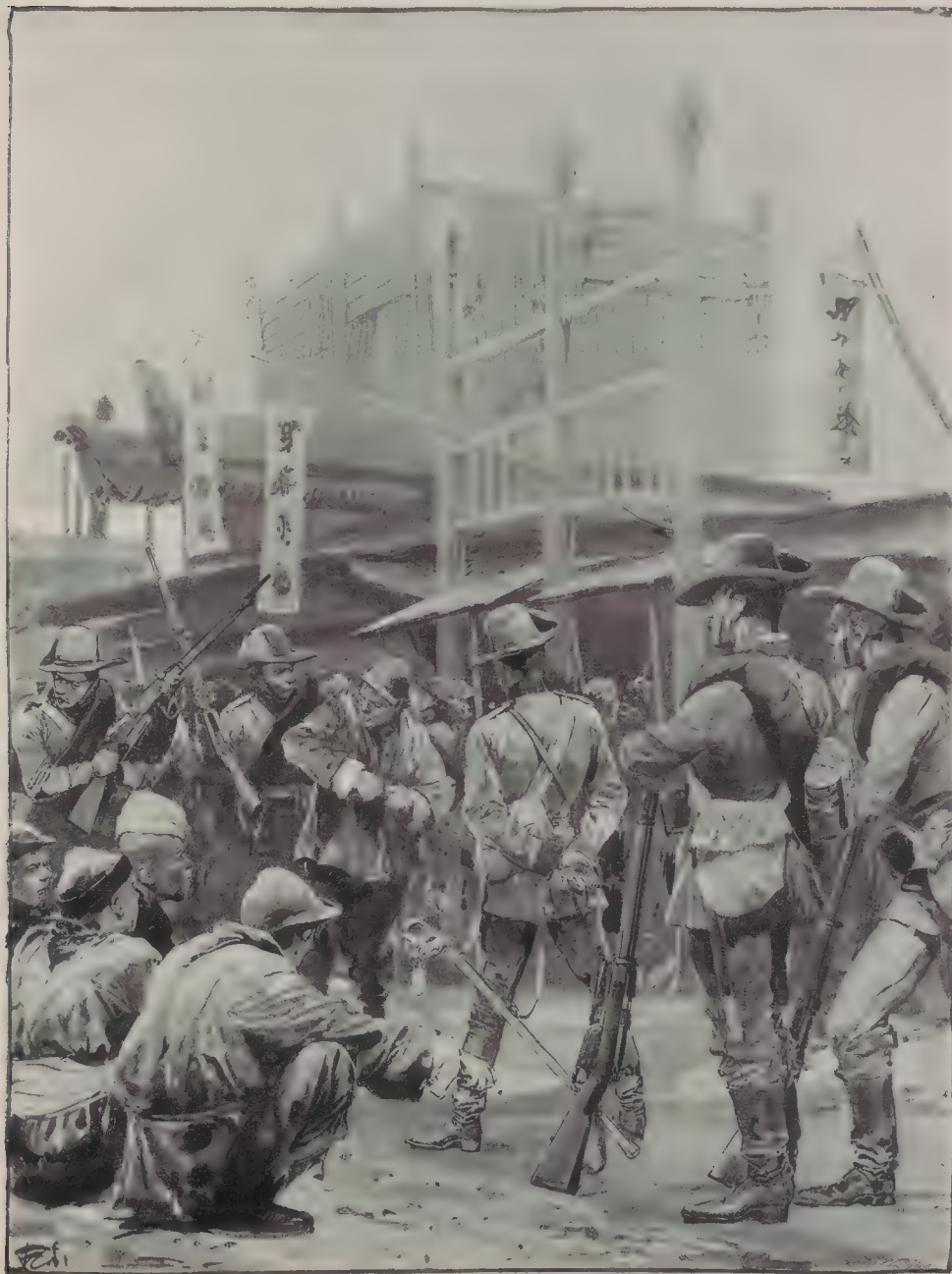
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: GERMAN SOLDIERS SEARCHING HOUSES FOR ARMED "BOXERS."

Drawn by H. Cotton Woodville.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have read lately a glowing eulogy of the novelist as a Parliamentary candidate. Who so fitting, it was argued, to supervise the national interests as the professional student of human nature, the analyst of so many hearts? I doubt whether this appeal would have much effect upon the average elector. One novelist, Mr. Gilbert Parker, has been elected to the new Parliament, but I have not heard that the streets of Gravesend were placarded with these entreaties: "Vote for Parker and the Human Heart." "Gravesend wants a man who sees right through you. This is Parker's Business; this is why you all read his novels. Electors of Gravesend, it is your duty to vote for Parker." From my knowledge of Mr. Parker, I should say that he will prove to be an admirable public servant, with unquenchable zeal, and a real gift of stirring speech. Dr. Conan Doyle, who has failed to win a seat, would have contributed not a little to the common-sense of St. Stephen's. Mr. Anthony Hope, whose health did not permit him to persevere in his candidature at Falkirk, has shown in his new novel that he surveys our political life with a keen and severely impartial eye. Such men should appeal to the electorate by virtue of the personal endowments that are disclosed in a contest; but do they find their literary reputation of any avail in electioneering?

When Thackeray stood for Oxford some forty years ago, he did not find that success in story-telling was a passport to popular confidence. "Vanity Fair" was ten years old, but Oxford had not read it. The University ignored the writer who had begotten more wisdom than could be gathered from all the culture of all the Dons. The town had never heard of this literary man, and probably thought him a simpleton when he rushed into the street to rescue from a choice mob of his own supporters a political opponent who was in a fair way to have his head broken. And yet Thackeray's election speeches had so much manly good sense, and were so commendably free from personal animus and foolish platitudes, that he came very near to beating so experienced a politician as Mr. Cardwell. Most critics regard Thackeray's defeat as a lucky escape. They think he would have been out of his element in Parliament, and that his true work would have been neglected. It seems to me, on the contrary, that he would have anticipated by some thirty years the peculiar service that Mr. Augustine Birrell rendered to the House of Commons. That assembly always needs a member who is sufficiently detached from its prejudices to sprinkle cool humour on the fiery cinders of party recrimination. Alas! Mr. Birrell has lost his seat, and who is to succeed him with sufficient candour, humour, and authority to prevent the House from making a fool of itself, as in the famous case of Mr. Samuel Smith and the British drama, I do not know.

This is a serious matter, and should engage the attention of the Incorporated Society of Authors. This body is not yet alive to its opportunities and its national obligations. Sir Walter Besant keeps a vigilant eye on the encroachments of publishers, but has no thought of waging war against the blind ineptitude that struts itself behind Parliamentary rules. Why should not the Authors' Society select its most likely candidates, and appeal frankly to the electors as the party of disinterested lookers-on? It is badly needed. We can't all be lawyers, brewers, or even railway directors. The Parliamentary author would have no axe to grind, for the addition of M.P. to his name on the title-page would not sell a single copy of a new novel. Thackeray had an idea that literary men were unjustly excluded from public offices, and he wanted to recall the days when Addison was Secretary of State, and Prior was an ambassador. No such ambition is cherished now, although I believe Mr. Maurice Hewlett would make an uncommonly impressive figure as British Ambassador at the Court of King Victor Emmanuel. "We are not office-seekers," Sir Walter Besant might write, if he were to frame a manifesto for the electioneering authors. "We have no craving for the perquisites of partisans. 'We come for your goods,' cried the German lady with an imperfect knowledge of English to the London mob when the Hanoverians came over. It is upon the good of the public, not its goods, that the mind of the author is set. It will be his mission to keep the greed of predatory interests within bounds, and, above all, to chasten the folly which imagines that human nature can be transformed by a short Act."

A General Election always rouses the liveliest discontent in bosoms which are not moved by the party cries of the moment. I look into the *Field*, and find an energetic protest against a national judgment that does not concern itself with the state of agriculture, the misconduct of railway companies, the pollution of rivers, the neglect of sea-fisheries, and the grievances of cyclists. Here is a considerable area of abuses, and yet the pitched battle of our party champions has never come within sight of it. Unopposed M.P.s are elected by dozens, and not a single voter dreams of asking his representative for a definite opinion on such a question as that of railway rates, which vitally affects the weal of industries

assailed by foreign competition. Mr. Joseph Pennell is not a British elector, or he would summon his M.P. to demand satisfaction from the Swiss Government, which forbids motor-bicycles to "note" on the Alpine passes. What railway director has been a-knot to pledge himself to the punctuality of trains? I had a short interview recently with an official at a station in the New Forest. It pertained to a Sunday train that was thirty-five minutes late. "That train has been late all through the summer," said the official cheerfully, as if he were stating one of the axioms of railway management. Somebody has suggested a Railway Passengers' Defence League, with hundreds of thousands of members at a subscription of a shilling a year. It sounds tremendous; but I question whether the railway directors will be frightened. Who has the time to organise the passengers of the United Kingdom? No; Sir Walter Besant must look to it that a small but resolute band of authors shall be elected to Parliament to badger the Board of Trade into coercive measures. We should ask for something quite reasonable—say a sliding scale of fines for unpunctuality, five pounds for the first five minutes, and ten pounds for every succeeding minute up to sixty, when the penalty would be raised to a thousand pounds.

Miss Rockefeller, who inherited her father's millions, has told an interviewer that wealth cannot buy happiness. The interviewer appears to have been startled by a proposition that is a commonplace among the rich. When they are very candid, they will assure you that to be brought up on gold cramps the fine feelings. Gold does not adapt itself to the humanities, because the monotony of possessing so many thousands a year hardens you into indifference. In the enlightened future, I believe, the rich will be educated on a different plan. They will have intervals of grinding poverty, and then they will be suddenly restored to affluence. Wealth must be always a glorious uncertainty, and never a soul-withering habit. Mr. Hawtreys, in "A Message from Mars," dreams that he is suddenly reduced to beggary, that his fur coat is stripped off his back by a stroke of magic, and that he is left in tatters to earn a few pence by sweeping snow off doorsteps. The camel may not pass through the needle's eye; but if the rich man could be put through Mr. Hawtreys's ordeal by legislative sanction, think of his moral improvement! Would there be any purse-proud aristocrats in this city if a policeman were to ring any morning at the door of the mansion in Park Lane, lay his hand on the shoulder of the householder, and say, "Come along, my man. It's your turn at poverty's treadmill, and your costermonger's barrow is waiting outside!"

I have read a charming article in the *Spectator* about the late Professor Thomas Davidson, an Aberdeen man who lived many years in America, and acquired a great reputation by the breadth of his culture. I made his acquaintance in Chicago on the occasion of a lecture he gave to the Dante Society of that city. At that time the Dante Society of Chicago appeared to consist chiefly of ladies. If I remember rightly, it was almost the only man in the audience, most of them spinsters who followed the lecture with note-books and eager pencils. Professor Davidson discoursed upon the "Paradiso," not the "Inferno," and at a certain point he paused and gazed around with whimsical embarrassment. Dante, he said at last, had some ideas that were not altogether modern. To woman in his Paradise was assigned the highest place; but it was to unmarried woman. The Professor's voice dropped, and the eager pencils dropped, and a gloom settled down upon the Dante Society of Chicago. The chairman did his best to retrieve the evening. He was a clergyman, very eloquent; even his feet joined in the eloquence, for he strode up and down the platform, pouring out philosophy about life in another world. The spinster ladies listened wistfully, evidently hoping that he would repudiate Dante's doctrine about the inferior status of marriage. But he said no word on the subject, and the Professor sat and smiled blandly.

Wealth cannot command happiness, neither can culture. Here was a whole half-dozen of sensitive students made wretched by the sudden conflict between their dearest aspiration and the teaching of the august poet they had chosen for special reverence. For how can a Dante Society criticise Dante? I could see that Davidson was alive to the dilemma, and that he regarded it with a twinkling eye, which increased the general confusion and distress. The parson was clearly afraid of it; hence those nervous prauings up and down. What happened after that I never heard. Did the Dante Society of Chicago split upon that unexpected rock, or decide to pass it by? And if the policy of evasion was adopted, what happened when Professor Davidson lectured on the "Inferno," and dwelt upon the fate of the trimmers who are stung by wasps and bitten by snakes quite early in that cheerful masterpiece?

One of the most accomplished Dante scholars of Italy last week paid a visit to London. Signorina Levy, of Florence, who has published a Dante Birthday Book and done some serious Dante scholarship otherwise. Some discoveries of hers will shortly bear upon a forgotten link between Dante and Byron as his translator.

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

It must be sorrowfully admitted that the most prominent feature of the military situation in China during the past few weeks has been the relegation of Great Britain to what looks very much like a "back seat," or what, in any case, will appear such to the Far Eastern mind. No activity seems to be waiting on General Gaslee's part, and, wherever they have had a chance, the troops under his command have signally distinguished themselves. But it is idle to say that they have been used with anything like the same effect as the Russian, German, and Japanese contingents, and shrewd observers on the spot are commenting severely on the invertebrate policy which makes it impossible for such a fine little force to be used to better advantage. Even now it is somewhat uncertain whether the British troops will be given an adequate rôle in such operations as will be carried out before a move is made into winter quarters, and it is evident that in several recent expeditions they have been prevented from taking anything resembling a leading part.

As far as can be gathered from conflicting reports at the time of writing, the winter garrison of Peking will consist of 8000 Germans, a British Brigade about 3000 strong, 2000 Japanese, 1500 Russians, and 1500 Americans. Six months' rations have been requisitioned, and no doubt a force of 16,000 men with guns will be able to hold Peking against any Chinese troops likely to attack it. But the position is not free from difficulty and risk. The Boxers have evidently not disappeared from the neighbourhood, since they quite recently attacked the post at Ma-tou on the Peking-Tientsin road. There is reason to believe, moreover, that a quantity of modern ammunition is concealed in Peking, and organised disturbances in and around the city are likely to occur throughout the winter, with which Count von Waldersee may find it troublesome to cope.

Meanwhile, the expedition to Pao-tung-fu has been somewhat delayed, though by the time these lines are in print news should have arrived of its being at least well on its way. According to Chinese rumours, a stout resistance will be offered to the Allies at this point, but there is nothing of strategic weight to support this assumption. On the contrary, a well-carried-out convergence of two columns from Peking and Tientsin on Pao-tung-fu would probably result in a more easy, effective, and wholesale dispersal of the Boxers than any as yet accomplished.

Considerable interest is centred in Li-nan-fu, which by a recent edict is now the imperial capital of China. Here it is said the Court is being joined by 200,000 Chinese troops armed with modern weapons, who may be expected to make a move shortly under General Lung-fu-siang. It remains to be seen whether this move will be in the direction of Peking or Shanghai, but in either case adequate precautions to meet it will involve serious consideration on the part of Count von Waldersee, who is already much occupied in striving to hold the balance between the Powers.

On a particularly last week, the capture of the Pei-tang and Lutai forts has been followed by a successful occupation of Shan-hai-kwan, in which all the Powers seem to have taken part. But this real success has been somewhat discounted by reports of serious unrest in the neighbourhood of Shanghai and Canton.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Guerrilla warfare continues with enthusiasm and success. Generals Botha and De Wet remain in the field, the former apparently still hovering about Pietersburg, to the north of Pretoria, while the latter has turned up near Wepener, in the Orange River Colony, close to the Beuto frontier, and the action of Colonel De laet's stout resistance in the early days of the war. There seems to be a good many marauding Boers in the Ladybrand and Ficksburg districts of the Orange River Colony, doubtless owing to the ease with which supplies can be procured in these fertile parts. But the Boers have demonstrated some months back, under much less favourable conditions than now obtain, it is not difficult to squeeze the Boers out of a corner of this sort, in which an unfriendly native frontier is to them a constant source of danger.

An encouraging sign has been the improved attitude of the farmers, who are evidently beginning to regard marauding bands with a very unfriendly eye. Only a few days back two former burghers brought in an armed Boer as a prisoner into Kelly-Kenny's camp. Rudie, Methuen, and Hart have been busy in their respective spheres, Hart having completely pacified the Potchefstroom district, while Methuen has been much occupied round Rustenburg. The Brigade of Guards has left Komati Poort for Pretoria, and it is said, is likely to be sent home in the near future. The City Imperial Volunteers have already embarked in the *Invincible*, and are timed to reach home on Oct. 28. The Naval Brigade has arrived at Simon's Town from Pretoria, after receiving a hearty and grateful farewell from Lord Roberts, and the Natal Volunteers have returned to their homes, carrying with them the very good wishes and keen appreciation of their Regular comrades. In the gradual breaking up of such a force as that which for many weary months has been fighting against the Boers, it would be invidious to single out any particular corps or contingent for favourable comparison with the rest, but in the case of the Natal Volunteers it is only fair to recall the fact that they were among the very first to go to the front, and that throughout they have borne themselves with conspicuous grit and go.

The most important recent operations have been those under the supervision of Sir Redvers Buller, who has been clearing the Lydenburg region with characteristic thoroughness and disregard of natural obstacles. Here and there resistance has been encountered, but nothing of a nature to appear to make light of the most difficult passes and to be brushing away the Boers like flies.

The absolute end cannot now be far off. Repeated reports indicate utter wear of heart on the part of the Boers, and considerable additions are being made to our 16,000 prisoners who at the beginning of this month had either surrendered or been captured by our troops.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

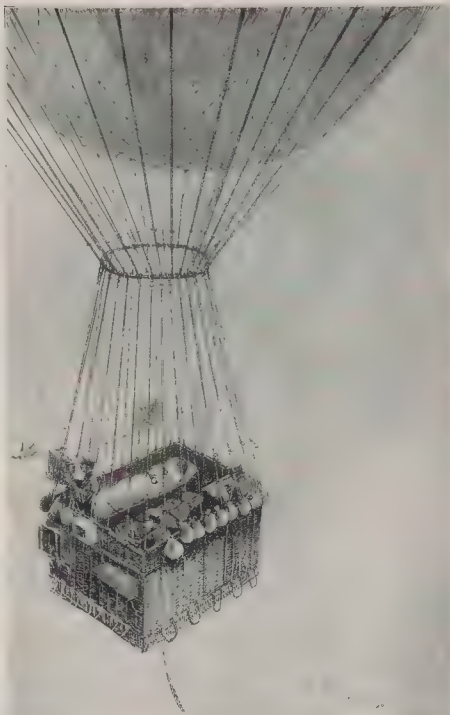
THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Everybody will sympathise with Mr. Chamberlain's expression of thankfulness that the Election is drawing to an end. The pleasures of polling soon pass, and the political club begins to feel itself too much of a news-agency annexe to be quite on its dignity; and if this is the feeling at the victorious Carlton, much more is it likely to be so at the Reform, where the Liberal members of a club that is partly Unionist have to hear tidings of defeat monotonously reiterated. The man in the street has a good time, if only for an evening, whether in London, where our Artist caught him, or at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the city which yielded the one big surprise of the elections, and was taken in the act of declaring it by an enterprising snap-shottist perched on the top of the Cathedral, opposite to the Town Hall. Reading and Salisbury have done their different political duty by returning a Liberal and a Conservative who happen to be brothers. Mr. George Palmer and Mr. Walter Palmer, united in business and domestic life, they will face each other as foes across the floor of the House of Commons. From various other constituencies came the usual stories of electoral triumphs to which husbands have been helped by the ladies of their family. Mr. Fox's Duchess has her successors among dames and damsels of Primrose and other leagues—but with a difference; and the voter of today has been seen drawn to the poll in a bicycle-rings that defies any clause of the Corrupt Practices Acts that bear on the hiring of vehicles or the employment of beasts of burden.

THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

The banquet given at the Hotel Cecil to Lord Hopetoun on the eve of his departure brought together a gathering of notabilities unusually large and distinguished for the time and season—election time and an empty London. The Earl of Selborne presided, and seven hundred voices cheered Mr. Goschen's statement that Lord Hopetoun would be able to tell the Colonies that the British Navy had made immense progress of late, and that its captains would in future be able to enter every port without a pilot, and at a speed which would be the wonder of the world. Other politicians present were Lord Lansdowne, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Harris, Mr. Henniker Heaton, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Carrington, Lord Brassey, and Sir James Blyth. This specimen list shows that both parties were united in their out-look of the first Governor-General of Federated Australia. Lord Hopetoun, who spoke of himself with great modesty, ended his speech with the aspiration that we might live to see our Empire the great bulwark of those principles which are broadly represented by the phrase Christianity.

On the following morning Lord and Lady Hopetoun left Charing Cross amidst the good-byes of a large group of friends. In addition to the personal staff taken out by the new Governor-General, he is to have a bodyguard of Colonial troops chosen from the men who are on their way from the war. On Oct. 4 these troops paid a visit to Windsor Castle, where they had all possible privileges for its inspection, and were afterwards entertained to luncheon by the Mayor. The men in khaki, some eighty in number, included representatives of the South Australian, New



AN EXPERIMENT TO TEST THE SUSTAINING POWER OF ANDRÉE'S BALLOON.

South Wales, West Australian, Queensland, New Zealand, and Tasmanian contingents, and Roberts's, Kitchener's, Brabant's, and Lumsden's Light Horse. The Mayor, in congratulating the men, reminded them that three hundred yards from the Guildhall the Federation of the Australian Colonies had received the Royal Assent.

THE HOME-COMING OF SIR F. HODGSON.

The noise of elections and of tumults in other places has made a little quieter than it could otherwise have been. Sir Frederick Hodgson's arrival in England from West Africa. His voice has hardly been heard, except only to see that the Golden Stool, as a cause of the Ashanti War, is a very bad foundation, utterly unsafe to sit upon. On board the s.s. *Pontef* the Govt. nor is seen in our illustration, and seen, too, are Lady Hodgson and her parasol

particularly her parasol. Sir Frederick, who is forty-nine years of age, married in 1883 Mary Alice, daughter of the late W. A. G. Young, C.M.G., Governor of the Gold Coast.

THE INDIAN TANTALUS.

(*Pseudanthus leucocapillus*).

The "painted stork" is the name adopted in the text-books on Indian ornithology for this curious-looking bird, and it is also familiarly called the "pelican ibis" by sportsmen in India. The Indian subject of our illustration, like its African cousin, *Z. ibis*, frequents pieces of open water and large lakes. It is seen either alone or in flocks, searching for its food in the shallow water, or standing motionless on the shores of the lake. When in their full white plumage, with the pink on their wing-coverts and secondary quills, they are undeniably ornamental birds, but, like so many other tame and handsome birds of the East, they have been slaughtered during the past few years, with other herons and storks, to satisfy the demand for plumes in Europe and America. Like many other of the stork kind, the tantulus builds in large trees, generally in little companies.

THE DAIRY SHOW.

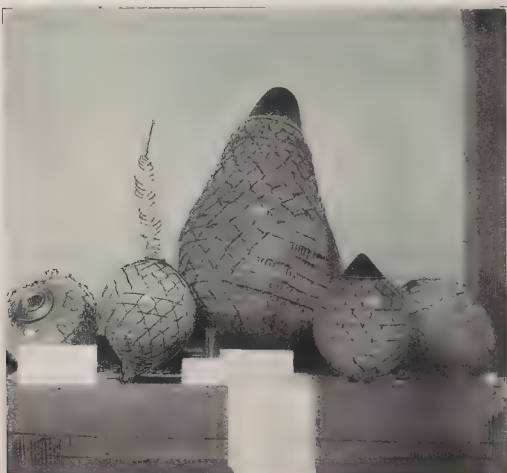
The twenty-fifth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association was opened on Tuesday in the Agricultural Hall. The show of cattle is one of the best ever stabled at Islington; and the Blythwood Challenge Bowl, offered by Sir James Blyth for the best Jersey cow or heifer bred in the United Kingdom, was secured by Mr. Antony Gibbs, who has complied with the rules of the award by winning it two years in succession. In the chess department it is worth a note that all the prizes for Cheshire cheese go not to Cheshire, but to Salop.

THE DRAGON THRONE OF CHINA.

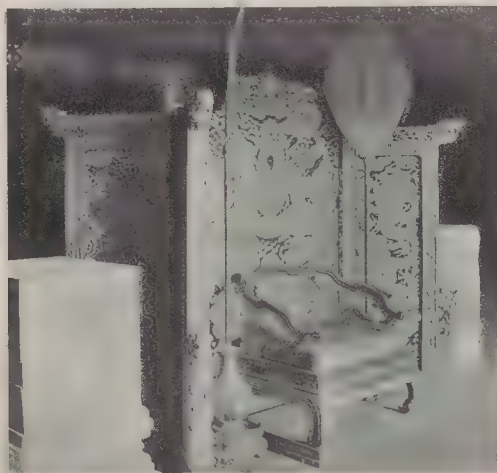
Peking is the city of the Imperial Throne of the Son of Heaven. Its seat is of carved ebony inlaid with gold, the cushion is of dark blue satin, and on either side are fans in the form of the feathers of a bird. The Dragon Throne is further flanked by large cases, containing robes of state; and behind is a great screen, with its carved dragons and other devices, all of "beautiful ugliness," and illustrating the genius of decoration that belongs to the East.

ANDRÉE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

The despatch-boys of Andrée's lost enterprise, preserved at Stockholm, and shown in our illustration, give little tidings of his fortunes; for they were cast to earth and wind and wave in the early time, when the aeronauts were full of hope, and their friends had not begun to despair. These messages were sent at brief intervals back to the world by the man who was all too probably to see it no more; and after the last message, silence swallowed up the expedition—the men, the balloon, and the whole project of a new invasion of the Pole. Among the large army of the "missing" these who are not returned as prisoners or slain in the battles of the race, because their end had no witnesses, and because, but for the lapse of time which persuaded us of their death, they might be living still—Andrée has a lofty place. No new hope is afforded by the experiment made some weeks ago to test the sustaining power of a balloon of 8000 cubic metres, supplied with all scientific apparatus and provisions for three weeks



MESSAGE-BUOYS FROM ANDRÉE'S BALLOON.



THE DRAGON-THRONE, PEKING.



THE DAIRY SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Drawn by Ralph Carter.

THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

A church in war-time is always apt to be commandeered - to become a church militant indeed. In past days the conjunction had open admission, and a church was built fortress-like against emergencies. After Norman, Gothic; but even brittle Gothic has had to face cannon, and in our own time many a French church has heard the hoofs of horses on its pavements. The temples of China could not hope to evade a service of man which only fanatics could regard as desecration. In Tientsin, for instance, the American troops had their headquarters within walls dedicated to worship. The place might not be wholly suited to military purposes; but our illustration shows it to possess at least a good wall of defence. A Russian battery on the Pei-ho River is also the subject of a drawing; and other heavy loads, this time consisting of the staff of life, are to be seen in the view of a Russian wagon camp at Tongku. The photographer has caught them at the right moment—so right a moment that the wagons might seem almost to be specially loaded for him. At any rate, the baker has not been caught white-handed, with his arms imbrued in flour, but has given us deliberated a sitting as times of peace afford.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The break-down of the Bishop of London is, I am glad to learn, of a temporary and partial nature. He has overstrained his nervous system by a year of incessant engagements, and has been advised to prolong his holiday. With cure there is every reason to hope that he may resume work in a few weeks.

The Bishop of Stepney is undertaking some of Dr. Creighton's duties, including the October ordination at



THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: A TEMPLE IN TIENSIN USED BY THE AMERICAN TROOPS AS THEIR HEADQUARTERS.



A RUSSIAN BATTERY ON THE PEI-HO RIVER.

St. Paul's. He is preaching on Sunday afternoons at the Cathedral, and the size of the congregations would seem to suggest that many strangers are still in London on their way home from the Paris Exhibition.

The Bishop of Liverpool has secured the house next the Palace as a hostel, and hopes next year to have six graduates studying there for the ministry under a Vice-Principal. He is planning to build a chapel and sixteen dormitories, specially intended for the reception of candidates for ordination. In all directions his energetic initiative is apparent.

Preparations are far advanced for the United Mission of the Free Churches, which will be held in January. One prominent London minister who holds aloof is the Rev. Archibald Brown, of West Norwood. His anxiety to "avoid any appearance of compromise" shows that the ashes of the unhappy Down-Grade controversy are still smouldering. The fact that the speakers at Spurgeon's Tabernacle last month were selected from a comparatively narrow circle points in the same direction.

"Peter Lombard," of the *Church Times*, returned from Buxton to attend the funeral of Prebendary Harry Jones at Pakenham. He pays a touching tribute to the memory of his friend. "Those who knew him will not forget his large generous heart, his happy wit, and love of fun, as well as his depth of earnest piety and his unflinching sympathy with the bereaved, the suffering, and the sinners."

The Bishop of Newcastle, after the heavy labours of the Church Congress, is taking a short holiday in Scotland.

The resignation of the Bishop of Exeter at the age of seventy-five has caused much regret, but was not unexpected in his diocese. The Bishop has been conscious for some time of failing strength, and his doctor has advised him to give up work before the winter. It is satisfactory to learn that he is suffering from no organic disease, and

that his physician thinks he may for years carry on his literary work. Dr. Bickersteth is a Hampshire man. His father, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, was Rector of Wotton. Perhaps the busiest and happiest days of the Bishop's life were those he spent in London between 1855 and 1885, when he was Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead.

The Rev. A. Spencer, Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin Primrose Hill, has announced that he will retire at Christmas. He is one of the most active High Churchmen in London, and the service at St. Mary's compares in elaborate ritual with that at St. Augustine's, Kilburn, or St. Alban's, Holborn. Mr. Spencer thinks the time has come when he should resign in favour of a younger man, while he himself will seek a lighter post in the country.

The lengthy reports of the Church Congress which appeared in last week's *Guardian* and *Church Times* looked singularly belated amid the rush and hurry of the General Election. There is one story of the Queen which will be remembered when the sermons and speeches are forgotten. It was told by Professor Bevan, who heard it from the Dean of Windsor. The Dean went to see a kitchenmaid at Windsor Castle who was suffering from influenza. Her room was at the top of the house, and was reached by long staircases. The moment the Dean entered the patient said, "Oh, Sir, what do you think? Her Majesty has been to see me!" This only happened a few months ago, and when the Queen came into the room she said, "My dear, I have got up here, but it was hard work for me, and I sat down on the stairs." Coming from the Dean of Windsor, this charming little story may be accepted as authentic, and it is not the least touching incident of this memorable year in her Majesty's life. V.



A RUSSIAN WAGON-CAMP AT TONGKU.

Photographs supplied by a Correspondent.



THE ALLIES IN CHINA: GERMAN TROOPS

From the Paintings



PREPARING A CHARGE BY THE BENGAL LANCERS.

R. Cotton Woodville.

THE GRAPHIC

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LORD HOPETOUN, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A SPECIAL SKETCHER AT HOPETOUN HOUSE BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Topics of the Week

For the
Empire

ALTHOUGH a goodly number of county constituencies have yet to pronounce on the issues involved in the General Election, the verdict of the country has long ceased to be in doubt. What the precise majority of the Unionists will be—whether it will be larger or smaller than that they enjoyed in the last Parliament—is as yet uncertain, but that there will be a Unionist majority, and that it will be a very large one, is now unquestionable. There is in some Opposition quarters a disposition to argue that if the majority of the Government shows a diminution as compared with that which they enjoyed at the time of the Dissolution, it will be legitimate to conclude that the South African policy identified with Mr. Chamberlain has suffered a moral reverse. This is the purest and the most arbitrary of hypotheses. In the course of five years' administration the best Government that ever was bound to have made enemies on subsidiary questions, and it is impossible in every case to persuade such malcontents to sink their grievances and concentrate their attention on the main issue presented to them. When it is remembered, too, that the majority gained in 1895 was of quite exceptional magnitude, and that it was won on the single issue of Irish policy, all the chances were against its maintenance in its full strength now, especially as the Home Rule Question has ceased to be a live political issue. How is it, then, that the best instructed section of the electorate—that represented by the Boroughs—has already pronounced for the Government by a majority which in seats is numerically superior to that of 1895 and in votes is overwhelmingly larger? The reasons are, perhaps, not quite so simple as most people imagine. Where millions of voters are concerned the motives must be, to a certain extent, mixed, and, although for the most part the country is, no doubt, convinced that the Unionists may be better trusted to carry out the South African settlement than their opponents, it would be an exaggeration to affirm that that is the only motive by which the Unionist voters have been actuated. Not a few, we imagine, especially in the commercial centres, have been influenced by the great prosperity the country has enjoyed under the present Administration; others have been inspired by the military spirit and have identified the Government with the gallant "Tomnies" who have covered themselves with glory in South Africa and the Sudan. A very large number have, we may be sure, been affected by the hopeless chaos of the Opposition councils and by the negative conviction that whatever the faults of the Government they were bound to do better than a Party which has no internal cohesion and no real leader. At bottom, however, we believe it is permissible to recognise in the verdict of the constituencies a great Imperialist manifestation. At a time when the Empire is showing a marked centripetal tendency, and when the attitude of foreigners is more distinctly hostile to us than it has been within living memory, the country has resolved to give an unrestricted mandate to the Party which is determined at all costs to maintain the unity of the Empire and the supremacy of its trade. It is clear to everybody that in the years that are coming this task will involve serious sacrifices. The question of Army reform alone is one which may transform the whole of our social and political life, and it does not stand alone. Nevertheless, the country has asked no questions. It has declared, in the words of Lord Curzon, that the great position we won for ourselves in an age of monopoly must and shall be preserved in an age of competition and colossal armaments, and it bids the Government take the necessary measures to attain this end. Such, we take it, is the lesson of the General Election. It is a demonstration for the Empire. We trust the

Government will recognise it in this light, and that it will prove equal to the great work of Reconstruction to which it is thus hidden.

SIR ALFRED MILNER had the gift of prophecy in him strongly when, on bidding good-bye to The C.I.V.'s the City Imperial Volunteers at Cape Town, he predicted that the reception there, wildly enthusiastic as it had been, "was nothing compared to the one they would get on reaching England."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the sense of pride all Londoners feel in these gallant men and their brilliant achievements. Before they went out to South Africa, there were many who, while fully recognising their pluck and patriotism, questioned whether they would ever be of much value against such mobile and skilled marksmen as the Boers. Others prophesied that young men taken from the desk and the counter would quickly succumb to malaria and campaigning privations. Very different is the official record of their performances. Irrespective of their journeys by rail, they marched over 1,000 miles, fought in a long succession of hot actions, maintained their discipline from first to last, and preserved their health in a really wonderful manner. The experimental venture of testing the campaigning quality of our citizen Army was thus crowned with the most brilliant success, and there is no longer the slightest question about its actuality as both an insular and an Imperial force. There are necessarily limits to its employment in the latter capacity, but it is a safe assumption that when the C.I.V.'s, after rejoining their respective corps, relate their exploits and adventures, their younger comrades will be fired with emulation to go and do likewise at the first opportunity.

THE Government does a humane thing by disembodiment the Militia before the labour Re-absorbing market is surfeited by the return of the Re- the Militia servitors and Auxiliaries from South Africa.

When that transfer occurs there is bound to be some temporary lack of employment, and were the Militia simultaneously set free the strain would be all the greater. Happily, there is greater ease in fitting Militiamen into their old places than in the other cases. They generally keep in pretty close touch with their several localities, and, if well-conducted, can almost make sure of getting work. Their recent military training must, at all events, make them better citizens as well as better soldiers; they will have acquired habits of discipline and of "taking the fat with the lean" in all the affairs of life. The nation, for its part, has the satisfaction of knowing that it has transformed a large body of more or less inefficient troops into soldiers who, if not yet quite fit to "go anywhere and do anything," could quickly be brought up to that ideal of military perfection. We may hope, therefore, that desertions will be less frequent from the Militia in future than has been the case in the past. The offence is chiefly among "new chums" who are disgusted on discovering that the life of a soldier is not "all beer and skittles." But the lately embodied men must have acquired some measure of *esprit de corps*, and should, therefore, make their younger comrades feel what a disgraceful thing it is to bring odium on a battalion by one of the meanest offences of which a soldier can be guilty.

M. DELCASSÉ has made an heroic attempt to provide the Powers with a policy in China, and M. Delcassé to lend them to the practical work of negotiating peace with the plenipotentiaries of the King of Heaven. It is to be feared, however, that his programme will meet with little better luck than the ineffective proposals of Count Lambdorff and Count Von Buelow. Its result, so far, has only been to induce the Chinese Court to remove some three hundred and fifty miles further into the interior—a clear and unmistakable intimation that the Dowager-Empress has no intention of coming to terms on the basis set forth in the French Note. We are bound to say that the attitude of the Chinese Government does not surprise us. If, in addition to keeping strong Legation guards at Peking, the Powers are to occupy *militairement* the road from the capital to Tientsin, are to dismantle the Taku forts, and are to prevent the importation of arms and munitions of war into China—including, we suppose, ironclads—what possible inducement can there be for the Imperial Government to return to Peking? To all intents and purposes, Peking and the country east of it, as far as the coast, will be in foreign hands, and the Government itself will be powerless. Under these circumstances it is very natural that the Emperor and Dowager-Empress should prefer to remain in the interior and abandon the Gulf of Pechili to those who would always virtually control it. Moreover, the Chinese Government know very well that the only way in which the Powers can impose the Delcassé proposals on China is by following the Court to Si-ngan-fu, and this they are not likely to do. Such an expedition would require a very large force, if only to keep open the long line of communications, and, if persisted in, it might lead to the Central and Southern provinces throwing in their lot with the Emperor and thus bringing about a war of incalculable magnitude. The very last thing that

the Powers want is such a war. Hence the action of the Chinese Court is quite comprehensible and, we are afraid, unanswerable. The Delcassé proposals will have to be very considerably modified if it is hoped to make them the means of a settlement of the Chinese crisis.

No praise could be too high for the thorough manner in which Sir J. Willcocks is rounding off the subjugation of the contumacious Ashantis. The Ashanti War Up to the present these truculent savages have been dealt with far too leniently; they had only to make pretence of submissiveness to obtain a practically free hand for the plundering and even the murder of traders. That, they had come to believe, was a vested interest of which they would never be deprived by the white man, provided they conducted themselves tolerably south of Kumassi. But when the white man took in hand the construction of a railway from the coast, and made it known that he was resolved to put down robbery throughout his possessions, the Ashantis flew to arms. To a large extent the situation was very similar to that in the Sudan previous to the "crowning mercy" at Omdurman. In both instances, certain tribes employed their fighting superiority to establish tyranny of the most frightful description over other peoples. And in both cases, too, it was largely our fault for tacitly sanctioning the substitution of anarchy for order. Happily, that scandal has come to an end, and it seems safe to predict that the trade route from the interior through Ashanti-land will shortly be as safe as that from Khartoum to Cairo has become. After that is accomplished, all possible despatch should be used in building and equipping the railway. Whether the Ashanti goldfields prove a second Rand or not, there is a grand goldfield in the commerce certain to follow the completion of this too-long-delayed line.

At the close of autumn many poor families feel that the times must be sadly out of joint for the The Artificial price of coals to continue rising. Nor does it Coal Famine diminish their misgiving to see that in some of the mining districts the pit-owners have again consented to advance the pitmen's wage rate. There is, however, one little ray of light athwart the darkened sky. It is now made manifest that American coals can be sold for a much lower price in England than the native article fetches, and it should not be very long, therefore, before the same cheapening which has occurred through importations of food is repeated in the case of fuel. That has already happened in some countries; the last consular report from Siam mentioned that Japanese coal has lately taken the place of British at Bangkok. American supplies have already come into use in some parts of the Continent, again replacing English. There is a distinct possibility, consequently, that, unless our pit-owners can content themselves with reasonable profits and our miners with reasonable wages, they may discover before long the unwisdom of inviting the foreigner to compete in the home market. Patriotism forbids us to wish him success in that endeavour, but, on the other hand, much sympathy with the poor and suffering will be with him in the venture.

It is not often that the waiter occurs to one as a man with a grievance; the grievance is more often with the customer who has to tip him. The Waiters' Tip That, however, is not the view of the waiters who met in Trafalgar Square, and, following the usual precedent, embodied their wrongs in a resolution. The resolution called upon the County Council, that universal refuge of the injured Trade Unionist, to refuse music licenses to restaurants which did not pay their waiters the "union rate of wages," but compelled them to supplement a vanishing or non-existent wage by the customers' tips. That, of course, even a Progressive County Council could not do; but if the waiters are really suffering under an injustice we have a remedy to propose to them. Let them inexorably refuse to take tips. A restaurant served by waiters of this description would attract all London to its doors if only out of curiosity, and the combined pressure of public custom and a properly aroused public opinion, would make it impossible for any restaurant proprietor to refuse to pay his waiters on a scale of magnificence comparable to their nobility of action. But the waiters cannot expect to receive the "union rate of wages" and enlist the tip-hidden customers' sympathy at one and the same time.

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CHINESE PRESS. It is a scene of those who had been killed in action were taken down the canal in barges by the Japanese. For several Japanese were forgotten in a boat on the way. For several Japanese were forgotten in a boat on the way.

THEIR LAST JOURNEY: PAYING A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO JAPANESE SOLDIERS KILLED DURING THE RELIEF OF PEKING

The International Humourist

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

MARK TWAIN is the most travelled philosopher of my acquaintance, as he is the most philosophic traveller in this moving age. This is much to say, when such notable travellers as Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry, and Pierre Loti suggest to the average reader that to hold an audience one must know the world—the world of fact as well as fancy.

My first practical insight into Mark Twain was between Bloemfontein and Pretoria, shortly after the Jameson Raid. Mark Twain was not there, but a telegraph message signed "Mark" informed me that latitude and longitude made no difference with him in such matters as human wants. Dr. Leyds, who was then Prime Minister of Mr. Kruger's alleged Republic, had dexterously appropriated my despatch-case containing amongst much literary matter of questionable value, a letter of credit without which I was "poor indeed."

Mark Twain had just arrived on the coast, sick in heart and body. He had suffered a domestic loss which alone seemed to close out all prospect of future happiness. He was himself in such wretched physical health that a large proportion of his lectures had to be cancelled, and the audiences whom he did meet little realised at what cost their amusement was provided. And as though these two blows were not enough, an insupportable providence had swept away the earnings of a lifetime which had been invested in a publishing business.

This financial crash was, practically, no concern of the author's, but he heroically, if not quixotically, undertook the responsibility of paying off obligations incurred by those whom he trusted, and thus, at a time when most of us think of enjoying the fruit of our labours, Mark Twain commenced life anew with no capital of human making and no incentive to live beyond his incomparable wife—his wisest editor—and his two daughters.

Mark Twain learned of my plight through an advertisement in a South African paper, and at once clapped a mortgage in his brain and offered me assistance. That telegram is now the most precious human document in my little archive, and as a bit of a biography it is the more interesting for being typical. Let me hasten to add, in justice to Dr. Leyds, that when his Secret Service gentlemen had satisfied themselves that my papers could damage no one but myself, they returned them to me in excellent condition without even asking for extra carriage.

Before this episode Mark Twain, biographically, had been to me little more than a literary idol; the master amongst many notable after-dinner speakers, the most many-sided social figure of my acquaintance. It needed but the trials of that period marked by the Jameson Raid to show us Mark Twain as one of the few teachers who have lived up to the doctrines of their philosophy.

In talking with Mark Twain over a course of years, I am trying to recall some instance in which he may have allowed personal feeling to control his judgment regarding another's writing. It is a hopeless failure. I remember, as we all do, instances in which writers have gone somewhat out of their way to say an unkind and unjust thing of him. But the one person who seemed never to have heard of the episode, was the intended victim. I recall vividly the emphatic delight with which Mark Twain hailed the advent of Kipling—it seems only yesterday. He recognised the genuine humour, the comprehensive spirit, the forcible fit of the well-equipped literary gladiator. No one ever heard Mark Twain patronising or pooh-poohing the younger generation of aspiring rivals in the literary field. W. W. Jacobs, as a novice, found no more sympathetic reader than the author of "Life on the Mississippi," nor has G. A. Henry, the British boys' favourite, a more generous rival than the author of "Tom Sawyer." "Mark" does on "Mr. Dooley."

With other men, this quality might suggest indifference or hypocrisy. With Mark Twain it is nothing of the kind—it is downright incapacity to understand the pettiness which disturbs so large a portion of the Republic of Letters.

The German Emperor felt honoured by the opportunity to meet Mark Twain, and beamed like a happy schoolboy at the prospect of seeing in the flesh the man whose works he knew by heart. Mark Twain's acquaintances with crowned heads is comprehensive, for in whatever country of the world he pitches his tent, the great people of that country immediately feel their greatness incomplete until they have met the author of the "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." The Press has interviewed him with varying success for the past forty years, yet nowhere do we find a trace of the egotism which revels in the mention of titles and worldly distinctions. Mark Twain has enjoyed the hospitality of the best men and women in almost every Court and Colony throughout the civilised and uncivilised world. He was born in Missouri, apprenticed to the Mississippi, graduated a journalist in Nevada, became famous in California; became happy in New York (where he married); built his home in Hartford, Connecticut, where the bulk of his literary work was produced. Berlin, Vienna, Calcutta, Melbourne, Pretoria, the Sandwich Islands, Paris, or Florence—put your finger on almost any interesting spot of the globe, and you find there not only the readers of his books, but the real men and women who know him in the flesh and love him for his humanness.

Lord Hopetoun and the Australian Commonwealth

By G. COLLINS LEVEY, C.M.G.

THE departure of Lord Hopetoun from this country marks another stage in the history of Australian Federation. In the eloquent words of Lord Rosebery a few nights ago at Edinburgh, "we have launched Canada, we have formed India, and now we are giving Australia her crown and creating a subsidiary Empire," and "Lord Hopetoun is to be the chosen Minister and Viceroy to start this great experiment." The constitution by which the Commonwealth of Australia has been created is the work of its people, and with one slight alteration has obtained the unqualified endorsement of the Queen, Lords, and Commons of the United Kingdom. The framers of the Act of Parliament which calls the new nation into existence having before them the constitutions of the United States and Canada endeavoured to profit by their experience, and to avoid certain mistakes which they had committed. The crux with our American Cousins has been the conflict between the rights and powers of the individual States and the Central Government at Washington. The statesmen who drew up the Constitution of Canada avoided this pitfall, defined the respective positions with exactitude, gave almost everything to Ottawa

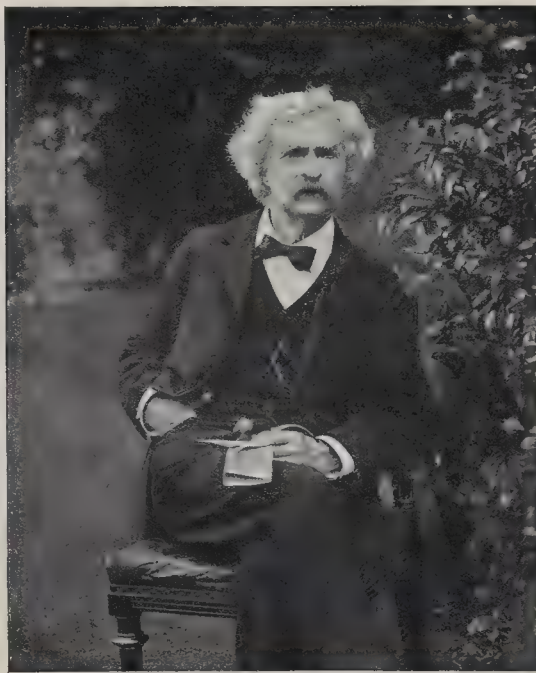
in the early days of Australian Federation questions will arise which will require much tact and ingenuity to solve in a satisfactory manner. The first and not the least difficult task before Lord Hopetoun is the selection of his Ministers. By the irony of fate and the mutability of colonial politics the statesmen who took an active part in framing the Constitution, and obtained for it the assent of the Australian Legislatures and people, are no longer in power, and Lord Hopetoun will possess a very wide discretion in the choice of the man who is to be the first Premier of the new Commonwealth. The general belief is that the Governor-General will make his choice from among the delegates who recently represented the five colonies which, up to that date, had agreed to federate, in the negotiations which were conducted with the Colonial Office while the Australian Commonwealth Bill was being debated in the British Parliament. Either Mr. Barton, of New South Wales, or Mr. Deakin, of Victoria, would make an admirable Prime Minister for a federated Australia, but the choice of the Governor-General is by no means confined to these statesmen, or even to Mr. Kingston (South Australia), Mr. Dickson (Queensland), or Sir Philip Fysh (Tasmania), who were their fellow-delegates in London. The present Premiers of New South Wales and Victoria, and the Leaders of the Opposition in those colonies, Mr. Reid and Sir George Turner, are by no means out of the running, and, indeed, both those last-mentioned gentlemen have strong claims, inasmuch as they have always been strenuous advocates of federation. It is quite upon the cards that Lord Hopetoun may choose someone quite outside the charmed circle whose names have been prominently before the public, and may see greater merit in some "dark horse" than in any of the favourites.

Federation and its Advocates

Most federations from the days of the Achaian League to those of the Dominion of Canada have been brought about by the desire of a number of small communities, with a common origin and speaking a common language, to unite together as a means of mutual protection against a powerful neighbour. In the case of Switzerland, even difference of language and of race did not prevent the inhabitants of the Cantons from banding together to protect themselves from absorption by Austria, Savoy, or Burgundy. It is an open secret that the principal object of the great men who brought about the federation of the provinces of British North America was to enable them to wage the industrial and fiscal contest against the United States with a greater prospect of success, and thereby better develop the large area of unoccupied territory between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains. No such considerations actuated the statesmen and journalists who for the last twenty years have been endeavouring to bring about the federation of Australia. They saw that the progress of their island continent was checked by hostile tariffs, competing railway systems, and a conflict of laws which every year became more irksome as the Legislatures of the six colonial capitals passed additional and contradictory statutes. The advocates of federation saw besides that with six different military centres united action for defence was impossible, and they decided upon doing something to weld the weak and separate sticks into one strong and compact bundle. One step was the consolidation of the combined Australian Colonies to the funds of the Imperial Navy; another was joint federal legislation about matters about which all were interested. But the tree of federation, like all other products of the forest which are destined to longevity, was of slow growth. In Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania, there has always been a strong desire to federate, but for many years New South Wales, the oldest and the richest colony, stood out. However, she gradually came into line, and was followed by Queensland and Western Australia. Delegates from all those provinces met together and drafted a Bill creating a Constitution, and providing that any three colonies might federate. Subsequently the measure was approved by five of the local Legislatures, and the people of those colonies were invited to express their assent or dissent to the Bill by a plebiscite in which each elector voted. Everywhere, except in New South Wales, the Bill obtained the necessary majority, but in the Mother Colony it failed to do so. But during the following year a second appeal to the inhabitants of all the Australias, except Western Australia was made. On this occasion the majorities were sufficient, and the Bill to establish a Commonwealth of Australia was introduced into the House of Commons at an early period of last Session by Mr. Chamberlain. It passed through all its stages in the British Parliament with only one alteration, to which we shall presently refer, and provision having been made that West Australia could, if it chose, join the Commonwealth as an original State, the Prime Minister of that colony, Sir John Forrest, took the necessary steps to carry out that object, with the result that the five colonies on the mainland and that of the adjoining island of Tasmania form to-day the Commonwealth of Australia.

Forming a Ministry

The first Prime Minister of Australia will, so soon as he has been entrusted by Lord Hopetoun with the formation of a Federal Cabinet, have important duties to perform. He will have to choose his colleagues from among the politicians of the six colonies, and after his selection has been approved by the Governor-General the new Ministry will have to make preparations for the elections to the Senate and the Lower House.



MARK TWAIN, WHO BAILED FOR AMERICA LAST SATURDAY AFTER A LONG RESIDENCE IN THIS COUNTRY
The latest Portrait, by G. Randall

and relegated the provinces to a position of minor importance. The Australian Constitution, on the other hand, allows the Legislatures of the various States which compose the Commonwealth to retain considerable power, and confines the functions of the Central Government to a number of matters, of which the most important are the relations with countries outside Australia, defence, customs, post office and telegraphs. In Canada everything is in the hands of the Ottawa Government which is not given expressly to the provinces in Australia everything is retained by the provinces which is not expressly conferred upon the Central Government. In the Dominion the Governors of the provinces are appointed by the Governor-in-Council; while in Australia, the Chief of the Executive at Sydney, Melbourne, and the other capitals will continue to be chosen by the Crown, and will enjoy the honours and status due to a representative of the Sovereign who has been directly appointed by the Queen.

The First Premier

The task and responsibilities of the Governor-General of Australia, and especially of the Viceroy who is to launch this great experiment, will be none the less weighty because his powers and prerogatives are defined and limited by Statute. Perhaps they are all the more arduous on that very account. The work of administering a written constitution which may have to be interpreted in a court of law is incalculably more difficult than in the case of one which, like that of the United Kingdom, has been of gradual growth, and has slowly lengthened out from precedent to precedent. It is probable that in



A WATER FOLD MATCH: THE BALL AMONG THE SEAFARERS
A LADIES' NIGHT AT THE BATH CLUB
DRAWN BY A. BALLOU SALMON

The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

As we continue to be gravely assured by the Government of Washington that there is still no state of war between China and the Allied Powers, who have already landed some thing like 70,000 troops in the Celestial Empire, it follows that the situation created by the late bombardments and bloodshed from Taku to Peking was a mere dramatic episode of a diplomatic crisis.

A New German Proposal

The Chinese Emperor's Edicts of September 25 were followed about a week later by a Circular Note from the German Government, which practically amounted to an abandonment of its first demand for the handing over of the Boxer malefactors, and an acceptance of the principle of "autonomous justice" in China as counter-proposed by the United States. In this circular Note Count Bismarck proposed to the Powers to come to an agreement to instruct their diplomatic representatives in China to examine and give their opinion on the following three points: 1. Whether the list contained in the Edict of the persons to be punished is sufficient and correct. 2. Whether the punishments proposed meet the case. 3. In what way the Powers can control the carrying out of the penalties imposed. These were German proposals which President McKinley hastened to accept, and which would seem to have also commended themselves in principle to the favour of all the other interested Powers. At the same time the Government of Washington, who disposed to regard the Imperial Edicts against the degradation of the leading villains of the play as a well-meaning step in the right direction, "thought well, in view of the vagueness of the Edict with regard to the punishment which some of the inculpated persons are to receive, to signify to the Chinese Minister the President's view that it would be most regrettable if Prince Tuan should escape such full measure of exemplary punishment as the facts warrant, or if Kung Yi or Chao-shu-chin should receive other than their just deserts." With a view, therefore, to enable the Government at Washington to form a judgment on these points, the American Minister at Peking was instructed to report whether the Edict completely names the persons deserving chastisement, whether the punishments proposed accord with the gravity of the crimes committed, and in what manner the United States and the other Powers are to be assured that satisfactory punishment will be inflicted. Thus, it will be seen, that, in writing thus, the State Department simply re-echoed the language of the German Government, with which it shared the opinion that the Edict in question was an important initial step in the direction of peace and order in China.

French Throughness

And so it was. But now on there stepped to the front of the diplomatic stage M. Delcassé, who on himself of French origin, in his best bow and made proclamation, so to speak, of the following proposals as the suggested basis of negotiations with Prince Chung and Li Hung Chang regarding "proper reparations for the past and serious guarantees for the future." But "serious" is scarcely the word for these proposals, namely—1. The punishment of the leading guilty personages, who would be designated by the representatives of the Powers at Peking. 2. The maintenance of the interdiction of the importation of arms. 3. Equitable indemnities for the States, Companies, and private individuals. 4. The constitution, in Peking, of a permanent court for the Legations. 5. The dismantling of the fortifications of Taku. 6. The military occupation of two or three spots on the road from Tientsin to Peking, which would thus always keep the route open for the Legations should they wish to reach the seashore, and for the troops which from the sea coast might have to march to the Chinese capital.

The French thought that they were very harshly treated by the Germans in 1871 when negotiating for peace, but what will the Chinese think of those astonishing French conditions, which, as the leading German journal justly observed, are tantamount to the "complete military control" of the Celestial Empire by the European Powers? The Kaiser, no doubt, chuckled to find that the chief burden of responsibility for the Chinese settlement has thus been suddenly shifted from his own shoulders to those of poor Delcassé, who was naive enough to remark that "it would seem impossible that the acceptance of these most legitimate conditions should not be promptly imposed on the Chinese Government if they were presented collectively by the Powers and supported by the presence of the international troops." But it is to be presumed that the Powers will be much more slow in following this sweeping French lead than they were in assenting to the modified proposal of Germany.

The Imperial Court

It is hoped that those increasingly numerous diplomatic notes will prove more efficacious than dynamic shells in promoting a settlement of the question at issue, but it is feared by many that no real progress in this direction can be made until the return of the Imperial Court to Peking, to which it has not yet been induced to return by the German Kaiser's enticing promise of a safe-conduct. Far from returning to Peking that Court, according to a despatch sent to the Chinese Ministers from the southern Viceroy, is on its way to Si-gan-fu, where it will be established safe from the interference of the "foreign devils." The Court, said this despatch, removed to its present destination owing "to the distressing condition of affairs at Tai-yuen-fu." Scarcity of food, it said, prevailed throughout the Province of Shansi owing to the long-continued drought. The capital was almost deserted, the tradespeople having left on account of the disturbances caused and continued for months by the Boxer rebels who had invaded the provinces with the encouragement of the Governor, Yu. Their Majesties were, therefore, obliged to proceed to Shensi, where telegraphic communication with their Majesties is possible, thus enabling Court and official business to be transacted more expeditiously than in Shansi. On the other hand, their Imperial Majesties, explained the despatch, are at present deterred from returning to Peking by reason of the "presence of the Allied Forces there, on

account of which solicited fear is doubtless entertained, besides a dread of an outbreak of epidemic diseases, which often follow great disturbances, destruction of property and the military operations."

Military Events

In the meantime, while diplomacy is active, the military actions in the curious drama are not altogether idle. They have made a fresh capture—this time of Shan-ka-kwan, which surrendered to a British gunboat acting in the commission of a council of Admirals, and troops left Tientsin to garrison the place, which gives the Allies an additional hold on the road to Peking. Pending orders from Count Waldersee, a Japanese despatch, "a provisional arrangement has been made, according to which the northern gate of the town is guarded by French and British, the eastern by Russians, the southern by Germans, and the western by Italian and Japanese forces." Thus Count Waldersee is already active and his countrymen are stirring. "The Germans," said another despatch, "have demanded possession of the railway from Tientsin to Peking. The Russians have agreed to the demand, and the Germans will shortly begin to repair the wrecked portion of the railway between Yangtsun and Peking." It is said that 8,000 Germans will winter at Peking. But they are already beginning to experience the difficulties of their campaign, which has entered on a visibly more energetic phase with the advent of Count Waldersee. A German force of 500 men which started for Ching-hai-Hsien, with a view to punishing the expedition of the Boers, suffered a reverse, and had to return to Tientsin. On the other hand, a landing party from H.M.'s cruiser *Aurora* has occupied Ching-Wan-Tao, which is known as one of the largest and most important harbours of Northern China, as well as a possible winter station for a British Squadron. It is a small island of a rocky point, and the neighbouring mainland is very rich in coal, copper, and iron mines. The Russians, too, occupied Mukden on October 1 with no less than a force of eleven infantry battalions, forty guns, two squadrons of Cossacks, &c., who found "many guns of the latest pattern as well as large quantities of munitions of war." At the same time the Russians do not intend to remain for ever there. Oh, no. A communication from the Minister of War states that with a view to the speedier re-establishment of friendly relations with China, the Emperor has been pleased to decide not to incorporate any portion of Chinese territory with the Russian Empire, but to confine himself to the adoption of measures required to secure the peaceable and safe use of the railways carried by us through Manchuria and the undisturbed navigation of our ships on the Amur.

PEKING AFTER THE RELIEF

THE following letter has been received from the late Mr. J. G. Ifanock, whose interesting diary of the siege of the Legations we published last week.

"H.B.M. Legation, Peking,
August 30, 1900.

"No mails have reached us yet, but I daresay we shall have them up in a day or so. A conveyance of women and children is leaving on Wednesday, so that we shall soon be settled down again. I am back in my room again. They have been occupied by the ladies of the Japanese Legation. The bedroom window has been knocked out by a cannon ball, but otherwise it is not much damaged. As you know, by my first letter, two musketeers were placed on the Imperial City Wall. The ball that burst my window came right through, broke its way through the mosquito curtains, hit the wall on the other side, knocked down all the photos and pictures I had on my sitting-room wall, bounced back and fell on to the bed at the feet of a little lady who was asleep there. Rather a narrow escape. We used to have pretty hard nights here, having to do twenty-four hours' duty at a stretch, doing two hours on, and four hours off, so that we did not manage to get much sleep, especially as we had to turn out whenever the enemy opened fire. Some of the firing has been very heavy, the last week being the worst of all, a new force of men armed with modern magazine rifles having turned up. Explosive bullets, too, were used to a great extent. One of our men, Warren, was killed, and another, Townsend, wounded. He was wounded in a sortie we made to capture a Chinese gun which had been shelling us pretty severely. The Japs were to go one way, and a party of Italians, seven British Marines, and five students were to make a front attack, led by the Italian officer. He, however, seems to have got confused as to his whereabouts, and led us down at the charge at a barricade at the end of a narrow lane. From this bullets were poured into us, and when we were well up the Chinese opened fire from some loopholed houses on our left. The officer was wounded in two places, two Italians were killed and five of us wounded. It is a wonder any of us came out alive. It seemed a perfect death-trap. The Japs on the same occasion lost one killed and two wounded, and we never got near the gun. We have had to live on horse-flesh for seven weeks or more as there was absolutely nothing else; now we can have beef and mutton galore, and are enjoying ourselves immensely. I have been attached to the Bengal Lancers as interpreter, and am having a very good time. I am provided with a horse, and we ride about the portion of the city which has been put under British control to stop the looting by the Chinese. The first day I went out we caught about a hundred people clearing out a pawnshop. One old fellow was stabbed, but the men only used the butt end of their lances. For the first four days after the relief there were many numbers of corpses about, but a great many have been buried, although there are still any lying in the streets. The body of the German Minister was discovered yesterday in a Chinese coffin. It was buried this morning. The field telegraph now runs up to the gates of the Legation, so that we shall get news up pretty quickly now. It was grand to hear the guns of the Relief Column. At 2 a.m. heavy guns and a Maxim opened fire outside the city, and we knew we had only a few more hours to hold out. The Russians refused to march unless the British marched last, and when they got to Tungchow said it was impossible to go on the next day as they were dead beat and must take a day's rest. They set off at 2 o'clock the next morning, however, intending to steal a march on us and get here first, but, by a magnificent effort, General Gaselee brought

his men into our lines at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, hours before the Russians, and this on a day when the heat was so intense that even many of the Indian troops were compelled to fall out. It was a fine sight to see our men entering the Legation, the Indians leaping with excitement, and the Chinese around us, who were absolutely unaware of their arrival, poured a hail of bullets into our barricades when they heard the cheering. One woman was hit, but no one minded much, we were relieved and everyone yelled. There were lots of men we all knew who came up with the column, and we were all glad enough to meet again. The Chinese in the city are paralysed with terror, many burning their houses over them, and hanging themselves and their families from the roof beams. We have not yet entered the Palace itself, but its fate is being decided now. The Empress Dowager and her myrmidons have bolted, and there seems to be no official with any authority to treat with us. The whole question is confusing, and at present it is impossible to suggest the ultimate fate of China. At any rate, our position will be safe, and in the meanwhile we are doing our best to restore trade and confidence in foreigners."

The General Election

THE elections are, at the time of going to press, not quite over, but the results up to date seem to show that the Unionists will come back to power with an increased majority. It is too early to give the exact figures. The Unionists have drawn their support from London and the large towns, as will be seen in the following tables. The Home Counties, again, are practically unanimously Unionist, so, too, are the county seats around Birmingham and in Lancashire; but we must wait for the completed returns before any summary can be made of the results of the counties. The following tables will show the verdict of London and of the provincial boroughs:—

Metropolitan Boroughs

Of the 61 seats that constitute the metropolitan boroughs, if we include West Ham, which, though not in the County of London, is practically metropolitan, and exclude the University, the result has been that the Unionists have secured 53 seats and the Liberals 8. Five seats have changed parties since the 1895 election. One of these, St. Mary, which was Conservative in 1895, was captured by the Liberals at a by-election, and has now been retaken by the Conservatives. The party gains and losses are distributed thus:—

Unionist Gains	L Liberal Gains
Bethnal Green, S.W.	Camberwell
Hoxton	Haggerston
St. Mary	

That is to say, that the Unionists have gained a seat since the Dissolution, and are exactly as they were at the General Election in 1895. Besides the two seats won, the Liberals hold Islington West, Haggerston, Whitechapel, Poplar, Southwark West, Camberwell North, and Battersea. It is interesting to note the representation of the metropolitan boroughs at previous elections.

Unionists	1895	1896	1897	1898	At Dissolution 1900
Liberals	36	30	29	28	33
	26	27	27	27	27

English Provincial Boroughs

The results of the elections in the English provincial boroughs, which are now completed, give an overwhelming preponderance of seats to the Unionists. If we omit West Ham, the two seats for which have already been dealt with, we find the 165 seats distributed thus—Unionists 125, Liberals 39. At the dissolution the seats were distributed as follows—Unionists 121, Liberals 44. For the sake of convenience, Liverpool (Scotland Division), which returns a Nationalist, is included in the Liberal figures. The following seats have changed since the dissolution:—

Unionist Gains, 15	L Liberal Gains, 10
Plymouth	Sheffield (Brightside)
Oldham	Manchester
Burnley	Nottingham and Lyne
Leicester	Portsmouth (s)
Middlesbrough	Southampton
Stockton-on-Tees	Leeds East
Hartlepool	Reading
Glasgow	Northampton
Gronham	Wolverhampton
	Derby (s)
	Bradford
	Madison

Net Unionist gain of 5.

At previous elections the seats were distributed as follows:—

	1886	1892	1895	At Dissolution
Unionist ..	115	94	122	121
Liberal ..	59	71	43	44

A glance at the returns will show that the great provincial towns have returned a great preponderance of Unionists. Thus Liverpool, with nine seats, returns eight Unionists, the remaining seat being left to Mr. T. P. O'Connor; Manchester returns six Unionists and one Liberal; Birmingham sends seven Unionists; Salford, an old Liberal stronghold, three Unionists; Sheffield, four Unionists and one Liberal; Bristol, three Unionists and one Liberal; Hull, two Unionists and one Liberal; Wolverhampton, one Unionist and two Liberals; Nottingham, two Unionists and one Liberal; Bradford, three Unionists; and Leeds, three Unionists and two Liberals. This is, to sum up, that in these eleven towns, which return 52 members, the Unionists hold 42 and the Liberals ten.

The Universities

None of the five University seats in England have been contested, being regarded by the Liberals as hopeless. In 1885 Sir John Lubbock represented London University as a Liberal, while Oxford and Cambridge sent two Conservatives each. Then came the great Home Rule schism and Sir John Lubbock was returned as a Unionist in 1886, since when no Liberal has sat for any English University. The two Scotch Universities have also been left uncontested by the Liberals this election, so, too, have the two seats for Dublin.

Ireland

The returns of the boroughs in Ireland are complete, and of the sixteen seats the Unionists hold six to the Nationalists ten. This is a gain to the Unionists of one seat, for the figures in 1895 were, Unionists five and Nationalists eleven. The Unionists have won Galway City and Londonderry, but lost the College Green Division of Dublin.



DRABY (P. 8), DEAN, M.L.
A sortie was made by British Marines, Russian sailors and Volunteers at dawn on 21 May 1915. I found this gun had been fired into the British Legion from a distance of 500 yards, and I captured a gun which had been fired into the British Legion from a distance of 500 yards. I found this gun had been fired into the British Legion from a distance of 500 yards, and I captured a gun which had been fired into the British Legion from a distance of 500 yards.

memory, and with much wealth of detail set out the exact circumstances of that historic encounter.

"And after he had kicked me in the stomach," he ended, "which, master, you will know he had no right to do, I lost my temper and hit out with all my strength, having first fainted and knocked up his guard with my left arm."

"And then," said Foy, growing excited, for Martin really told the story very well, "what happened?"

"Oh, his head went back between his shoulders, and when they picked him up, his neck was broken. I was sorry, but I couldn't help it, the Lord knows I couldn't help it; he shouldn't have called me 'a dirty Frisian ox' and kicked me in the stomach."

"No, that was very wrong of him. But they arrested you, didn't they, Martin?"

"Yes, for the second time they condemned me to death as a brawler and a manslaughter. You see, the other Frisian business came up against me, and the magistrates had had money on the Spaniard. Then your dear father saved me. He was burgomaster of that year, and he paid the death fine for me—a large sum—afterwards, too, he taught me to be sober and think of my soul. So you know why Red Martin will serve him and his while there is a drop of blood left in his worthless carcass. And now, Master Foy, I'm going to sleep, and God grant that those dirty Spanish dogs mayn't haunt me."

"Don't you fear for that, Martin," said Foy as he took his departure, "adieu to te those Spaniards. God smote them through your strength who were not ashamed to rob and insult a poor new-widowed woman after helping to murder her husband. Yes, Martin, you may enter that on the right side of the ledger—for a change—for they won't haunt you at night. I'm more afraid lest the business should be traced home to us, but I don't think it likely, since the street was quite empty."

"Quite empty," echoed Martin, nodding his head. "Nobody saw me except the two soldiers and Vrouw Jansen. They can't tell, and I'm sure that she won't. Good-night, my young master."

CHAPTER X.

ADRIAN GOES OUT HAWKING

In a house down a back street not very far from the Leyden prison, a man and a woman sat at breakfast on the morning following the burning of the Heer Jansen and his fellow-martyr. These also we have met before, for they were none other than the estimable Black Meg and her companion, named the Butcher. Iune, which had left them both strong and active, had not, it must be admitted, improved their personal appearance. Black Meg, indeed, was much as she had always been, except that her hair was now grey and her features, which seemed to be covered with yellow parchment, had become sharp and haglike, though her dark eyes still burned with their ancient fire. The man, Hagee Simon, or the Butcher, scoundrel by nature and spy and thief by trade, one of the evil spawn of an age of violence and cruelty, boasted a face and form that became his reputation well. His countenance was villainous, very fat and flabby, with small, pig-like eyes, and framed, as it were, in a fringe of sandy-coloured whiskers, running from the throat to the temple, where they faded away into a great expanse of utterly bald head. The figure beneath was heavy, pot-paunched, and supported upon a pair of bowed but sturdy legs.

But if they were no longer young, and such good looks as they ever possessed had vanished, the years had brought them certain compensations. Indeed it was an age in which spies and all such wretches flourished, since, besides other pickings, by special enactment a good proportion of the realised estates of heretics was paid over to the informers as blood money. Of course, however, humble tools like the Butcher and his wife did not get the largest joints of the heretic sheep, for whenever one was slaughtered, there were always many honest middlemen of various degree to be satisfied, from the judge down to the executioner, with others who never showed their faces.

Still, when the burnings and torturings were brisk, the amount totalled up very handsomely. Thus, as the pair sat at their meal this morning, they were engaged in figuring out what they might expect to receive from the estate of the late Heer Jansen, or at least Black Meg was so employed with the help of a deal board and a bit of chalk. At last she announced the result, which was satisfactory. Simon held up his fat hands in admiration.

"Clever little dove," he said. "You ought to have been a lawyer's wife with your head for figures. Ah! it grows near, it grows near."

"What grows near, you fool?" asked Meg in her deep mannish voice.

"That farm with an inn attached of which I dream, standing in rich pasture land with a little wood behind it, and in the wood a church. Not too large; no, I am not ambitious; let us say a hundred acres, enough to keep thirty or forty cows, which you would milk while I marketed the butter and the cheeses—"

"And slit the throats of the guests," interpolated Meg. Simon looked shocked. "No, wife, you misjudge me. It is a rough world, and we must take queer cuts to fortune, but once I get there, respectability for me and a seat in the village church, provided, of course, that it is orthodox. I know that you come of the people, and your instincts are of the people, but I can never forget that my grandfather was a gentleman," and Simon puffed himself out and looked at the ceiling.

"Indeed," sneered Meg, "and what was your grandmother, or, for the matter of that, how do you know who was your grandfather? Country house! The old Red Mill, where you hide goods out there in the swamp, is likely to be your only country house. Village church? Village gallews more likely. No, don't you look nasty at me, for I won't stand it, you dirty little liar. I have done things, I know; but I wouldn't have got my own aunt burned for an Anabaptist, which she wasn't, in order to earn twenty florins—so there."

Simon turned purple with rage; that aunt story was one which touched him on the raw. "Ugly—" he began.

Instantly Meg's hand shot out and grasped the neck of a bottle, whereon he changed his tune.

"The sex, the sex," he murmured, turning aside to mop his bald head with a napkin. "Well, it's only their pretty way, they will have their little joke. Hello, there is someone knocking at the door."

"And mind how you open it," said Meg, becoming alert. "Remember we have plenty of enemies, and a pike blade comes through a small crack."

"Can one live with the wise and remain a greenhorn? Trust me." And placing his arm about his spouse's waist, Simon stood on tiptoe and kissed her gently on the cheek in token of reconciliation, for Meg had a nasty memory in quarrels. Then he skipped away towards the door as fast as his bandy legs would carry him.

The colloquy there was long and for the most part carried on through the keyhole, but in the end their visitor was admitted, a beetle-browed brute of much the same stamp as his host.

"You are nice ones," he said sulkily, "to be so suspicious about an old friend, especially when he comes on a job."

"Don't be angry, dear Hans," interrupted Simon in a pleading voice. "You know how many bad characters are abroad in these rough times; why, for aught we could tell, you might have been one of these desperate Lutherans, who stick at nothing. But about the business?"

"Lutherans, indeed," snarled Hans; "well, if they are wise they'd stick at your fat stomach; but it is a Lutheran job that I have come from The Hague to talk about."

"Ah!" said Meg. "Who sent you?"

"A Spaniard named Ramiro, who has recently turned up there,

a humorous dog connected with the Inquisition, who seems to know everybody and whom nobody knows. However, his money is right enough, and no doubt he has authority behind him. He says that you are old friends of his."

"Ramiro? Ramiro," repeated Meg reflectively, "that means Oarsman doesn't it, and sounds like an alias. Well, I've lots of acquaintances in the galleys, and he may be one of them. What does he want, and what are the terms?"

Hans leant forward and whispered for a long while, while the other two listened in silence, only nodding from time to time.

"It doesn't seem much for the job," said Simon when Hans had finished.

"Well, friend, it is easy and safe; a fat merchant and his wife and a young girl. Mind you, there is no killing to be done if we can help it, and if we can't help it the Holy Office will shield us. Also it is only the letter which he thinks that the young woman may carry that the noble Ramiro wants. Doubtless it has to do with the sacred affairs of the Church. Any valuables about them we may keep as a perquisite over and above the pay."

Simon hesitated, but Meg announced with decision, "It is good enough; these merchant women generally have jewels hidden in their stay."

"My dear," interrupted Simon.

"Don't 'my dear' me," said Meg fiercely. "I have made up my mind, so there's an end. We meet by the Boeshuysen at five o'clock at the big oak in the copse, where we will settle the details."

After this Simon said no more, for he had this virtue, so useful in domestic life, he knew when to yield.

(To be continued)



Shawl of cross-stitch, trimmed with cross-way bands stitched with white silk. Three of these bands are arranged to form an apron on the front of the skirt and are carried round straight to the back. The bolero has a large turn-down collar and is trimmed with black velvet and paste buckles. The black velvet also being repeated as a necktie, with oxidized silver ornaments at the ends. The sleeves are attached lengthwise to the bolero, where the velvet forms a puff. Vest of cross-stitch Liberty satin and cream lace. Green felt hat, simply ornamented by a big knot of velvet and large paste buckle.

AUTUMN VISITING TOILETTE



DRAWN BY W. HATHERALL, R.I., AND FRANK CRAIG

All the buildings near the Legation bear witness to the severity of the fire of the Chinese. In the houses adjoining the Legation, several tiers of loopholes had been pierced, and through these a

continuous fire was poured during the siege. Three thousand shells were fired by the Chinese. Fortunately, most of them were fired too high and the aim was wild. The meeting of the

THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATION: THE A



FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. G. POOLE

...er, with the relieving troops gave rise to a scene of wild enthusiasm, men and women
gling and shaking hands with officers, soldiers, and camp followers—with anyone, in fact,

who came along. The first to arrive of the relieving column were Major Scott and four
men of the 1st Sikhs

IVAL OF THE HEAD OF THE RELIEF COLUMN



WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH.
(From the original in the Library of the House of Commons.)

The House of Cecil

THE history of great English families, whether their progenitors came over with William the Norman or rose to eminence in Plantagenet or Tudor days, is to a great extent the history of England. It is of some of the families identified with the Elizabethan nation of Hatfield the great family of the Cecils—that an account is given in the following brief biographies which accompany their portraits. There are few places in England that have a more interesting history than the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury. The manor long belonged to the Abbey of Ely, and Morton, Bishop of Ely, built a palace there about 1420, of which the gateway and the banqueting hall remain. In 1530 it became the property of Henry VIII., and there his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, lived in retirement until, at Mary's death, a messenger came to her, as she sat beneath an oak in the park, and, falling on his knees, hailed her Queen of England. It was James I., Elizabeth's successor, who exchanged Hatfield with Sir Robert Cecil for Theobald's, also in Hertfordshire, and from 1607 Hatfield has belonged to the direct line of the Cecils,



SIR ROBERT CECIL, FIRST EARL OF SALISBURY.
From the Painting by Max Kanard in the Duke of Bedford's Collection.

Earls, and then Marquises, of Salisbury. Sir Robert, afterwards first Earl, built the present house at a cost of 7,000, which represents about ten times that amount in our present money. The house, besides being itself a splendid specimen of late Tudor architecture, is full of priceless relics of art and antiquity, chief among them being, perhaps, the "rainbow portrait" of the great Queen who once had her home at Hatfield. Here, also, among many other historical portraits, are those of the owners of the house, the descendants of the great statesman whose life was almost as much as that of the Queen herself part and parcel of the history of England.

THE FOUNDER OF THE FAMILY

WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH, founder of the illustrious family of which Lord Salisbury is now the head, was born in 1520; created Lord Burleigh in 1571; married Mary, sister of Sir John Cheke in 1541; and, secondly, Mildred, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke. This famous statesman was the only son of Richard Cecil, of Burleigh, in the parish of Stamford, Baron St. Martin, Northamptonshire, by Jane, daughter and heiress of William Hockington, of Bourn, Lincolnshire. The rise of the family began under the first Tudor King, Henry VII., when Richard Cecil's father David was "Yeoman of the Chamber" to the King. In 1520 Richard was present, as a Royal esquire, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and he rose to high honour under Henry VIII. William Cecil was educated at the grammar schools of Stamford and Grantham, and at St. John's, Cambridge. While at the University he fell in love with, and married, in 1541, Mary Cheke, and by her had a son Thomas, afterwards Earl of Exeter. Mary died in 1544. William Cecil married again in 1545, his wife being Mildred, eldest daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, of Gidea Hall, Essex. The Protector Somerset became Cecil's son, and between 1547 and 1550 Cecil gave seven promises of extraordinary ability that he was appointed one of the Secretaries of State and sworn on the Privy Council. "From this time till his death," says his biographer, Dr. Jessopp, "he continued to occupy a position in the affairs of the nation such as no other man in Europe below the rank of a Sovereign attained to, his transcendently-gifted and wonderful capacity for public business making him for forty-eight years an absolutely necessary Minister to the three children of Henry VIII."

During Mary's reign he held himself aloof from politics, and when Elizabeth succeeded she at once made him a Chief Secretary of State. In 1571 he was made Baron of Burleigh; next year he was a K.G. and Lord High Treasurer. "By plain," says Dr. Jessopp, "more than by any other single man during the last thirty years of his life was the history of England shaped." Cecil was of middle height and spare figure. In youth he was upright, lithe and active, with a brown beard, which became very white in his old age, brilliant eyes and a nose so new that large for his face. There are numerous portraits of him. That here reproduced is from the painting in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. One of the earliest of Lord Burleigh's biographers sums up his life in a few words: "He was a rich give an almost complete picture of the man and his work." "Lord Burleigh," he says, "was the youngest, the oldest, the gravest and greatest counsellor of Christendom. For there was before his death never a counsellor left alive in Europe that was a counsellor when he was first made one. It was made him at twenty-five years of age, and so continued four years in King Edward's time, and was the first that Queen Elizabeth had, and so continued to the fortieth year of her reign. A long, happy time to live in such a place in so great account and reputation! And, in the end, having lived so honourably, virtuously and peacefully, to die so godly is an example of God's wonderful and rare blessing seldom found in men of his estate and employment."

"He was rather meagrely statured and well proportioned than tall, being of the middle size of making, and until age and his infirmity of the gout surprised him, very active and nimble of body, notably enduring travail and labour whereunto he much used his body. He was of visage very well favoured and of an excellent complexion. Inasmuch as even in his latter days, when he, well and warm, or had newly dined or supped, he had as good colour in his face as most fair women. He was over most charitable to the poor, whom he would better relieve in his parishes than in highways or streets. In his business he was most painful, careful, and watchful, never well till it was done. He liked not to hear Kings and Princes evil spoken of, but would sharply rebuke such as said it, for he said they were the Lord's anointed, whose faults must be amended by our good prayers and not by evil speech. He would often say 'he was a good counsellor who would advise his Prince to honest and lawful things.' When he heard that any spoke ill of himself he would say 'To do good and to hear ill for it is a piece of royalty.' The proverb which Lord Burleigh left to his second son Robert, afterwards first Earl of Salisbury, are worthy of Shakespeare's own mind and pen, and in reading them the famous farewell of Polonius to Laertes comes to mind. They are too long to quote in full, but an extract will show their general style. "Bring up thy children," he says, "in learning and civility; yet without outward austerity; praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death they will think death for it and not thee. Marry thy daughters in time lest they marry themselves, and suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, brawny, and atheism. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars, for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian. Besides, it is a science no longer in request than use, for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer. . . . Beware of suretyship for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debt seeketh his own decay. . . . Towards thy superiors be humble yet generous; with thine equals familiar, yet respectful; towards thine inferiors show much humanity and some familiarity as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and to uncover the head, with such like popular compliments. Yet I advise thee



WILLIAM, SECOND EARL OF SALISBURY.
From the Painting by Vandyke at Hatfield.

not to neglect popularity too much. Seek not to be Essex; shun to be Raleigh."

THE FIRST EARL OF SALISBURY

ROBERT CECIL, FIRST EARL OF SALISBURY, son of the above and Mildred, his second wife, was born in 1563, knighted in 1591, created Baron Cecil of Esselme in 1603, Viscount Cranborne in 1604, and Earl of Salisbury in 1605. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Brooke, Lord Colham. After his father's death in 1598, Robert, who was a man of great political sagacity, was opposed by the Earl of Essex, the Queen's favourite, but he successfully passed through the troubles occasioned by the outbreak of that turbulent peer, and at the death of Elizabeth he was "prepared at all points for the new order of things." During the course of the trial of Essex, in 1601, says his biographer, Mr. Jessopp, a highly dramatic incident occurred. Essex accused Sir Robert Cecil of having said that the Infanta of Spain was the right heir to the crown of England. Cecil stepped forth and insisted that Essex should produce his authority. Essex replied that Southampton had heard it as well as his self. Cecil then conjured the latter by his duty to God, by his Christianity, and by their ancient friendship, to name the councillor to whom he was reported to have made this speech. Being told that it was the Comptroller, Cecil fell on his knees, desired that Sir William Knollys



JAMES, THIRD EARL OF SALISBURY.
From the Painting by Woulton at Arlington Street.



DRAWN BY FRANK DEMP, R.I.

The British troops were driven from the Hill of Hanlin Yuan, or National Academy, by a large force of Chinese soldiers and civilians on the morning of June 20. The British Legation was then surrounded by the Chinese. The British troops were driven from the Hill of Hanlin Yuan, or National Academy, by a large force of Chinese soldiers and civilians on the morning of June 20. The British Legation was then surrounded by the Chinese.

of the accompanying party, was probably the first European to enter this home of Chinese. The British Legation was then surrounded by the Chinese.

who even fled the danger to enter the British Legation to join the women children and native Chinese. The British Legation was then surrounded by the Chinese.

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN P. G. ROSE

THE SIEGE OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING: DRIVING THE TROOPS OF FUNG FU HSIANG FROM THE HANLIN YUAN

The Jungfrau Railway

THERE were some who were not disposed to regard the railway to the summit of the Jungfrau as an unmitigated blessing, and who will not, therefore, be disposed to receive the news of its failure with grief. Mountaineers who could excuse the fanciful railway up the Rothen-Is-Noye, and had even a good word for the line that adorns Mount Pilatus, could not bring themselves to approve the project for subjugating the Jungfrau—that peak of great and terrible majesty. Other Swiss railways, said the objectors, might be pardoned on the ground that many worthy British householders, unable to emulate the feats of Alpine climbers, might by this means, at any rate, be enabled to appreciate the difficulties which the climbers have to encounter, and to become familiar with some of the facts which are the climber's reward. But the Jungfrau was a different matter altogether. To conquer this great peak by railway was almost indelicate. Besides, most



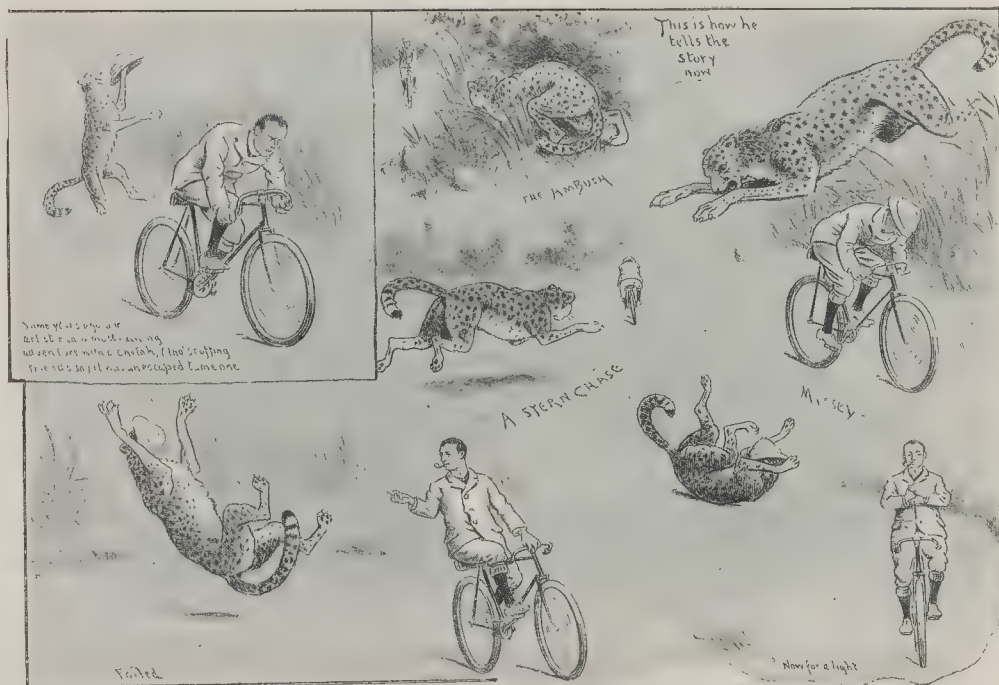
This photograph shows Colonel Brookfield with the three children of ex-President Steyn. Colonel Brookfield travelled in charge of Mrs. Steyn from Fourieburg when Pitsoos surrendered to Bloemfontein.

"WHERE IS FATHER?" INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE WAR

tourists, when they reached the summit, would be seated with mountainous views. For the Jungfrau is one of the highest peaks. It is more than 13,000 ft. above sea level. 13,679 ft. is its exact measurement.

Yet those who rejoice that the railway has not reached these heights, need not be too precipitate in their judgment. The railway has turned itself to a beautiful place, and the measurements of Swiss railways, and has practically accomplished one-third of its journey. The line has been in course of construction for between three and four years, the stipulated time for its completion was five years. It had, up to the time of its abandonment, reached the preliminary stage of its plan; and ends now at the Rothstock Station, above the Eiger Glacier. One wonders that it is lack of capital rather than engineering difficulty which has suspended operations, and that the Jungfrau is not yet safe from the cog wheel and the electric current.

The scheme which has failed was one of several which were rejected, and, like its less successful



DRAWN BY W. RAEBURN

FROM SKETCHES BY J. L. KYLE

A VERY TALL STORY: AN ADVENTURE ON A CYCLE IN INDIA

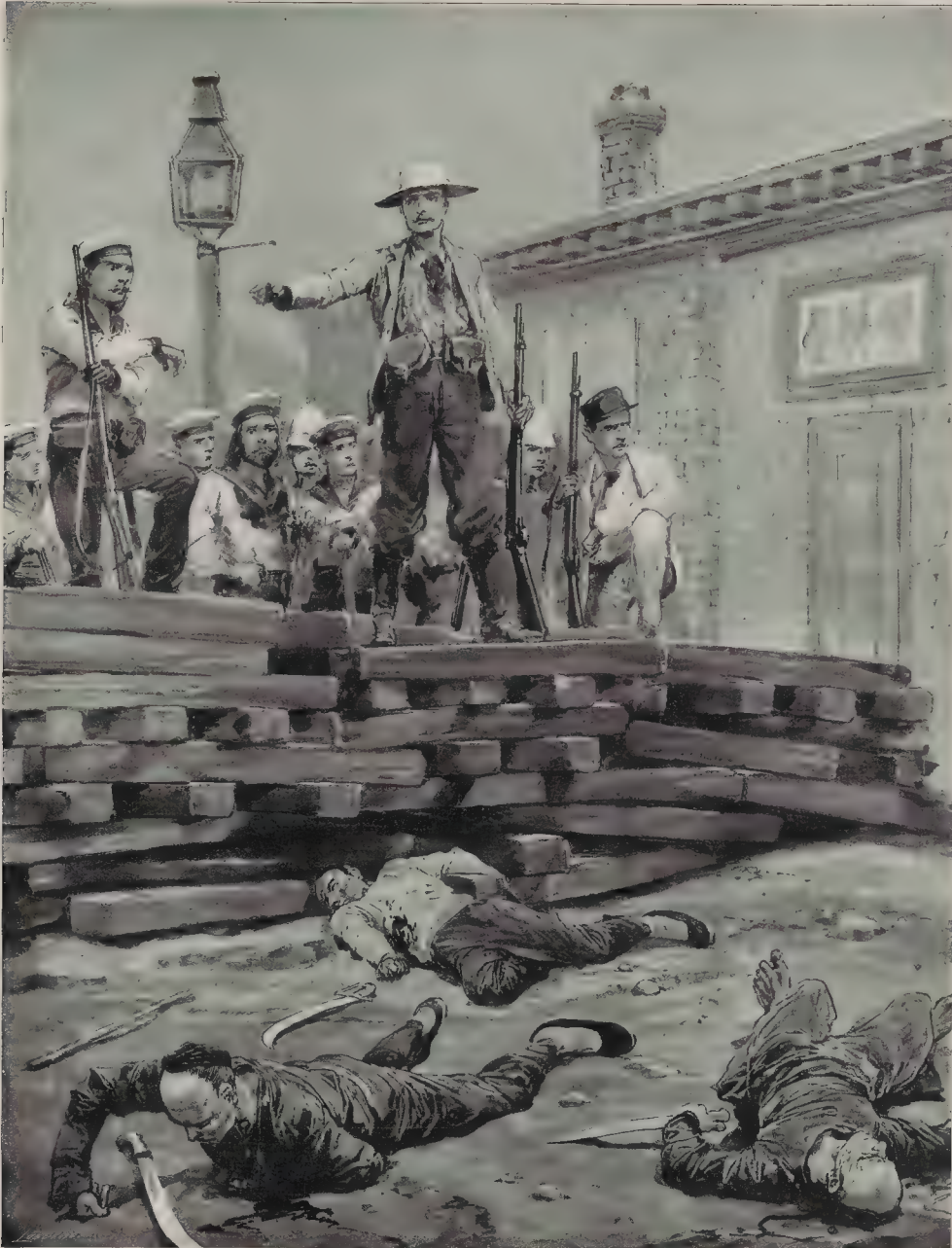
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THE RUSSIANS AT NEWCHWANG: A TEST OF "BOXXER" INVULNERABILITY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT.

On Aug. 4, at 7.30 a.m., the "Boxers" at Newchwang delivered their first attack on the street barricades, held by Russian marines and foreign volunteers. In the van came the fanatic, armed only with swords, and strong in the belief that they were invulnerable. At the first volley three fell, and the attacking party vanished for the time into alleys and side streets.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

If a journalist may be permitted to express a little pride in his calling, he has occasion for it in Dr. Morrison's masterly narrative of the siege of the Peking Legations. When we were all deluded by the legend of the massacre—a legend that had its origin not in any sensational journalism, but in the Chinese desire to make our flesh creep with an imaginary account of a tragedy that Chinese treachery had failed to accomplish, the *Times* published a very handsome obituary notice of its distinguished correspondent at Peking. That great journal may well rejoice at its memoir of Dr. Morrison was premature, and that he has survived so dire a peril to render not only to the *Times*, but also to civilisation, one of the most striking services in modern history. For mark how Dr. Morrison shatters all the fictions that the west has in its game of diplomacy, from St. Petersburg to Washington, compels apparently intelligent men to wrap round this Chinese horror. There are officials at Washington, for instance, who can look their fellow-citizens in the face after signing despatches, that might have been written by Wu-Ting-Fang, the belief that the Chinese Government will punish the authors of atrocities which that very Government deliberately organised and directed. An American correspondent took me to task lately for misquoting Abraham Lincoln's saying, "If people like that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing they will like." My correspondent says it should be, "they will have." Very good; and if his countrymen like the sort of diplomacy that has flouted common-sense in their name, they will have no lack of it from their Washington mandarins.

Such a story as Dr. Morrison's is a sad blow to various delusions. There was an unfortunate professor in Peking who had so blind a faith in the Chinese that he refused to believe there was any danger to Europeans. So he went for a walk, and was promptly shot dead. This reminds me of Hilda's professor who argued against the immortality of the soul, and the night after his death appeared to the friend whom he had striven to convince, and continued the controversy until he put his hand into his fob to draw out his watch, and drew out instead a handful of worms. I wonder whether the Peking professor will be equally positive. Most people, however, are disinclined now to pay any serious heed to learned chatter about Chinese civilisation. There is a kind of intellect which delights to remind us that Confucius was writing moral precepts when our ancestors were brandishing clubs in a wilderness. This might be impressive if the heirs of Confucius were not prone to a cowardly savagery, of which our ancestors, mere wild men of the woods, would have been ashamed. There is no more ardent nonsense than the pretence that long ages of priority in civilisation entitle the Chinese to look down upon Western standards of truth and humanity. At Peking all the forces of the Government were employed against the lives of the foreign envoys, sacred by the laws of every nation; and the cut-throats of the Dowager-Empress burnt the library, which was the most precious monument of Chinese culture in the dawn of history.

An agreeable cynic once defined an Ambassador as a high-minded man who was sent abroad to lie for the good of his country. Take away the high-mindedness and the good of the country, and this definition is literally true of the Chinese Ambassadors in Europe and America. Dr. Morrison shows up the "dauntless mendacity of Lo-Feng-Tah and Wu-Ting-Fang." While their Government was doing its best to murder the envoys at Peking, they pretended that it was "protecting the Legations," and supplying the foreigners with food. The Chinese Minister in London, who is a master of that kind of "coln" that appeals to Professor Bettink, favoured an interviewer with this impressive greeting: "You know I never tell a lie." Many people may think that after so gross an exposure we ought to remit Lo-Feng-Tah to his native land with all convenient speed.

Does Mr. Bernard Shaw ever feel amused? His "chocolate-cream soldier" in that amusing fantasy, "Arms and the Man," is a Swiss hotel-keeper, who is a mercenary in the Serbian army, and is not conspicuous for valour. Now, the bravest man in the Peking Legations was a Swiss hotel-keeper, named Chamot. During the siege he continued his cooking as if nothing had happened. He baked loaves in his kitchen for the Garrison, and when he was shelled out of that he baked cheerfully in the parlour. When he was not baking he was heading expeditions to rescue native Christians, and on these occasions he was accompanied by Madame Chamot, who was as heroic as himself. The unselfish fearlessness of this man so greatly impressed the friendly Chinese that, as Dr. Morrison tells us, "they followed him under fire with amazing confidence." If Mr. Shaw is not entirely without grace he will make an apology, and offer Mr. Chamot a laurel.

A correspondent sends me a manuscript, which he calls "Reminiscences of a Convalescent in Various Hamlets of the Battered and Decayed." He says it is unworthy of publication; but he is too modest. Some of it will

find echoes in many bosoms. "The most relentless enemies of the convalescent," he says, "are bell-ringers and door-slammers. If I were dressed in a little brief authority, I would hang them all. You know the door-slammer by his tread in the corridor of your hotel. It is heavy, positive, inhuman. With every nerve on the rack, you hear him turn the key in his door; then you wait a few seconds, as the man led out to be shot waits for the volley. . . . There is a frightful bang, and you curl up in torture, whilst the callous miscreant is grinning at his repulsive features in the looking-glass." I admit there is a certain exaggeration in my correspondent's style. Why should the door-slammer have "repulsive features"? The worst offender I ever knew was a pretty chambermaid who excused herself on the plausible ground that having so many doors to shut she had lost a certain delicacy of ear. But I agree with what my ruminating convalescent says about bells. "At Brighton, in my comfortable room at the Metropole, I am within ear-shot of three bellies, which smash, pulverise, and destroy, as Mr. Gladstone might have said, the sacred peace of the Sabbath. If one spoke for all it would be a rational arrangement; the trinity of silence were better still, but all three must burst into jangle at the same moment, and the uproar, so far from offering the consolations of religion, suggests the bitterness of discordant sects."

This, too, is a little heated, but not, I think, unjustifiably. Church bells, at least in cities, are tormenting anachronisms; they should be confined to villages where most of the inhabitants are old and deaf. "At Windsor," continues my ruminant, "the bell nuisance is extravagantly complicated. I shall never forget the morning when I was aroused by the hideous competition of two or three clappers with a clock that chimed a hymn-tune. Now one who expects to find at Windsor is Authority. Authority means order, and nothing is less compatible with order than the meaningless clamour of cracked metal. How far, at all, the castle was responsible for this defiance of Authority in its own august seat I do not know, and I did not venture to inquire." Frankly, I do not commend this: it has a subtle and sinister smack of treason. Let us hasten to something else. "The lonely convalescent is much afflicted by the conversation of stars." I learned a lady at dinner describing to her friends a precious collection of which she was the envied possessor. Was it china, coins, old spoons, death-masks, or even postage-stamps? No; it was a collection of comic songs, dating a-f-f-a-l-l, said the owner proudly, as "Champagne Charlie." I remember that ditty very well: it was the exultant cry of the tipsy nincompoop, whose idea of "a spree" was to wrench off door-knocks. Fancy the taste of transmitting "Champagne Charlie" to posterity as a cure! Perhaps that collection of comic songs will be brought to auction, some day for a huge sum, and presented by a munificent citizen to the nation.

This is more irritability. "Champagne Charlie" was a harmless expression of youthful high spirits. In my boyhood it was often sung by elderly gentlemen of unquestionable intellect and unblemished character. Mr. Gladstone was fond of warbling, "I've bet my money on the bob-tail nag," although he was never a patron of the turf. The most reckless comic song in my memory (I wonder whether it is in that valuable collection) had a refrain beginning

If ever there was a d—d camp,
I batter myself I am le.

I have heard this song with enormous relish by reputable fathers of families. On one occasion a highly cultivated young clergyman listened with a critical air. I was afraid he would condemn the song as unseemly, but all he said was this: "That scamp is too grammatically to be genuine. He ought to say, 'I am him'!"

But it must not be supposed that my correspondent's reminiscences are all in this ungenial vein. He is eloquent upon the soothing charm of the New Forest. "I had not been lodged two days at Lyndhurst, in the quiet sanctuary of the Grand Hotel, when I felt that no one could cherish an ill thought of his fellow-man in such an atmosphere of peace. Nothing has happened in the New Forest since the lamented death of William Rufus. I say 'lamented' because I lament it. The infinite calm of these untrodden woods revealed to me the wrong done to a mediocre prince, who had so little about him that anybody could complain of that he had to be nicknamed after his red hair. He went hunting the stag one day in company with a gentleman who had so little inclination for the sport that when he drew the bow he was of two minds whether to shoot the stag or speed his arrow into a tree. Such is the humanitarian influence of the New Forest. The upshot was that he killed William Rufus by accident, and the monkish chroniclers of the time misrepresented the whole transaction. I am sure that at Lyndhurst I could rewrite English history with ease and judgment. This conviction came to me one evening after dinner, when an American lady brewed a bowl of egg-nog. Dead up the yolk of six eggs, and mingle them with a breakfastful of sugar, a little of brandy, a quart of cream, a tiffle of curacao, and a suspicion of rum, and you have a drink for historians." But scarcely for convalescents!

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The advent of Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee is beginning to render the military operations of the Allies in China a good deal more coherent and purposeful than they had been for some weeks prior to the start of the expedition to Pao-tung-fu. The Field-Marshal himself has just issued a statement with reference to the military situation, which notwithstanding the delay in disembarking and sending forward the German contingent, and the initial difficulty of getting the various commanders to work together in harmony, he now regards as tolerably satisfactory. He thinks that the Chinese inactivity is a mere ruse to cover possible further offensive operations, but apprehends that his own military policy will nip such hostile designs in the bud.

At length the much-talked-of expedition to Pao-tung-fu has made a start, two forces, each about 3000 strong, have left Peking and Tientsin simultaneously on Oct. 12. They were expected to arrive at Pao-tung-fu on Oct. 19, but it is quite possible that the resistance encountered, even if not really formidable, will be sufficient to delay the junction of the two forces by some days. The operation is one of considerable importance, and may be reckoned upon as certain to have far-reaching results.

The Peking force consists of three columns. With 2000, Germans and Italians 2200, and French 1600, the whole under command of General Sir A. Gascoigne, who, it is said, will take charge of both the Peking and Tientsin forces when a junction has been effected. The British troops from Peking include a field battery, the 16th Bengal Lancers, the 1st Sikhs, the Baluchis and Sappers. The Tientsin force also consists of three columns. With 1500, under British General Campbell, Germans and Italians 2000, under General von Ketteler, and French 1500, under General Bailloud, who will command the whole force. The British troops include Horse Artillery, a "pom-pom," 150 Victorians, the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, the 3rd Punjab, the Madras Engineers, and the Hong-Kong Regiment. This contingent has been marching independently of the other two Tientsin columns, which are proceeding direct to Pao-tung-fu. Its orders were to make a detour south of the Pao-tung River through a number of villages supposed to be "Boer" communities, and it is very possible that some brisk fighting has resulted.

Outside this expedition the chief centres of interest are the Kwan-tung and Kwang-si provinces, which are evidently in a state of considerable ferment. A great rebel movement appears to have been set on foot by the reformers who wish to overthrow Manchu rule in South China, and it has been necessary to strengthen the Kaung-fu frontier by 300 Bombay Infantry and Hong-Kong Artillery from Hong-Kong to prevent incursions.

The Russian campaign in Manchuria appears to be without measurable distance of coming to an end. The Russian southern and northern armies have joined hands to the north of Mukden, and it is said that when the branch line from Khabarovsk to Port Arthur has been freed from the rebels, the operations will cease.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Spontaneous Boer resistance continues, and here and there a certain amount of anonymous and even loss has been inflicted upon isolated British parties. Attacks on the railways and telegraphs have also been frequent, to the admitted surprise of Lord Roberts, who points out that such persistency as is exhibited in this direction is remarkable since the damage done is soon repaired, and is invariably followed by severe punishment. On our side small successes continue to be reported, and an important movement is evidently on foot for crushing once and for all the marauding parties who are giving trouble in the Orange River Colony.

Towards the end of last week news was received of an unfortunate occurrence at Kaapmunde, some thirty miles west of Komati Poort. A train, containing a number of the 68th Infantry R.F.A., upset; three men were killed, and one officer and fifteen men were injured. A train and a truck were sent the next morning from Vlakfontein to ascertain the damage, and the party travelling in it fell into a Boer ambush. Captain Stewart, of the Rifle Brigade, hearing of the attack, went to support with forty men, and the combined parties were severely handled. Captain Stewart and one man being killed, and several other officers and men wounded or taken prisoners.

De Wet's force near Reitzburg was last week engaged by De Lisle's Mounted Infantry and a portion of the Colonial Division. It was eventually driven north of the Vaal near Ventersburg, and is described as now being much scattered and weakened by desertion. Van Post, an influential burgher belonging to Pretoria, is proceeding to Orange River Colony with a view to representing to De Wet the absurdity of continuing the struggle. A similar appeal is being made to Generals Delarey and J. Botha.

In addition to the three above-named leaders, Viljoen appears to be now exhibiting considerable activity, and to be backed up by a number of rebels and Johannesburg Afrikaners. The numerous statements are being circulated in order to keep up the courage of these "irreconcilables," one being to the effect that the Democratic party is sure to win the elections in the United States, and that on the day of victory 20,000 Americans will sail for Africa to fight the British! Some time before this extraordinary episode can take place the Viljoen contingent will either disperse hurriedly or be hemmed in beyond hope of escape.

Lord Methuen was on Monday at Rustenburg, near which on the previous day De Wet had captured five prisoners and fourteen wagons. Bondi Mafeking there are still hostile Boers in evidence, and the Otsootho district continues in a very unsettled state.

General Sir Redvers Buller is on his way home, having left Pretoria on Oct. 11. Lord Roberts issued an Army Order warmly thanking General Buller for his great services, and a notable reception awaited the late commander of the Natal Field Force at Pietermaritzburg and Durban. When Lord Roberts himself leaves South Africa, Lord Kitchener will presumably take over the chief command in South Africa, receiving the necessary accession of local rank.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SIEGE OF THE LEGATIONS.

Detailed, deliberate, first-hand history has at last taken the place of the fragments and rumours, interpreted by conjecture and suspicion, and mingled with incredible falsehoods, that were so long all the "tidings" from Peking that Europe had to rest over. And the story, as it is told by the *Times* correspondent, is one



THE FORMER PRISON - NEWLY RELEASED BRITISH TROOPS OUTSIDE THE GRAND STAND, PRETORIA RACECOURSE.

that does honour to the men and women of all the Western nations represented among the beleaguered, but does greater honour still to their Japanese allies, who bore the burden of that long and anxious day, and greatest honour of all to the native Christians, who were suffering directly and willingly for the sake of faith and conscience. Heroism was forced upon English, American, German, Austrian, Russian, French, and Italian people who had their lives to defend, but it was splendidly voluntary in those poor people, against whom the fury of their countrymen was specially directed. They have owed their salvation from a frightful fate to the bravery of the Japanese and of the French Bishop, who held the Pao-tang Cathedral with his native flock against a siege similar to that of the Legations. In the latter refugees all was order, composure, and energy. The fighting (and Russian and German prowess is particularly recorded) was equalled by such science and skill as those of the American clergyman who designed and constructed the defences, by the coolness of the Italian Attaché, and by the fine example of patient courage set by the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires.

THE RUSSIANS AT NEWCHWANG.

Owing to the fact that the principal events of the "Boxer" rebellion have taken place around Tientsin and Peking, attention has been rather diverted from the northern port,

Newchwang, which was at the end of June the scene of much excitement, due to daily arrivals from the interior and departures as soon as possible of all the women and children for Japan on other safe shores.

Except the Russians, the Powers were strangely apathetic, and left Newchwang to its fate. On the Russian gun-boat *Otagris* devolved the defence of the town, assisted by a volunteer force, comprising all the effective members of the foreign community. The Custom House was selected as the central point of defence.

All the streets leading thereto were strongly barricaded and guarded night and day. On Aug. 4 at 7.30 a.m. the rebels advanced to attack the street barricades. In the van, as usual, came the fanatics, brandishing swords, and firm in their belief of their invulnerability. The vigorous reply of the volunteers and marines soon dispelled the charm, but so confident were the Chinese that four reached the barricade, three fell just at the front, and one was seized by three volunteers, who leapt over and dragged him in. He jeered at them, denying that he could be shot. As an example he was tried, and executed by a firing-party. A reinforcement of marines arriving, the "Boxers" fled, and vanished into alleys and side streets.

A general attack was shortly afterwards made on the east end of the town - no "Boxer" swords this time, but Mauser bullets wholesale. Again the attack was repelled by the Russians. By sunset the Chinese were completely defeated. Since then the Russians have gradually pushed their way north, and Newchwang is now safe. A provisional Russian Civil Administration is formed, and the Russian naval flag hoisted over the town.

OUR SOUTH AFRICAN PICTURES.

The operations near Machadodorp and Lydenburg, which we illustrate this week from sketches by an officer, took place between Aug. 26 and Sept. 10. On Aug. 26 the forces were engaged for the greater part of the day over nearly thirty miles of country, and the ground was disputed stubbornly by the enemy, who brought into action three "Long Toms" and many quick-firing guns. Our sketches deal more particularly with the operations on the north-west of Dalmannath Railway Station, and resulted in the capture of Bergendal, a very strong position. The Boer "pom-pom" which fell into our hands was mounted just at the end of the house which appears in the fourth picture of the series. On Sept. 6 Duddon and Brocklehurst occupied Lydenburg, and the Boer forces split up, part going north by Krugerspost, the others in an easterly direction towards Spitzkop. On Sept. 7 the Union Jack was hoisted over the Landrost's office at Lydenburg on the arrival of Generals Buller and Hamilton. Our pictures of the engagement in that district show the road leading from

Lydenburg to Pilgrim's Rest and Nelspruit. The road was occupied by a force of about 2000 Boers, who posted "Long Toms" and a high-velocity gun on the adjacent heights. They kept up a vigorous fire upon our artillery and infantry, who advanced at the double upon a sharp spur, which occupies the foreground of our third illustration. Our forces poured in a sharp Maxim and musketry fire, and the Boers hastily retreated with a convoy of about sixty wagons. At the Devil's Knuckles, during the same combat, the Gordon Highlanders were subjected to a severe shell



"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

Small reproduction from the Original Drawing by Mr. S. Dugg, Sketch at St. Paul's last January.

In view of the return of the C.I.V. we propose to publish at the end of "Active" a reproduction of the "Fighting" by Mr. S. Dugg, representing the 6th Cavalry at St. Paul's, attended by the C.I.V. before their departure for South Africa. The reproduction, by being printed on India paper, will measure (including the margin) 18 by 21 inches. The price will be five shillings, and a few artist's proofs will also be issued at half-price. per post, one shilling extra. Orders are now being received at the Publisher's Office, 185, Strand, and at all newspapers and bookstalls.

fire from the enemy's "Long Toms." The Gordons, after taking cover for a time, advanced together with the King's Royal Rifles.

Pretoria Racecourse, which forms the subject of another South African illustration, is a place of many memories. First the prison of the Jameson Raid, then of the many British captives taken throughout the present war, its associations are not altogether of a pleasantly sporting character. It is satisfactory to reflect that the members of the group in the foreground of our picture (taken, by the way, just after Lord Roberts's entry) are in a position to look upon the Grand Stand as no longer a place of durandio vile. Our Kimberley views explain themselves.

DISCOVERIES IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

Great interest attaches to the present excavations which are being undertaken in the Roman Forum by 200 workmen under the supervision of the head engineer, M. Jacques Boni. On the east side of the Forum the work is progressing rapidly; at the back of the Templum Sacro Urbis the earth which covers the celebrated Forum Pacis, is being removed; and the beautiful pavement of the Porta Sacra is becoming visible, while the Temple of Antonine and Faustina seems to have gained a new splendour. The most wonderful discovery, however, bidding fair to rival that of the *terza nigra*, is the finding of the *Fons Juturna*, the classic spring which the Romans considered as the sacrum of water. The nymph Juturna, *deus fluviorum*, adored by the Romans, whom Virgil described as the sister of Turnus, King of the Rutulians, was supposed to have originated the Temple of the Dioscuri, and the legend adds that Castor and Pollux, returning from the battle of Lake Regillus, stopped quite close to the Templum Vestæ to refresh themselves and to clean their arms from the dust and blood; and that the Romans, to commemorate their gratitude for the wonderful victory gained by the "glorious twins," built the Templum Castoris. All the Latin historians agree in placing the *Fons Juturna* between the Temple of Vesta and the Temple of the Dioscuri; and, indeed, it was to the Vesta that the custody of the fire and water was confided.



VETERANS OF ELEVEN CAMPAIGNS: A DISTINGUISHED GROUP OF THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.

Photograph by Elton and Weight, Southsea.

Among the officers and men composing this group are those who have taken part in the following campaigns: Hazara, Afghanistan, Cabul, Siam, Burma, Malak, India, South Africa 1880, Red River Expedition 1879, Egypt in 1882-1883-1884, and South Africa 1899-1900, under the command of Major Adair, Major Sir G. Campbell, Captain Riley, and Lieutenant Johnston.



WITH SIR ANDERS HULLER: CAPTURE OF A POSITION BY THE RIFLE BRIGADE AFTER A BRILLIANT DAYONET CHARGE.
Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. F. A. Stewart.



THE FORUM AFTER THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AND RECONSTRUCTIONS.



THE BASILICA AEMILIA.



THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS AND THE "DOMUS REGIA."



SHRINE BELONGING TO THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

THE RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

Photographs by C. Abenacer, Naples.

"There's a man over there as is eatin' fire!" he called out. "I never see such a thing in my life! He be a-swallerin' yards of it. 'Tisn't kind of a ribbon, and he do set a light to one end, and do put it in his mouth, and goes on a-swallerin' and a-swallerin'! Ye never did see such a thing! His cheeks - there, ye can very nigh look through them! Come quick, else it will be over. He've-a-been doin' all sorts o' things - playin' wi' knives and a-pullin' rolls and rolls o' coloured ribbons out of his mouth. Dead heart alive, how he can keep all they things inside of him I can't think! But come along quick - this way!"

Maggie turned her head for a last look at Johnny, who was by this time but a few yards away from the tent now which John Reed was standing: and then, deciding in her own mind that he was now quite safe, hastened away with the others.

But Johnny was not quite safe: though so close to his father that two or three of the latter's strides would have covered the space between them, he was not destined to reach his side that day.

Lo! just as he was preparing to uplift his shrill, little voice, and call ecstatically on his parent, there was a sudden stampede among the crowd, and Johnny found himself lifted off his feet. One of the colts exposed for sale had broken loose, and, excited by the strange medley of sights and sounds around him, was galloping madly hither and thither, snorting and kicking out with his heels. A big, bearded farmer had caught up the little chap in his arms and ran with him out of harem's way. In a few moments he halted breathless, and set the child upon his feet.

"They've caught en, I see," he said: "no fear now. There, give over hollerin', my boy: nobody wants to hurt 'ee. If I hadn't a-catched 'ee up ye'd ha' been run over."

Johnny gave one wild look at the stout, red face, shook off the hand upon his shoulder, and then made off as fast as his tired little legs would carry him in the direction of the tent where he had last seen his father standing. But alas! no father was to be seen, and the poor little fellow, wailing aloud, began a fruitless search for him amid the throng.

He did not find him: perhaps because the elder John had already left the Fair, perhaps because the younger, though he thought himself to be covering a large area, was in reality wandering round and round about the same place. Nobody noticed his continuance - there were many tired children at Shroton Fair that day, and now the dusk was beginning to fall the heads of families were too busy gathering together their own belongings to take heed of a fretful stranger. So Johnny stumbled wearily along, and at last, being thoroughly worn out, climbed into a wicker chair which formed part of a large assembly of basket wares, and resolved to wait until "Dada" came by.

Here he crouched with his legs tucked beneath him, his cap far back on his dishevelled yellow locks, big tears hanging on his eyelashes, and one little forefinger between his lips - the picture of childish woe.

Every now and then he would fancy he descried the bulky figure of his father advancing towards him, and would crane his head with an eager cry; but when the figure drew near it would always prove to be that of a stranger, and then Johnny would sob, and sink back again, a mere little heap of misery.

After long waiting and fruitless watching, Johnny's little head began to droop, and his heavy lids closed gradually over his blue eyes; he sank backwards in the low chair, and presently forgot all his troubles in sleep.

It was quite dark when he was suddenly startled into consciousness by the pressure of a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and the sound of a rough voice in his ear.

"Hullo - what 'ethis? What be yon a-join' in my clan?"

Silverlocks herself could not have been more bewildered by the advent of the Three Bears than was Johnny as he sat up, blinking at what seemed to him a gigantic form dimly outlined in the dusk: he was positively voiceless with terror.

"Who gave 'ee leave to go to sleep in my chair, ye little rascal?" continued the new-comer, and in

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Toupie have enrolled their names as members of the Order of Rechabites at Exeter. The Archbishop has been a teetotaler for seventeen years, and his zeal in the cause seems to grow with advancing age. He is by no means hopeless of obtaining Temperance legislation from the new Parliament.

The Bishop of Rochester, who was the first Bishop appointed by Lord Salisbury after his return to power in 1893, will take his seat in the House of Lords after the re-ignation of the Bishop of Exeter.

The Round Table Conference at Fulham Palace, which lasted from Wednesday evening till Saturday morning,

was not open to the Press. The fourteen members of the Conference were entertained at the Palace till its conclusion. The discussions occupied nearly six hours of each day, with a break of three hours after luncheon.

The *Guardian* gives a description of the last Church Congress at Brighton, which can hardly fail to frighten nervous people away from next year's meetings. Five thousand persons tried to get into the Dome, which has only room for three thousand, and "a more excitable multitude has rarely been brought together." Happily, even Exeter Hall has taken warning from the recent dangerous crush at Mr. Sankey's reception, and the organisers of Church meetings generally have become more wary in the distribution of tickets.

Temperance reform on the lines promoted by the Bishop of Chester is making quiet but real progress. Bishop Jayne's nephew, the Rev. J. W. N. Bardsley, Rector of Ulverston, has started in his parish a gymnasium and club for young men, with a first-class billiard-table and bar. At the bar members over twenty-one can obtain two glasses (but no more) of beer or stout. The rector, who is himself a life-long teetotaler, opened the first bottle of stout for the men at the inauguration of the new club, and with his curate acted for a few minutes as barman. The building is to be opened on Oct. 19.

The Dean of Ripon sails for America early in November, and will be absent until nearly Christmas. He is to lecture at Harvard University.

The *Church Times* makes an earnest appeal to harvest-decorators to moderate their zeal. The sacred building and its furniture are apt to become at this time of the year so many surfaces on which to nail up some fantastic design in flowers, vegetables, or even fish. In one fishing village it is usual to hang up festoons of founders, while in another live cockles are considered appropriate emblems. Most people will agree with the *Church Times* that our harvest festivals are tending to become ridiculous, if not profane, and that beautiful old buildings should not be tricked out like florists' or greengrocers' shops.

One of the most venerable organists in the kingdom is Dr. W. H. Loughurst, of Canterbury, who was born in 1819. He sang as a chorister at the installation of Archbishop Howley in 1828. For thirteen years - from 1885 to 1898 - he was organist of the Cathedral, and has done admirable work in improving the musical services. Although he has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday, he is in good health, and is full of reminiscences of his most interesting career.



He was severely wounded on John Reed's great shoulders.

another moment the little fellow's seat was lifted up, and his own little person was sent sprawling on the ground.

Uttering a choked wail, the child scrambled to his feet and gazed about him; all was strange, dark, and terrifying; undefined shapes loomed through the dusk; the lights flashing out here and there intensified the prevailing gloom; a babel of voices intermingled with the shouts and laughter sounded in the distance. Two or three unknown figures now drew near to him, and one stretched out its hand.

"Now, then, little man, who may you be?" said a thick voice which he had never heard before.

Johnny started back, gasped, and then, terror lending him wings, darted swiftly from the group and fled away into the darkness.

To be continued in our next

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.



THE HOUSE IN THE BRITISH LEGATION IN WHICH M. PICHON, THE FRENCH MINISTER, AND THE LADIES OF HIS EMBASSY LIVED DURING THE SIEGE.

Painted by J. G. S. S. S.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.



"BOXER" LOOPHOLES OUTSIDE THE CITY WALL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. L. GILES.

By means of these loopholes the rebels poured a deadly fire on the British Legation.

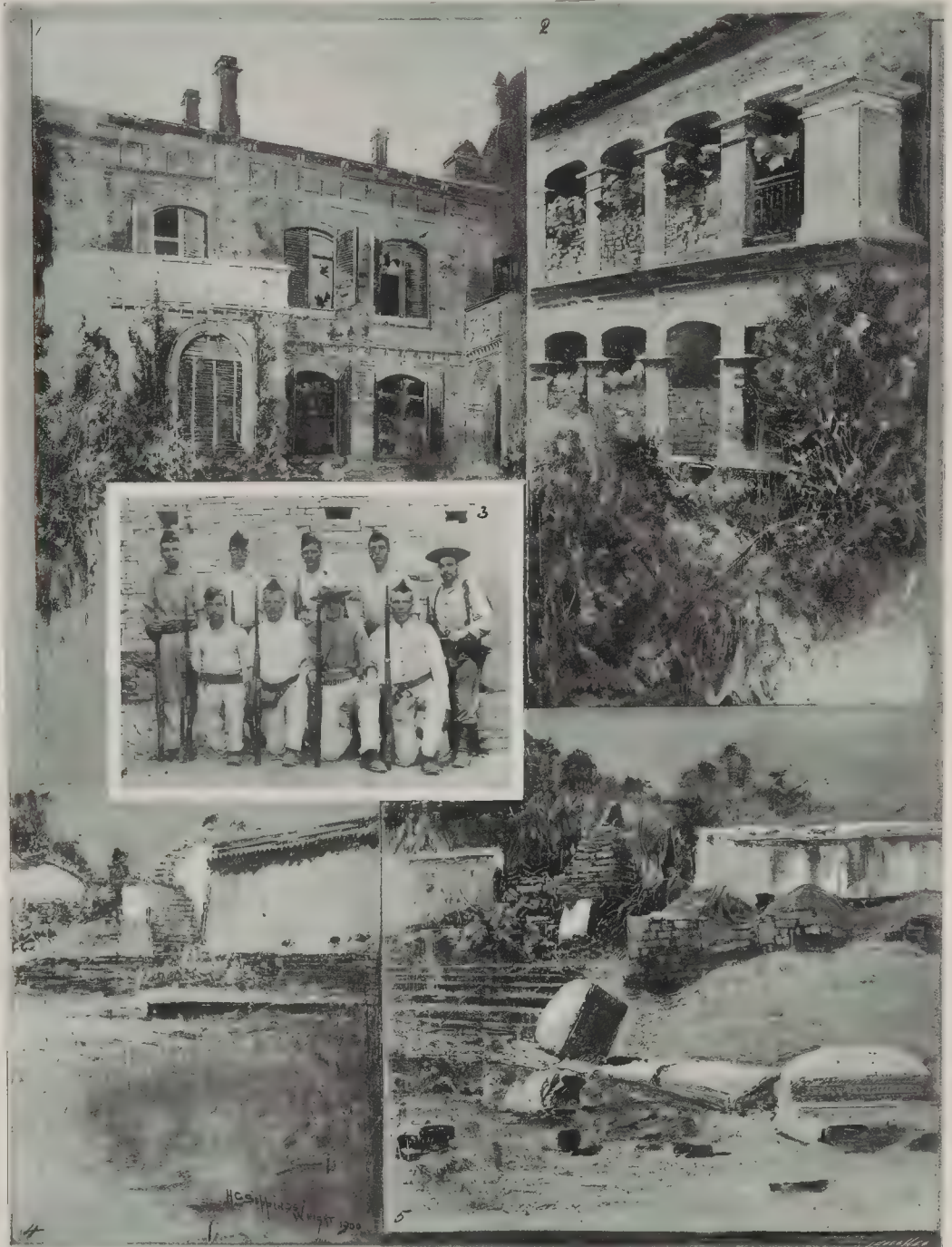


THE INTERNATIONAL HOSPITAL IN THE BRITISH LEGATION: A GROUP OF PATIENTS AND NURSES.

From a photograph by Mr. L. L. Fox.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

From Photographs by Messrs. L. Gills and L. R. Barr.



1. The German First Secretary's House, wrecked by Chinese Shells.

2. The British First Secretary's House, barricaded against Chinese Fire.

3. British Marines from H.M.S. *Orelinda*, who held the Barricades in the Han Lin College.

4. The Japanese Line of Defence, held by the British and shattered by Chinese Shells.

5. Japanese Defence Work, partly destroyed by Chinese Shells.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

From Photographs by Mr. L. Giles.



THE PROTECTED WAY ACROSS THE IMPERIAL CANAL GIVING COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE BRITISH LEGATION AND THE GARRISON OF PRINCE SU'S PALACE.



THE FIRE AT PEKING: RUINS OF CHINESE HOUSES NEAR THE AMERICAN LEGATION.

THE DEFENCE OF THE



WITHIN THE WALL OF THE BRIT

From a Photograph

PEKING LEGATIONS.



LEGATION DURING THE DEFENCE

a Correspondent.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.



THE STUDENT-INTERPRETERS' QUARTERS, WITH MESS ROOM ON THE RIGHT AND RUINS OF THE HAN LIN COLLEGE IN THE FOREGROUND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. I. GILES

The windows were bricked up and the roof of the quarters damaged.



A COMPANY OF CHINESE SOLDIERS MARCHING DOWN A PEKING STREET.

THE PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. I. GILES

It will be noticed as they march that they are the soldiers, holding them by the muzzle.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WHO DID NOT SIT IN THE LAST PARLIAMENT.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
SIR A. S. HASLAM (C.), NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.
Majority 182.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. C. M. BROWN (C.), EDINBURGH CENTRAL.
Majority 660.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. E. MARSHALL, HALL G.O. (C.), SOUTHPORT.
Majority 260.



Photo Thomson.
MR. W. PALMER (C.), SALISBURY.
Majority 279.



Photo B. G. H.
MR. W. MITCHELL (C.), BURNLEY.
Majority 601.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
CAPTAIN P. A. OLIVE (U.), ROSS, HEREFORD.
Unopposed.



Photo Sanger.
MR. J. PEMBERTON (C.), SUNDERLAND.
Majority 186.



Photo Reed.
MAJOR K. P. BALFOUR (C.), CHRISTCHURCH.
Majority 3.



Photo Sanger.
MR. J. BOULTON (C.), WIRRAL, CHESHIRE.
Majority 1005.



Photo Lawson Bros.
MR. A. B. LAW (C.), GLASGOW, BLACKFRIARS.
Majority 1,000.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. E. CHAPMAN (C.), HYDE, CHESHIRE.
Majority 578.



Photo Reed.
HON. G. T. KENYON (C.), DUNDEE DISTRICT.
Majority 110.



Photo Magill.
LORD CECIL MANNERS (C.), MELTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.
Majority 992.



Photo Debenham.
MR. RUSSELL REA (L.), GLOUCESTER.
Majority 225.



Photo A. Scales.
MR. T. F. TAYLOR (L.), RANULPH-BATON, FAIRFORTH, LANCASHIRE.
Majority 60.



Photo R. Bell.
MR. R. RICH (L.), APPREBY, WESTMORELAND.
Majority 579.



Photo Longley.
MR. S. M. SAMUEL (L.), TOWER HAMLETS, WHITECHAPEL.
Majority 71.



Photo S. W. Lee.
THE HON. M. MORRIS (C.), HALWAY CITY, LEICESTERSHIRE.
Majority 117.



Photo S. W. Lee.
MR. J. S. RANGLES (C.), COCKERMOUTH, CUMBERLAND.
Majority 208.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. JOHN STROYAN (L.), WEST FREITHURST.
Majority 805.



Photo S. W. Lee.
MR. R. H. BIGBY (L.), NORTHAMPTON.
Majority 218.



Photo Debenham.
MR. R. C. STOPPORD, SACKVILLE (C.), N. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.
Majority 1256.



Photo S. W. Lee.
MR. H. BELL (L.), DERBY.
Majority 221.



Photo News Photo.
MR. J. BARKER (L.), MAIDSTONE.
Majority 88.



Photo Sanger.
DR. J. G. SHIPMAN (L.), NORTHAMPTON.
Majority 184.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DRAWN BY F. DE HANSEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN G. W. A. HARRIS

A Correspondent writes:—"This photograph shows the Grenadiers avoiding wet feet by crossing a spruit in a very comical manner. Several companies of Scots and Coldstream Guards followed in similar fashion."

ON THE ROAD TO MIDDLEBURG: HOW THE GUARDS CROSSED A SPRUIT

Topics of the Week

It is with the most heartfelt regret that we announce the death of the founder and the late managing director of *The Graphic* and *Daily Mr. W. L. Graphic*, Mr. William Luson Thomas, R.L. Thomas, R.L. For more than thirty years Mr. Thomas has devoted the most untiring energy to the interests of this journal, and when, ten years ago, he organised the *Daily Graphic*, he spared neither time nor labour until he had made the new venture as complete a success as he had made *The Graphic*. As is told in another column, Mr. Thomas was a man of an exceptional combination of talents. An artist in every sense of the word, a keen literary critic, a thorough business man, a shrewd judge of men and character, he combined all the qualities necessary for bringing *The Graphic* and *Daily Graphic* to the high standard to which they have attained. Not that Mr. Thomas confined his energies alone to journalism, as his work with reference to the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, the Society of Arts, and other institutions with which he was connected bears ample witness. His loss will be keenly felt not only by the staff of this journal, but in many other directions, and all the more so from his intrinsic kindness of heart, which never failed to respond to the call of deserving charity, for his purse and counsel were ever open to those who had suffered a reverse of fortune. All who knew Mr. Thomas must feel that in him they have lost not only a man of the most brilliant attainments but a true friend.

FOR the first time since the Reform Bill a Conservative Administration has received two successive leases of power. The historian will recognise in this fact a phenomenon of considerable significance in the evolution of English politics. This significance is, as we pointed out last week, not quite so simple as a great many people imagine. It is not limited to the narrow issue of the South African Settlement, over which the chief polemics of the General Election have raged. That the result of the Election is to approve the policy of the Government in South Africa is beyond question. The eccentric argument put forward in certain quarters that, because the Unionist majority of 1895 has not been sensibly increased the South African policy of the Government has not been approved, is the merest moonshine. The comparison with 1895 has absolutely nothing to do with the question, and this must be clear to everybody, when it is remembered that the election of that year was fought on the Irish Question, whereas now that question is dead and buried, and the country is consequently free to decide on its attitude towards the Government without bias of any kind. To pretend that the Government should have increased the majority it enjoyed at the time of the dissolution in order to be able to boast of the favour of the country, is to assume that that majority had already received a mandate from the constituencies on the South African Question. The truth is that a dissolution is *tabula rasa*, and that every election must be judged in the light of the controversies of the moment. From this point of view there can be no doubt as to the meaning of the present pronouncement of the country. It is a pronouncement of confidence in the Unionist cause and in the general policy of the Government. The fact that the Ministerial majority falls short of that which was obtained in 1895 does not in any way diminish the importance of that pronouncement, for the Irish Question which then drove so many Liberals into the Unionist camp had ceased to be a live issue, and consequently many old Gladstonians have now been able to renew their normal allegiance. That in spite of this the Government has obtained a majority larger than it obtained in 1886, when the Home Rule Question was first placed before the constituencies, can only be interpreted as a very decisive victory and an overwhelming mark of the confidence of the nation. The victory of the Government is, however, not alone due to the skilful administration of the affairs of the nation during the last six years. Ever since 1868, when it became clear that Lord Beaconsfield's "education" of the Tories had produced a sort of approximation of political parties which enabled the normal Whiggism of the country to indulge in a change at every dissolution without sacrificing any constitutional principle, there has been an almost unbroken alternation, so far as Great Britain is concerned, of Conservative and

THE OPENING CHAPTER OF HALL CAINE'S New Story,

"JAN THE ICELANDER,"

Appears in the current number of
THE GOLDEN PENNY.

"Jan the Iceman" is a powerful story, and the opening chapter, which is given this week, is sure to arrest the attention of all readers who appreciate fiction of the very highest order.

Liberal majorities. This has now been changed. What is the explanation? It will probably be found in the fact that the extreme tendencies of the Opposition are now as antagonistic to the national spirit as was the reactionary tendency of the Tories in 1892. The country, in short, is and has always been Whig, and to-day it is only in the Tory party, educated by Lord Beaconsfield and still further adapted to the democracy by the Liberal Unionists, that it finds a full reflection of its aims and sympathies. Of course, if Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Imperialists could capture the hegemony of the Liberal Party the situation would be changed. The choice would then once again be between Whig Tweedledum and Whig Tweedledee, and the era of alternate leases of power would be re-established.

WITH the conclusion of the General Election it will now be possible for Lord Salisbury to take the Chinese Question energetically in hand. Already, indeed, some progress has been made by the acceptance of M. Delcassé's proposals as a basis for discussions by the Powers. The proposals have, of course, not been accepted *en bloc*. For reasons which were set forth in these columns last week that was impossible. But they have been sympathetically received, and there can be little doubt that when some of them have been eliminated and others modified in accordance with the reservations already indicated by Lord Salisbury, there will result a programme with which the European Concert will be able to meet the Chinese Plenipotentiaries. The chances of an early peace at the present moment do not look altogether unpromising. Last week it seemed as if the demands of the Powers would have had to be made exceedingly moderate if an acceptance by China was to be relied upon. This is no longer the case. The outbreak of a formidable rebellion in the South, where the Reformers are in arms, cannot but induce the Chinese Government to come to an early settlement with the Powers. With all available troops concentrated in the province of Shensi, the Imperial Government must necessarily regard with alarm an insurrection which, if left to itself, will spread with lightning rapidity. It has far more to fear from this rising than from the Foreign Barbarians, for it is notorious that much dissatisfaction reigns in the Southern and Central provinces, and that if it were to secure a hold on the malcontents the reign of the Manchus would be at an end. With the forces the Government has now mobilised it can easily deal with the rebellion, but it cannot do this and defy the Powers at the same time. Hence, it is very likely to abandon its uncompromising attitude towards the invader, and to seize the first opportunity of accepting the terms offered by the Powers.

The C.I.V.'s Reception

THE official arrangements for London's welcome home to the citizen soldiers, who come back decked with well-earned laurels, are now practically finished, and unless the *Aurania* is delayed on her passage, next week will put them to the test. Long as is the line of route from Victoria to St. Paul's Cathedral, it is sure to be densely thronged at every inch. It is just as well, therefore, that Regulars are to be associated with the Volunteer corps which have claimed the right to line the streets. On a certain memorable occasion, some years ago, a big London crowd broke through a cordon of citizen soldiers, mainly through the latter being wholly unaccustomed to such emergencies. With a view to lessen the inevitable pressure in the streets, it has been suggested that the route should be considerably lengthened, thus spreading the multitude over a wider area. But while that would be advantageous from the sightseer's standpoint, it has to be remembered that a good many of the civic heroes are not in the best of health. What between malaria, wounds, and privations, they have had a very hard time of it for the last nine months, and we cannot show truer hospitality than by lessening the strain on their physical strength as far as possible.

The Guerrilla War

IT is not wholly inexplicable that some of the Boer rank and file should prefer to continue fighting rather than make surrender. That is not an unmatural preference when the halter has come into sight for some enormity. But it is unaccountable that De Wet and Louis Botha should persist with hostilities which they must well know can only sacrifice human life. They and their more reputable followers are equally aware that they would be safe to receive honourable treatment if they gave themselves up. Nor would any personal disgrace or even humiliation be entailed by that course; they have done enough and more than enough for honour. Unless, therefore, they speedily make submission, Lord Roberts will be constrained to issue a proclamation of outlawry against all found in arms after a given date. The Commander-in-Chief is naturally reluctant to proceed to that extremity against gallant foes. But when any duty lies before him, plainly marked out, he is the last man to shrink its faithful performance at any cost of personal feeling. The date on which it was rumoured—the 10th inst.—these and other commanders proposed to surrender now lies behind, and they must also know that if they hoped anything from the General Election in this country that chance, slight as it was, has ended.

Vanished Members

By H. W. LUCY

BEFORE political parties entered the stricken field there was a movement among old members which, unsupported by changes dictated by the policy, sufficed to alter the long-familiar aspect of the House of Commons. Full four-score members resolved not to offer themselves for re-election. As advancing years or weariness of the mill were reasons for this decision, it naturally follows that some of the best known faces have disappeared. Mr. Goschen kept his secret till Dissolution was proclaimed. To his personal friends the announcement came without surprise. They were aware of the veteran statesman's yearning for release after long toil. Mr. Goschen has always been a fighting man, sometimes under one political flag, anon with equal energy defending the other. But he ever succeeded in escaping that personal resentment among his antagonists of the day which pursues at least one of his companions on the devious pathway. By his retirement the House of Commons loses an esteemed member and one of the most effective debaters known to it through the last quarter of a century.

A very old member who did not seek re-election is Mr. Staveley Hill. Sorely smitten by physical suffering his name has long faded from public attention. But there are some, even in the new House of Commons, who remember him as a stalwart man, a ready, effective speaker, with proper regard for promotion from the ancient but not exalted office of Counsel to the Admiralty and Judge Advocate of the Fleet conferred upon him by Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Staveley Hill was one of the few members of the last Parliament whose record went back to the historic House of Commons elected in 1868. Another, who, owing to ill-health, retired from the Parliamentary scene amid universal regret is Mr. William Woodall. Popular alike in social and public life there were few men in the House who counted more friends. Mr. Courtney's withdrawal, compulsory rather than voluntary, removes a notable figure from the scene. Admiral Field and General Goldsworthy were representatives of the services actually reminiscent of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's creation. Admiral Field was certainly the best stage admiral that has walked the decks of the House of Commons since the disappearance of Sir William Edmonstone, who sat in the 1874 Parliament, and was known as *the* Admiral. Though Sir Henry Howells does not sit in the new Parliament it would not be safe to regard his voice as silenced in the Parliamentary arena. Though (using the word in the Parliamentary sense) dead, he will doubtless be yet found speaking in the correspondence columns of the *Times*.

With Mr. Smith Barry disappears a notable type of the Irish landlord. There have been times when the full tide of Nationalist rhetorical fury has been directed upon him. Nothing could exceed the urbanity with which he smiled upon it. After five years' experience Sir Henry Stanley has found the House of Commons more inassurably than the swamps of Central Africa. How the House of Commons was a mere trifle to the difficulty of catching the Speaker's eye, and the barrenness of the triumph when achieved. The shipping interest has been badly hit by the determination of Sir Thomas Sutherland, of the P. and O., and Sir Donald Currie, of the Castle Line, not to offer themselves for re-election. Calamity was completed by the death at the poll of Sir Francis Evans, Chairman of the Union Steamship Company.

Mr. Justin McCarthy practically retired when, two years ago, he underwent an operation designed to recapture failing eyesight. It was a strange irony that made him Leader of the Irish just after it had been decided in Committee Room No. 15. His implacable serenity, his imperturbable sweetness of disposition made him

Mocha too good
For human nature's daily food.

To crown him member of the dislocated Irish National Party, in succession Mr. Parnell, was a joke of a kind grimmer than is usually made in Ireland.

Other old members whose places know them no more are Mr. Carvell Williams, whose strong opinions on Church matters were always moderately expressed; Sir W. H. Wells, whose cheery presence will be much missed; Mr. Joseph Arch, who, since Lady Weymouth wrote a preface to his "Autobiography," rose to the social dignity of spats, an adjunct to a tweed suit that gave him the air of a rustic squire; Mr. McEwan, a man of immense ability studiously concentrated upon effort to efface himself; Sir Charles Cameron, a man of affairs and a sturdy debater; Sir T. Gibson-Carmichael, who succeeded Mr. Clarendon as member for Morayshire, but did not eclipse his oratorical renown; and Sir William Wedderburn, who ever lent an access of gentle dulness to debate on Indian topics.

The list of old members who have fallen in the fight at the polls include some not less well-known names. Perhaps the most famous is that of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Sir Wilfrid has so long safely ridden in the hobby of Temperance, keeping his seat even when Sir William Harcourt was thrown at Derby, that his return would, in ordinary circumstances, have been made as a matter of course. But when he changed the saddle from Local Option to Boer he was thrown. The defeat of Mr. Horace Plunkett shows how predominant is a certain strain in Irish character, whether in peasant or landlord. The class represented by Colonel Sanderson jeer at their compatriots in the opposite camp because they are ever ready to sacrifice Party loyalty to personal resentment. Thus it proved on the higher social level of Mr. Horace Plunkett's constituency. A Unionist seat was chucked away, and the Irish Member who has done more than any other for the material prosperity of his country was overthrown because, in selecting the best man for a particular post, he was underbitten by the fact that the candidate at one time had been a follower of Mr. Parnell. This is a blot on the General Election not to be relieved even by the gleam of light flashed from Canthess signalling the discomfiture of Dr. Clark.

CHAPTERS BY

SIR WILLIAM MAC CORMACK, Bart., K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S., on
THE RARE OF THE WOUNDED IN THE
COLONEL SIR HOWARD VINCENT, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P., on
THE VOLUNTEERS IN THE CAMPAIGN;
G. M. C. LUGARD, Renter's Correspondent during the Investment, on
THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY;
MAJOR F. D. BAILLIE, Correspondent of the "Morning Post" during the
Investment, on
THE SIEGE OF MAFKING;
LIEUTENANT M. F. MCGARTY, 5th Lancers, who took part in the
Defence, on
THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH;
G. D. GILES, Special Article Correspondent of "The Graphic" on
WITH ROBERTS TO KROONPOORT AND PRETORIA;
ARE A SPECIAL FEATURE OF

"THE GRAPHIC"

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DRAWN BY H. M. ZADY

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. G. POOL

A COSACK ESCORTING A BLINDFOLDED CHINESE SOLDIER TO THE FOREIGN QUARTER
A MEMORY OF THE SIEGE OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD LONDON AND NEW YORK

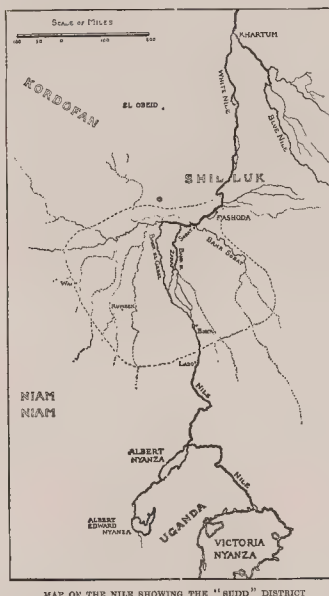
A Correspondent writes: "There is a hamoc's side to every thing and even the war in South Africa, gives one as it has furnished a very happy little incident which serves to show how little the soldiers of the campaign weigh upon the troops engaged. The C.I.A. shows in our illustration are not home sick, nor are they anything but right down jolly. Their tears are the result of their occupation in camp at Orange River—peeling onions."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE WAR: "WHY DO THESE C.I.V.'S WEEP?"

Clearing the Nile

By SIR WILLIAM GARSTIN

BETWEEN the sixth and ninth parallels of north latitude, the Nile traverses a series of marshes, in extent probably the largest in the world. Their actual limits are as yet unknown. Their area can, consequently, only be guessed at, but it cannot be much under twelve thousand square miles. They originate in an immense depression which was evidently once a lake. It is now a reedy swamp which forms a vast nursery for the production of aquatic plants.



Throughout its extent, only occasional glimpses of open water are to be seen. The water-plants most commonly met with are the papyrus, *Cyperus papyrus*, and the *Vossia procera*, a tall reed, called by the Arabs, *Um soof*, or "Mother of wool," on account of the prickly hairs with which it is covered. Interspersed with the above are patches of ambatch, *Hernimiera elephasylon*, a tree-like shrub which is lighter than cork. Numerous flowering creepers twine themselves through the reeds and add to the tangle of the mass. This whole track of country is called by the Arabs, the "sudd," or the "barrier," on account of the obstruction which it causes to the course of the river.

A Dreary Region

A more dreary region it is impossible to imagine, and it is difficult to depict its melancholy desolation in words. In every direction, as far as the eye can reach, a sea of reeds extends. Not a tree breaks the line of the horizon. The sombre colour of the papyrus contrasts, it is true, with the more vivid green of the reeds, but the general tone of the landscape is monotonous to an extreme degree, and the feathery tops of the papyrus plant lend a funereal aspect to the scene. Few persons can spend much time in these swamps without suffering from depression and low spirits. The climate does not tend to improve matters. The heat, even in the winter months, is intense, and the atmosphere is, at all times, saturated with humidity. Malaria is rife, and from April to October the rainfall is practically continuous. Except in a few isolated spots, where the land rises some inches above the marsh, no sign of human life is visible. The only inhabitants are a few negroes, of the Dinka and Nuer tribes, who eke out a miserable existence by fishing. Even the hippopotamus, which is common in other parts of the Nile, appears to find the "sudd" region uninhabitable, as it is but rarely seen within its limits. The setting sun, nightly heralds the appearance of mosquitoes in countless myriads. At this hour, the hum of these pests produces such a volume of sound as almost to resemble the low notes of an organ. Their ferocity continues unappeased throughout the night.

Sir Samuel Baker has well described this pestilential region as "a heaven for mosquitoes and a damp hell for men."

A Lost River

Through these huge marshes the Nile forces its way from south to north, changing its character completely during its passage. It enters them a broad and majestic river. It passes through them

split up into several channels of narrow section, which wind through the swamps in a series of bewitching loops. The velocity of the stream in these branches is sluggish, and the colour of the water resembles that which has passed through a peat-bog. For more than two hundred miles the river is practically lost, but at Lake No. N. Lat. 9° 29', it works clear of the swamps, and the different channels reunite, forming what is known as the "Bahr el-Abiad," or White Nile.

The most important of the branches in the "sudd" region is the "Bahr-el-Gebel," or "Mountain River," and the "Bahr-el-Zaraf," or "Giraffe River." The former traverses the centre of the swamps, while the latter follows their eastern limit, rejoining the main stream north of Lake No. Some ninety-six miles down stream of this last, the Sobat River brings a large volume of water from the Abyssinian highlands to swell the discharge of the White Nile.

Of the different branches, the Bahr-el-Gebel is undoubtedly the most important, and may be considered to be the true Nile. It forms the means of communication between the White Nile and the Upper, or Victoria Nile.

What the "Sudd" is Composed of

More often than not the Bahr-el-Gebel is completely blocked by vegetation, which forms a serious impediment to its course. Such a block, constitutes what is technically known as the "sudd." It is formed as follows:—

Before and after the annual rainy season papyrus weather prevails. The strong winds cause large masses of papyrus and reeds, growing in the shallow lakes, to become detached by the roots. They are thus set floating upon the surface of the lagoons. These floating masses are sometimes of several acres in extent, and move about according to the direction of the wind. Eventually some portions of them find their way into the river itself and float down with the stream. A bend in the channel, or a narrow section, causes them to stick fast, and a partial block is speedily formed. The current brings down fresh masses of weed upon those first arrived, and the sectional area of the river channel is quickly reduced. The velocity of the current is, consequently, increased, and the succeeding portions are sucked under the original block, thus adding to its thickness. By degrees, under the severe action of the water, the whole becomes compressed into a dense and solid mass, which covers the river surface from bank to bank, and underneath which the stream rushes as through a sluice-gate. These blocks, at times, attain a thickness of fifteen feet below the water, and four or five feet above it. The surface is forced by the pressure into what may be best described as a gigantic ridge and furrow. In places it is so solid that hippopotami and even elephants can cross it without danger. Naturally, such a block causes a rise in the water levels upstream, and the river spills over into the adjacent marshes, thus assisting fresh masses of papyrus to float drift and form the nucleus of further obstructions lower down. Navigation of the river is thus rendered impossible.

Former Attempts to Clear the Channel

In former years, many attempts were made to remove the "sudd" by the rulers of Egypt. Some of these attempts were temporarily successful, but in no instance was the effect of the work lasting, and, as a rule, the channel quickly closed again. During the period of Dervish rule nothing was done in this direction. After the reconquest of the Sudan the Egyptian Government took up this important question, and in the winter of 1899 decided upon a fresh attempt at the removal of the "sudd." In December, 1899, an expedition was fitted out for this purpose and despatched to the spot. It was placed under the direction of Major Peake, an artillery officer in the Egyptian service. With him were several English

officers, and the workmen consisted of some 600 or 700 Dervish prisoners. Five gunboats were employed upon the work.

The season of 1899 and 1900 was, in some respects, a favourable one for the purpose, as the river at the time was abnormally low, and the swamps were consequently drier than is usually the case. On the other hand, the lowness of the river renders communication with the bas at Khartoum very difficult, and transport of supplies and material became almost an impossibility. In spite of these difficulties, a surprising amount of work was done, and by the end of April communication between Khartoum and Fort Berkeley, in the Uganda Protectorate, was rendered possible by river. Another season's work will probably be required to complete the task, but a good beginning has been made, and there seems to be little doubt that, if regular inspection of the river can be secured, it can be kept permanently clear of the "sudd." Some idea of the work done may be gathered from the fact that fourteen blocks of "sudd," some of them more than a mile in length, were removed by Major Peake and his staff.

How the "Sudd" is Removed

The method of removal was as follows:—When a block in the river was met with, the papyrus and reeds were set fire to. Stringer to say, the green rushes burnt freely. The surface of the "sudd" was thus laid bare. As soon as the fire had died down, gangs of men were set to work digging trenches in the mass, parallel to, and at right angles to, the course of the stream. These trenches averaged four feet in depth and three feet in width. The upper surface of the "sudd" was in this way divided into rectangular blocks, each being some ten feet square. To every block in succession anchors with steel hawsers were attached from the gunboats. These latter then steamed full speed astern. As a rule, seven or eight pulls were required before the block finally parted and came away. It was then allowed to float down stream and another block was tackled in the same manner. The work was extremely tedious and was much delayed by the breaking of the hawsers and chains under the heavy strain. Had explosives been procurable the work would have been immensely facilitated. After a certain number of blocks had been thus removed it generally happened that the force of the water caused the rest of the obstruction to burst away of itself.

The Tribes on the White Nile

The inhabitants upon either bank of the White Nile, after leaving the "sudd" country, belong to the important negro tribe of Shilluk. They occupy the river banks for some 350 miles, and their villages are to be seen on both sides of the river, in an almost continuous line, and clear of the flooded belt. The capital of the Shilluks is Fashoda. Although formerly turbulent, they are now extremely friendly and well disposed. In character they are indolent and they devote most of their time to fishing and to spearing the hippopotamus and the crocodile. They are adepts at the last sport, which is accompanied with considerable danger. The men never condescend to work in the fields, and what little agriculture is practised is carried out by the women; again, the men dress their hair in extraordinary and fantastic patterns, while the women shave the head. Their arms are long-bladed spears and short wooden clubs. They are divided into many sub-tribes, each under a head-man, but all of them are united under the government of one "Mek," or King, whose power is absolute. In this respect they differ from their neighbours, the Dinkas, in whose case each tribe is governed by a distinct and independent chief. The Dinka villages consist of groups of straw huts with conical thatched roofs; at a distance they resemble beehives or hay-ricks.

Fine specimens of the *Dabo palm*, *Borassus Aschaficus*, are to be found in the vicinity of almost every village.



DREARY BY E. A. WALSH

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY "PHOTOGRAPHIC"

When the garrison of the Eland's River post, under Colonel Hore, was relieved after a siege of twenty-three days, the kit of those who had fallen was put up to auction for the benefit of their relatives, in accordance with the usual custom.

AN OPEN-AIR SALE BY AUCTION: AFTER THE RELIEF OF ELAND'S RIVER

"Good-bye, friend," he muttered; "at least that is the best way to go hence, dying with a dead foe beneath," and, picking up the rags, he smoothed his ruffled feathers and placed it tenderly in his satchel.

Then it was, just as Adrian rose to his feet, standing beneath the shadow of the big oak upon which the birds had fallen, that coming from the road, which was separated from his by a little belt of undergrowth, he heard the sound of men's voices growling and threatening, and with them a woman's cry for help. At any other time he would have hesitated and recoiled, or, perhaps, have retreated at once, for he knew well the dangers of mixing himself up in the quarrels of wayfarers in those rough days. But the loss of the hawk had exasperated his nerves, making any excitement or adventure welcome to him. Therefore, without pausing to think, Adrian pushed forward through the brushwood to find himself in the midst of a curious scene.

Before him ran the grassy road or woodland lane. In the midst of it, sprawling on his back, for he had been pulled from his horse, lay a stout burgher, whose pockets were being rifled by a heavy-browed footpad, who from time to time, doubtless to keep him quiet, threatened his victim with a knife. On the pillow of the burgher's thickest Flemish horse, which was peacefully cropping at the grass, sat a middle-aged female, who seemed to be stricken dumb with terror, while a few paces away a second ruffian and a tall, bony woman were engaged in dragging a girl from the back of a mule.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, Adrian shouted:

"Come on, friends, here are the thieves." Whereupon the robber woman took to flight and the man, wheeled round, as he turned snatching a naked knife from his girdle. But before he could lift it Adrian's heavy staff crashed down upon the point of his shoulder, causing him to drop the dagger with a howl of pain. Again the staff rose and fell, this time upon his head staggering him and knocking off his eyes, so that the light, such as it was, shone upon his vicious fat face, the fringe of sandy-coloured whisker running from throat to temples, and the bald head above, which Adrian knew at once for that of Hugu Simon, or the Butcher. Fortunately for him, however, the Butcher was too surprised, or too much confused by the blow which he had received on the head to recognize his antagonist. Nor, having lost his knife, and believing doubtless that Adrian was only the first of a troop of rescuers, did he seem inclined to continue the combat, but, calling to his companion to follow him, he began to run after the woman with a swiftness almost incredible in a man of his build and weight, turning presently into the brushwood, where he and his two fellow thieves vanished away.

Adrian dropped the point of his stick and looked round him, for the whole affair had been so sudden, and the rout of the enemy so complete, that he was tempted to believe he must be dreaming. Not thirty seconds ago he was fighting the dead falcon in his satchel, and now behold! he was a gallant knight who, armed, except for a dagger, which he forgot to draw, had conquered two sturdy knaves and a female accomplice, bristling with weapons, rescuing from their clutches Beauty (for doubtless the maiden was beautiful), and, incidentally, her well-to-do relatives. Just then the lady, who had been dragged from the mule to the ground, where she still lay, struggled to her knees and looked up, thereby causing the hood of her travelling cloak to fall back from her head.

Thus it was, softened and illumined by the last pale glow of the setting sun, that Adrian first saw the face of Elsa Brant, the woman upon whom, in the name of love, he was destined to bring so much sorrow.

The hero Adrian, overthrower of robbers, looked at the kneeling Elsa, and knew that she was lovely, as, under the circumstances, was right and fitting, and the rescued Beauty, gazing at the hero Adrian, admitted to herself that he was handsome, also, that his appearance on the scene had been opportune, not to say providential.

Elsa Brant, the only child of that Hendrik Brant, the friend and cousin of Dirk van Goor, who has already figured in this history, was just nineteen. Her eyes, and her hair which curled, were brown, her complexion was pale, suggesting delicacy of constitution, her mouth small, with a turn of humour about it, and her chin rather large and firm. She was of middle height, if anything somewhat under it, with an exquisitely rounded and graceful figure and perfect hands. Lacking the stolidity of a Spanish beauty, and the coarse fullness of outline which has always been admired in the Netherlands, Elsa was still without doubt a beautiful woman, though how much of her charm was owing to her bodily attractions, and how much to her vivacious mind and to a certain saintly spirituality that was set upon her face in repose, and looked out of her clear large eyes when she was thoughtful, it would not be easy to determine. At any rate, her charms were sufficient to make a powerful impression upon Adrian, who, forgetting all about the Marchioness d'Orville, inspired of sonnets, became enamoured of her then and there, partly for her own sake and partly because it was the right kind of thing for a deliverer to do.

But it cannot be said, however deep her feelings of gratitude, that Elsa became enamoured of Adrian. Undoubtedly, as she had recognized, he was handsome, and she much admired the readiness and force with which he had ridden that singularly loathsome and looking individual who had dragged her from the mule. But as it chanced, standing where he did, the shadow of his face lay on the grass beside her. It was a faint shadow, for the light was low, still it was there, and it fascinated her, for seen thus the fine features became sinister and cruel, and the smile of courtesy and admiration was transformed into a most unpleasant sneer. A trivial accident of light, no doubt, and foolish enough that Elsa should notice it under such circumstances. But notice it she did, and what is more, by noting the minds of women turned this way or that, and so illogically do they draw a right conclusion from some bare freak of chance, it raised her prejudice against him.

"Oh! Señor, said Elsa clasping her hands, 'how can I thank you enough?'"

The speech was short and not original. Yet there were two things about it that Adrian noted with satisfaction; first, that it was uttered in a soft and most attractive voice, and secondly, that the speaker supposed him to be a Spaniard of noble birth.

"Do not thank me at all, gracious lady," he replied, making his lowest bow, "To put to flight two robber rogues and a woman was no great feat, although I had but this staff for weapon," he added, perhaps with a view to impressing upon the maiden's mind that her assailants had been armed while he, the deliverer, was not.

"Ah!" she answered, "I daresay that a brave knight like you thinks nothing of fighting several men at once, but when that wretch with the big hands and the flat face caught hold of me I nearly died of fright." At the best of times I am a dreadful coward, and no, I thank you, Señor, I can stand now and alone. See, here comes the Heer van Broekhoven under whose escort I am travelling, and look, he is bleeding. Oh! worthy friend, are you hurt?"

"Not much, Elsa," gasped the Heer, for he was still breathless with fright and exhaustion, "but that ruffian—may the hangman have him—gave me a dig in the shoulder with his knife as he rose to run. However," he added with satisfaction, "he got nothing from me, for I am an old traveller, and he never thought to look in my hat."

"I wonder why they attacked us?" said Elsa.

The Heer van Broekhoven rubbed his head thoughtfully. "To rob us, I suppose; but the queer thing is that they were expecting us, for I heard this Spaniard say, 'Here they are; look for the letter on the girl, Butcher.'"

As he spoke Elsa's face turned grave, and Adrian saw her glance at the animal she had been riding and slip her arm through its rein. "Worthy sir," went on Van Broekhoven, "tell us whom we have to thank."

"I am Adrian, called Van Goor," Adrian replied with dignity.

"Van Goor!" said the Heer. "Well, this is strange; Providence could not have arranged it better. Listen, wife," he went on, addressing the stout lady, who all this while had sat still upon the horse, so alarmed and bewildered that she could not speak, "here is a son of Dirk van Goor, to whom we are charged to deliver Elsa."

"Indeed," answered the good woman, recovering herself somewhat. "I thought from the look of him that he was a Spanish nobleman. But whoever he is I am sure that we are all very much obliged to him, and it will be good to show the way out of this dreadful wood, which doubtless is full of robbers, to the house of our kinsfolk, the Broekhovens of Leyden, I should be still more grateful."

"Madam, you have only to accept my escort, and I assure you that you need fear no more robbers. Might I in turn ask this young lady's name?"

"Certainly, young sir. She is Elsa Brant, the only child of Hendrik Brant, the famous goldsmith of The Hague, but doubtless now that you know her name you know all that also, for she must be some kind of cousin to you. Husband, help Elsa on to her mule."

"Let that be my duty," said Adrian, and, springing forward, he lifted Elsa to the saddle gracefully enough. Then, taking her mule by the bridle, he walked onwards through the wood praying in his heart that the Butcher and his companions would not find courage to attack them again before they were out of its depths.

"Tell me, sir, are you Foy?" asked Elsa in a puzzled voice.

"No," answered Adrian, shortly. "I am his brother."

"Ah! that explains it. You see I was perplexed, for I remember Foy when he was quite little; a beautiful boy, with blue eyes and yellow hair, who was always very kind to me. Once he stopped at my father's house at The Hague with his father."

"Indeed," said Adrian. "I am glad to hear that Foy was ever beautiful. I can only remember that he was very stupid, for I used to try to teach him. At any rate, I am afraid you will not think him beautiful now—that is, unless you admire young men who are almost as broad as they are long."

"Oh! Heer Adrian," she answered, laughing, "I am afraid that fault can be found with most of us North Holland folk, and myself among the number. You see it is given to very few of us to be tall and noble-looking like high-born Spaniards—not that I should wish to resemble any Spaniard, however lovely she might be," Elsa added, with a slight hardening of her voice and face. "But," she went on hurriedly, as though sorry that the remark had escaped her, "you, sir, and Foy are strangely unlike to be brothers; it is not so?"

"We are half-brothers," said Adrian looking straight before him; "we have the same mother only; but please do not call me 'sir,' call me 'cousin.'"

"No, I cannot do that," she replied gladly, "for Foy's mother is no relation of mine. I think that I must call you 'Sir Prince,' for, you see, you appeared at exactly the right time; just like the Prince in the fairy tales, you know."

Here was an opening not to be neglected by a young man of Adrian's stamp.

"Ah!" he said in a tender voice, and looking up at the lady with his dark eyes, "that is a happy name indeed. I would ask no better lot than to be your Prince, now and always charged to defend you from every danger." (Here, it may be explained that, now, exaggerated his language, Adrian honestly meant what he said, seeing that already he was convinced that to be the husband of the beautiful heiress of one of the wealthiest men in the Netherlands would be a very satisfactory walk in life for a young man in his position.)

"Oh! Sir Prince," broke in Elsa hurriedly, for her cavalier's ardour was somewhat embarrassing, "you are telling the story wrong; the tale I mean did not go on like that at all. Don't you remember? The hero rescued the lady and handed her over—to his brother."

"Of whom I think he came to claim her afterwards," replied Adrian with another languishing look, and a smile of conscious vanity at the nearness of his answer.

The gloom, then, and suddenly Adrian became aware that Elsa's face had undergone a complete change. The piquante, half-amused look had passed out of it; now it was strained and hard and the eyes were frightened.

"Oh! now I understand the shadow—how strange," she exclaimed in a low voice.

"What is the matter? What is strange?" he asked.

"Oh!—only that your face reminded me so much of a man of whom I am terrified. No, no, I am foolish; it is nothing. Those footpads have upset me. Praise be to God that they are out of that before us. Are not those red roofs pretty in the twilight, and how big the churches! Look, neighbour Broekhoven, here is Leyden wall; it must be a very strong town. I should think that even the Spaniards could not take it, and oh I am sure that it would be a good thing if we could find a city which we were quite, quite certain the Spaniards could never take—all, all of us," and she sighed heavily.

"If I were a Spanish general with a proper army," began Adrian pompously, "I could take Leyden easily enough. Only this afternoon I studied its weak spots, and made a plan of attack which could scarcely fail, seeing that the place would only be defended by a mob of untrained, half-armed burghers."

Again that curious look returned into Elsa's eyes.

"If you were a Spanish general," she said slowly. "How can you jest about such a thing as the sacking of a town by Spaniards? Do you know what it means? That is how they talk; I have heard them," and she shuddered, then went on, "You are not a Spaniard, are you, sir, that you can speak like that?" And without waiting for an answer Elsa urged her mule forward, leaving him a little behind.

Presently, as they passed through the Witte Poort, he was at her side again and chatting to her, but although she replied courteously enough, he felt that an invisible barrier had arisen between them. Yes, she had read his secret heart; it was as though she had been a party to his thoughts when he stood by the bridge this afternoon designing plans for the taking of Leyden, and half wishing that he might share in its sack. She mistrusted him, and was half afraid of him, and Adrian knew that it was so.

Ten minutes' ride through the quiet town, for in those days of terror and suspicion unless business took them abroad people did not frequent the streets much after sundown, brought the party to the Van Goor's house in the Breer Straat. Here Adrian dismounted and tried to open the door, only to find that it was locked and barred. This seemed to exasperate a temper already somewhat excited by the various events and experiences of the day, and more especially by the change in Elsa's manner; at any rate he used the knocker with unnecessary energy. After a while, with much turning of keys and drawing of bolts, the door was opened, revealing Dirk and his stepfather standing in the passage, candle in hand, while behind, as though to be ready for any emergency, loomed the greasy shopping of Red Martin.

"Is that you, Adrian?" asked Dirk in a voice at once testy and relieved. "Then why did you not come to the side entrance instead of forcing us to unbar here?"

"Because I bring you a guest," replied Adrian pointing to Elsa and her companions. "It did not occur to me that you would wish guests to be smuggled in by a back door as though—as though they were ministers of our New Religion."

The bow had been drawn at a venture, but the shaft went home, for Dirk started and whispered: "Be silent, fool. Then he added aloud, 'Guest! What guest?'"

"It is I, cousin Dirk, Elsa, Hendrik Brant's daughter," she said, sliding from her mule.

"Elsa Brant!" ejaculated Dirk. "Why, how came you here?"

"I will tell you presently," she answered; "I cannot talk in the street," and she touched her lips with her finger. "These are my friends, the Van Broekhovens, under whose escort I have travelled from The Hague. They wish to go on to the house of their relations, the other Broekhovens, if someone will show them the way."

Then followed greetings and brief explanations. After these the Broekhovens departed to the house of their relatives, under the care of Martin, while, its saddle having been removed and carried into the house by Martin, at Elsa's express request, Adrian led the mule round to the stable.

(To be continued.)

Club Comments

By "HARMADUXE"

THE war is virtually over, so are the General Elections. What excitements come next on the programme? The return of the City Imperial Volunteers is the first step homewards of the large Army which was despatched in dribbles to South Africa. General Buller, Lord Roberts, the Yeomanry, the Naval Brigade, and certain regiments of the regular Army may be expected to follow quick succession, and the country will welcome them all alike with flags, fireworks and festivities. There are, however, ten thousand dead who will never return. How will the country perpetuate their memory? That a monument will be erected to their honour in South Africa is certain, but will there be no monument in London to commemorate their services?

The ordinary official—whether his position be great or small—works slowly; he calls it deliberately. The war in South Africa has had a switchback course; at one moment our forces have dipped into the hollows, at another they have risen to the crests. Heroic deeds have been accomplished, duty has been fulfilled at any risk, mind has overcome circumstances. The official mind at home has no doubt kept a precise record of these triumphs, but it is not emotional. Lord Roberts has not yet been promoted in the Peerage; Sir George White of Ladysmith, who withstood the initial invasion, is still awaiting the substantial recognition which he deserves; Colonel Kekewich, the defender of Kimberley, and General Baden-Powell, who saved Mafeking, are not yet adequately rewarded.

In a few weeks from this Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington, will retire from the Diplomatic Service. He has been the most successful British representative to the United States which this country has had for many years, and it is to be hoped that the Government will signalise its approval of his brilliant services either by promoting him to a Viscounty or by conferring on him some distinction which is not yet his.

Many Conservatives express the hope that Lord Salisbury may offer some small office in the Government to Mr. Winston Churchill should the opportunity occur for doing this. The name of Churchill still holds some of the charm which the late Lord Randolph accumulated around it during his short career, and his son by his abilities, his originality, his vigour and energy, and by the gift which he possesses for public speaking, has personal claims which the Government should not ignore.

It should have been stated that the portrait of "Mark Twain," in our last issue, was by A. Dunn, Willesden.

The New Capital of China

SI-NGAN-FU, which, it seems, will become the new capital of China, is one of the most interesting, and, probably, the most ancient of Chinese cities. It is beautifully situated in a mountain-walled valley, to the south-west of the junction of the King Ho with the Wei Ho, and at a distance of some 800 miles from Peking. It is the most Chinese of Chinese cities, and is encircled with a strong wall, crenelated and quadrilateral, each side of which faces one of the cardinal points of the compass. The wall is built of bricks, and is some thirty-six feet in height, and some eight miles in circuit. All round the walls, at the distance of a bow-shot apart, are small square towers. Each wall is pierced by a gate, and a wide street leads from each gate to the centre of the city, where are the Imperial Palace and the residence of the present Governor of Shansi. The city contains an arsenal and a cannon foundry, whence modern weapons of war are turned out.

The unique position of Si-ngan-fu on the great trade route between Eastern Asia and the Middle Kingdom has given it for nearly three thousand years at least a position of the greatest commercial and political importance. It was the capital of China for several centuries, and is still not only one of the most prosperous cities of the Empire but also the true strategical centre of China. Its stores are filled with precious merchandise; but notwithstanding its great antiquity—for it is said to have been founded by the Marital King in the twelfth century B.C.—few ancient buildings remain. The site of the Palace of the Tang dynasty—which reigned from the seventh to early in the tenth century—is still shown. An archaeological museum of priceless value exists in the city, and contains a mass of tablets, inscriptions and designs whereby much of the history of the ancient dynasties of China may be reconstructed. The famous relics of the Hia, Shang and Chau dynasties are no longer in Si-ngan-fu, but were removed to Peking in A.D. 1126. The celebrated Christian monument—the earliest known to exist in Eastern Asia—dated the eighth century, and written in Syriac and Chinese characters, is still embedded in the wall of a Temple outside the western gate of the City.

Si-ngan-fu, or Si-King, as it was called in its most famous days, was the capital of several of the most potent dynasties of China. It was the metropolis of Shi Hoangti of the Tain dynasty, the great Emperor whose conquests almost intersected those of his contemporary Ptolemy Evergetes. Under the name of Chang-an it was the capital of the Han Sovereigns, who reigned from B.C. 202 to A.D. 221. The city, however, reached the period of its greatest power, splendour and importance during the dynasty of the Tangs (A.D. 618 to 905),



PORTUGUESE DIVERS AT MADEIRA
ON THE WAY HOME FROM SOUTH AFRICA
From a Photograph by H. W. Nicholls

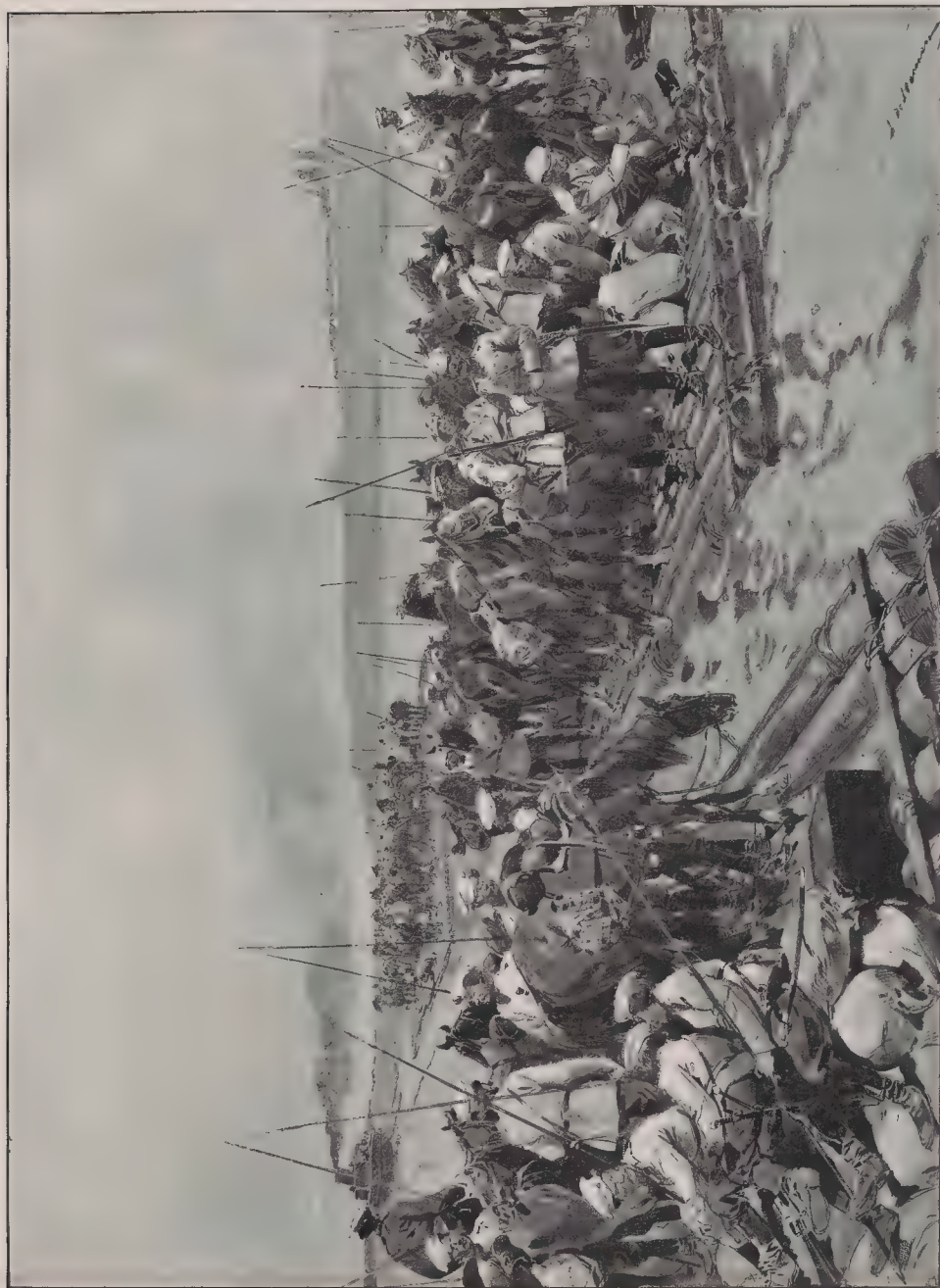
and was known then by the name of Si-King, or the Western Capital—a name which was familiar not only to the merchants of the whole of Asia, but also to those of Europe. The Mongol Sovereigns, after their conquest of China, called it King-tiao-fu, which was modified into Kenjafu in Marco Polo's admirable account of the city, an account which applies to it in its particulars at the present day.

In 1861-2 the Mohammedan population in Si-ngan-fu and the adjoining districts rose in rebellion against Chinese authority, and for a time were successful in resisting it. It was owing to the strength of its walls that Si-ngan-fu at that time was not destroyed like Nan-king and other cities of the Empire. A large army of the rebels appeared before the

city, but were forced to retire after burning the suburbs. The thousands of Mohammedans in Si-ngan-fu at the time were imprisoned, and those in authority had the greatest difficulty in restraining the Chinese from massacring them. The Mohammedans possess eight mosques in the city at the present day, but they have been obliged to place therein the tablets of the Emperor and of Confucius. One of the sights of the neighbourhood of Si-ngan-fu is the curious Temple of Ta-fu-az, which is a domed building containing a colossal figure of the Buddha fifty-six feet in height—both temple and idol being cut out of the solid rock. It is the reputed work of one of the Emperors of the Tang dynasty. The city of Si-ngan-fu is said to contain over a million inhabitants.



WILLING PUPILS AND INSTRUCTORS: TAKING THE SUN ON A MAIL BOAT
ON THE WAY FROM SOUTH AFRICA
From a Photograph by H. W. Nicholls



DRAWN BY J. DE LAUNAY

Hundreds of Cossacks were hurled down the Shilka and Amur on rafts to the invaded frontier when the Manchus opened the Silesia frontier. Some of the rafts were wrecked in the rapids and many and horses were drowned. Several times during the journey the enemy opened fire on the Cossacks from the river bank, but the loss sustained from the rafts prevented them from doing much damage.

FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. MASON

THE FIGHTING ON THE SIBERIAN FRONTIER: RUSSIANS GOING TO THE FRONT IN MANCHURIA



Born Dec. 4, 1830

Died Oct. 16, 1900

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM LUSON THOMAS, R.I.
FOUNDER AND MANAGING DIRECTOR OF "THE GRAPHIC" AND "THE DAILY GRAPHIC"
From a Photograph by Mors, Brighton

The Late Mr. W. L. Thomas, R.I.

It is with the most profound regret that we announce the death of Mr. William Luson Thomas, R.I., the founder and managing director of *The Graphic*, and *The Daily Graphic*, after an illness to which no immediately serious termination had been anticipated. Exactly what his death means to *The Graphic* only those who have lived and worked with him from its commencement can quite conceive. For many years he was *The Graphic* and *The Graphic* meant Mr. W. L. Thomas. Conceived, planned and started with foresight and boldness in the days when launching a new newspaper was much greater event than now, it at once arrested the attention of the public and received a support which convinced its energetic founder that his venture was on the right lines. The new paper, if one may say so here, gave a splendid encouragement to the young draughtsmen of the period, and Mr. Thomas helped, as more than one has confessed, to develop by his shrewd criticism their originality no less than their fortunes. Even as he led the artists of the day so did he lead the public, and it is hard to realise in these days the condition of illustrated journalism in England in the days before *The Graphic* was started. "Few more shrewd and painstaking managers than Mr. William Thomas," says a well-known critic, "have started English journals; and certainly a paper which could boast of having upon its staff at the same time such artists as Walker, Pinwell, Herkomer, Fildes, Macbeth, Gregory, Houghton, Woods, Sydney Hall, Small, Linton, Charles Green, &c., was well equipped as far as quality was concerned." It is to Mr. Thomas's credit that he to a great extent discovered and worked this vein of artistic genius to the benefit of all concerned. Born in 1830, some six years after his brother, George Thomas, the well-known painter, William Thomas very early gave evidence of artistic tastes, and engraving offered him the first stepping-stone towards his ambitions. His elder brother was then in Paris working as a very successful engraver—engraving then being a flourishing art and English engravers in considerable request—so to Paris he went, and subsequently the two brothers, both eager, both ambitious, joined their fortunes with those of a certain Chevalier Nykoff, and sailed to New York in company with Mr. George Thomas's partner, Mr. H. Harrison, to help to start a new illustrated paper. They helped to

start not one but three illustrated papers, which successively failed, before the elder brother's health breaking down they returned to England. To Rome then for a time they went, there to study, the while Garibaldi and then French were in possession of the city, after which Mr. Thomas came home, first to practise engraving under Mr. W. J. Linton, and then to start in business on his own account. Aided by a large staff, he prospered well, and illustrated and engraved many standard works, as well as doing much work for the *Illustrated London News*. Then came the days when *The Graphic* was first conceived. An engraver who cherished ambitions, who was a dreamer of dreams and a practical man to boot, was not likely to be satisfied long with a profession which is not satisfying. So it was with Mr. Thomas, and he has himself told very graphically the story of how his great venture came to be. Then, and for many years afterwards, he found his chief relaxation in water-colour painting, but "I was ready," he says, in an article which he wrote for the *Universal Review*, "I think I was prepared, for some big, interesting, far-reaching enterprise. And it was in this temper, and as an outcome of these circumstances, that I conceived the idea of, and founded, *The Graphic*."

"The originality of the scheme consisted in establishing a weekly illustrated journal open to all artists, whatever their method, instead of confining my staff to draughtsmen on wood, as had been hitherto the general custom. Added to this as an attraction, I hoped to enlist the services of writers of some literary distinction. Yet, for all that, it was a bold idea to attempt a new journal at the price of sixpence a copy in the face of the most successful and firmly established illustrated paper in the world, costing then only fivepence. I had, if I would carry out my darling scheme, to throw up an engraving business which commanded a good income. And yet, so strong, so vital, so compelling was the impulse within me that I cannot remember now if I hesitated. 'Well, poor mariners take their chance,' I took mine!"

"For one thing, if my pecuniary resources were small, I was blessed with numerous friends and relatives who trusted me; their faith in me went far; it was made of the stuff which endures, and if they thought me rash, they knew, at any rate, that I was honest. But what days those were! All complicity of hopes and fears and good, honest, breathless excitement and steady purpose. I suppose I could hardly expect any one else to understand how it all comes back to me—the very touch and pressure of that past—as I forage among old dusty papers

for the material of this article,* reading over the well-remembered yellowing sheets. This one, a reply to my invitation to join the forlorn hope; this, the cordial, hearty hand-grip of the friend who will insist upon taking more risk than he ought in prudence to take; that other, the cool business-like answer of the special capitalist from whom I had greatest expectations, and who politely sends me all his regrets; or the diffuse questions of the nervous acquaintance, the man who at the last critical moment hesitates and explains and retires. What a world it evokes, what plans and possibilities, what hopes doomed to disappointment and fears which came to nothing, and bold experiment and sweet-tasting, well-remembered success!"

An elder brother, a Brazilian merchant, flung himself into the scheme, bringing others with him, and the initial capital was raised. The title, which once sounded so strangely, was suggested by Mr. Thomas, and on December 4, 1869, the paper appeared, scoring an instant success, while the new journal's great opportunity came with the Franco-German War. From that time the story of Mr. Thomas's life might almost be said to be the story of *The Graphic* and *vice-versa*, so interwoven are the two. Exactly when the idea of *The Daily Graphic* occurred it would be difficult to say. Many had dreamt of an illustrated daily, but the knowledge and means to put such an idea into execution was beyond the many, even if mechanical difficulties had not barred the way. As soon, however, as the last stood a fair chance of being overcome, Mr. Thomas began to lay his plans, and twenty years after the appearance of *The Graphic* the foundation of a second success was laid, and London knew its first daily illustrated paper. Mr. Thomas, who by this time was sixty years of age, threw himself into the new undertaking, and piloted it to success with a vigour and energy no whit abated. Nothing escaped his vigilance, nothing shook his confidence in the future of the paper, in spite of the huge outlay which its initial production entailed. New and unforeseen difficulties arose, but they never shook his confidence in himself, while one and all associated with him were imbued with something of that same confidence. He always saw directly ahead to what was required, and rarely failed in his choice of men to carry his ideas into execution. However much, though, the two *Graphics* have engrossed his attention, and all his later life was bound up in them, Mr. Thomas's active mind found many other outlets. As has been mentioned, he was an excellent water-colour artist, and a

* "The Making of *The Graphic*," *Universal Review*, September 15, 1888

constant exhibitor at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, being elected first an associate, and subsequently a full member. Of late years he had painted but little, yet those who remember his pictures of travel will recall his clear eye for light and colour, and an exhibition of his work some few years since, from which purchases were made by the Queen and Prince of Wales, was a revelation to many. In the fortunes of the Institute he took a deep interest. He was instrumental in raising the money for the handsome new galleries, to which it removed from its old quarters in Pall Mall. He secured for it the prefix Royal, and he strove hard to bring about an amalgamation of the two Water-Colour Societies, so as to unite them both in Piccadilly, in the Royal Institute building erected by the company of which he was chairman. Those who only knew Mr. Thomas in the Strand, though, only half knew him. He had to be known among his books and pictures in South London, or at his garden at Chertsey, where he loved to spend such leisure as his active mind would allow him, wandering round his conservatories and stables, and tending his roses. Even here, though, it may be questioned whether he enjoyed that real leisure which is the prerogative of the man with a lazy mind. Wandering over his lawns in seeming idleness he was, more often than not, pondering over and developing ideas for the improvement of the papers in which he took so keen an interest, and fiercely though competition has burned since the days of his first success, his active

personality will be much missed by those who attend artistic functions, such as the Royal Academy Banquet and the various private views. He was a most successful chairman of charitable banquets, and even as recently as last year succeeded in obtaining a record subscription list for the Artists' Benevolent Institution, while other outlets for his energy are shown in the fact that he was a member of the Councils of the Society of Arts, of the Gordon Memorial Fund, and of the Royal Academy of Music, while he took a great interest in the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund. The Press Band again was his own conception, and he was a strong supporter of the Sunday opening of picture galleries. His loss is too recent for those who have been associated with him to have any clear realisation of what that loss means, so much was he a part of the journals which he created. But very many are those who will feel that with William Luson Thomas passes away not merely the loyal friend of the present, but one on whom hinge a host of pleasant memories down the long vista of years, and will feel a little older and somewhat sadder for the fact that another link connecting with the past has snapped, while those who worked with him here on the papers which are his life's monument, have mingled with their sincere regret a keener feeling which no words can convey. Mr. Thomas married, in 1854, Annie Carmichael, daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Carmichael, the well-known marine painter.

Satow, has now reached the Chinese capital—it was unanimously declared that two of the chief culprits—Tung-Fuh-Siang and Yuo-Hsin—must be included in the "little list" of those who are to be condignly punished; that the penalties suggested in the Imperial Edict were inadequate; and that the proper penalties must be carried into effect by delegates of the Legations. Thus the German Emperor must now have the feeling that his modified proposal, as sifted and sanctioned by the representatives of the Powers at Peking, does not very materially differ from his demand for the handing over of the guilty as a condition precedent to all further negotiations for a settlement.

So much, then, for the German Note, which deals with reparation for the past; and the supplementary or complementary Note of M. Delcassé, treating of guarantees for the future (which were detailed in last week's *Graphic*), seems to have also achieved an analogous measure of success. So far the answers of the Powers constitute a distinct diplomatic success for France, which has scored no few successes of this kind in recent years. All the Powers have replied that they agree to the French proposal "in principle," but some of them—England and the United States, for example—express reservations and doubts on points of detail.

The Boers continue to oppose a very stubborn resistance to our arms in South Africa, and it is true, in the way of regular but of guerilla warfare. A British loss of forty killed and wounded



A pleasant little ceremony took place on Monday night at the headquarters of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. Lieutenant Westmesters was presented with a service sword by the officers of his corps. He was one of the five officers from the Queen's Westminster who went out with the C.I.V.'s. He returned to this country on receiving a commission in the Regular Army, and is now returning to South Africa, having obtained an appointment in Baden-Powell's police force. Altogether 127 Queen's

Westmesters have been in the field. One hundred and nine served with the C.I.V.'s, thirty joined the Volunteer Service Corps of the King's Royal Rifle, one became attached to the Scots Guards, and one to the Army Medical Corps. Two took service in the B.A.C. battery, twenty-three in the Imperial Yeomanry, and one in the South African Light Horse. The presentation to Lieutenant Percy

HONOUR FOR A C.I.V. OFFICER: A PRESENTATION AT THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER HEADQUARTERS

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

BOXERS AND BOERS

brain never fell behind in the struggle. One of the most attractive features in *The Graphic* was the collection of Shakespeare's Heroines, an idea originated by Mr. Thomas, in which he invited the co-operation of the leading artists of the day, and he was commended by the Queen to take the collection to Osborne for inspection. The relation in which he stood to all the foremost artists of the last quarter of a century brought him hosts of friends, and the inner story of his relations with those who were associated with him in the making of *The Graphic* is a chapter which only they could write. It should be mentioned that his introduction to the Continent of the brilliant school of English draughtsmen thirty years ago was quite a little revelation, and he was decorated "Officier de l'Instruction Publique" by the French Government. Mr. Thomas was a man of many charities, but none are likely to ever fully know the thousand and one acts of what might almost be called surreptitious kindness to those who had been less successful than himself, while those who wanted advice often benefited by his shrewd criticisms. He read and knew the direction of a young man's mind, said Professor Herkimer at the congratulatory dinner on the coming of age of *The Graphic*, before the young man knew it himself, "and I believe it is through this shrewdness of observation, this insight into human nature, that he has been able, as it were, to launch out artists in their own direction and make them the original artists that they are. I am speaking of those who work under him and for him. His criticism was often bitter, but always true, and I have a right to say that after twenty-one years." Mr. Thomas's face and stinking

On the whole, perhaps, it may be said that the most important incident in the history of the Chinese crisis during the past week has been the publication in the *Times* of the wonderfully graphic letters of Dr. Morrison detailing the origin of the late troubles and the siege of the Legations—letters which, taken in conjunction with the revelations simultaneously furnished by the correspondent of the *Standard* on the strength of official documents found in the Yamen of the Viceroy of Chi-li after the capture of Tientsin, leave no doubt whatever as to the complicity of the Imperial Government in the crimes for which it is now being called to account by the outraged Powers. Nor could these revelations have come at a more opportune moment than the present, when the Powers are courting the aid of public opinion to back them up in the steps they are taking to obtain reparation for the past and guarantees for the future. That these steps are likely to be crowned with ultimate success would seem to be promised by the gratifying fact that something like unity of diplomatic purpose, if not yet, perhaps, complete agreement in respect of their course of action, has now been established between the Allies. This unity of purpose has been announced to us no less from Peking than from Paris. At Peking it was the modified German proposal with reference to the punishment of the Boxer criminals which was under discussion, and at a conference of the diplomatic body there, summoned by Sir Claude MacDonald—whose successor, Sir Ernest

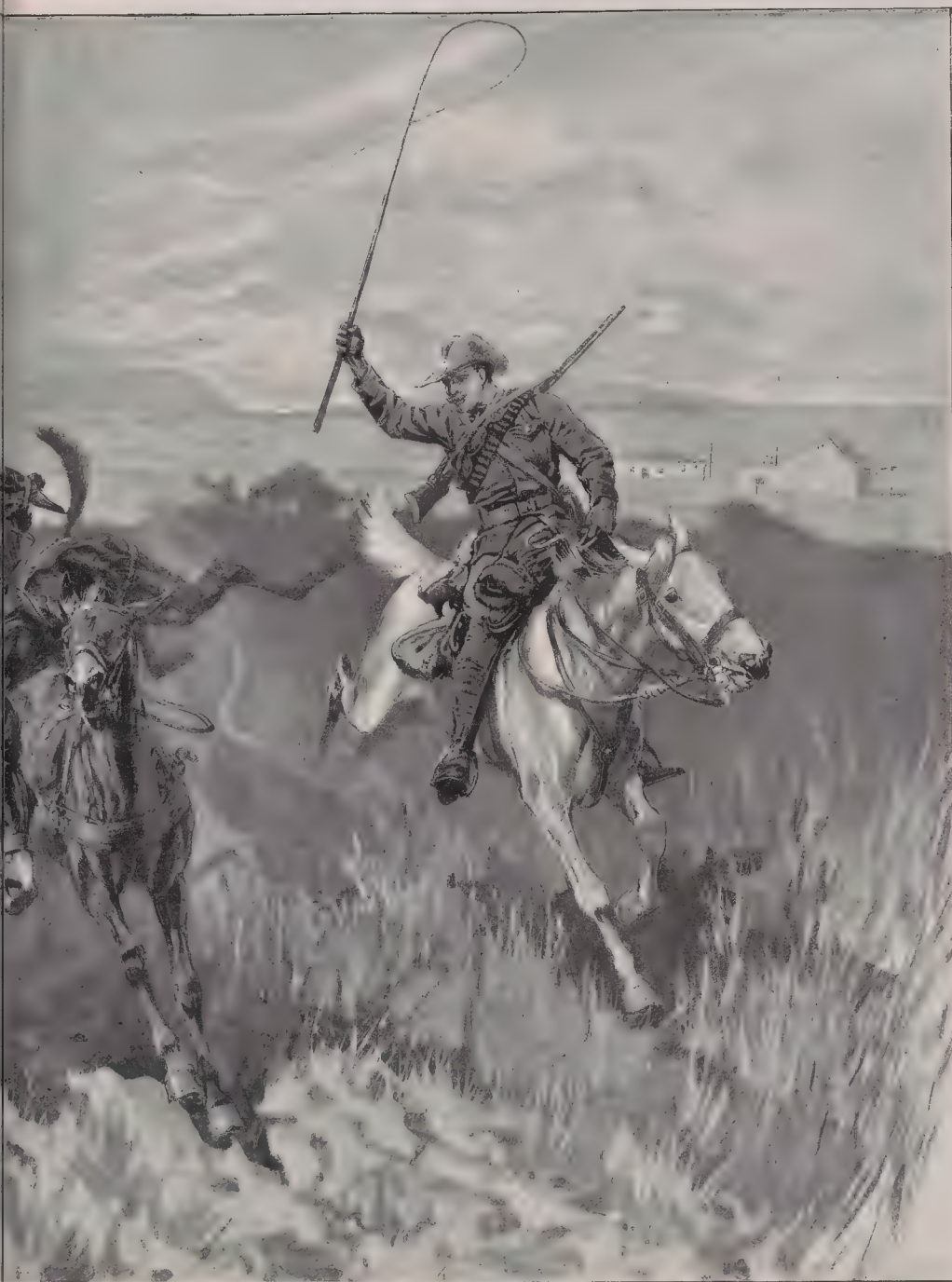
in one action—between Machadodorp and Heidelberg—is a heavy price to pay even for a "successful result" in a "country not hitherto visited by our troops;" and the era of "unfortunate accidents" does not yet seem to be over, in spite of the fact that the Boer armies, and armies, have now practically ceased to exist. One of these "accidents" occurred at Keempurden "owing to a train upsetting on the diversion over the Keap River;" and "I regret to say," reported Lord Roberts, "that the casualties were very heavy" to a party of the Vlapfontein garrison which proceeded along the line to ascertain the nature of the damage. Another Boer ambush, and another longish list of British officers and men killed and wounded! Similar incidents on a smaller scale are reported from other parts of what, by courtesy to the Boers, may still be called the seat of war; but still, on the whole, the balance of the account continues to swell slowly, if steadily, in our favour, as may be inferred from the daily increase in the number of our prisoners, of whom, says the Commander-in-Chief, "500 will shortly be despatched to Cape Town"—half of them to be divided between St. Helena and Ceylon. As for Mr. Kruger he has now set sail for Europe, and his example will be followed by General Buller, who has laid down his command and left for home. At Lydenburg he had a most enthusiastic send-off from his devoted troops, especially from his countrymen, the Devons, the drums and pipers of the Gordon Highlanders playing what one correspondent is made to call "Barren rocks, adieu!" which seems to be a curious telegraphic mutilation of "The Barren Rocks of Aden," a well-known Highland march.



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

Our Artist writes:—"One cannot help admiring the resourcefulness of the Colonials. The other day I saw some men of the Victoria Mounted Rifles bring a refractory mule to with skill and intelligence,

COLLECTING FORAGE IN SOUTH AFRICA: HOW T



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

along which had defied the efforts of the Kafir driver. Our own soldiers would, in a like case, most likely have done for the waggon, harness and mules. The Colonials directed the team soon the team was reduced to order.

THE COLONIALS MANAGE A REFRACTORY MULE TEAM

MR. RUSSELL has much pleasure in calling attention to the following Press Notices that have been recently published in the leading newspapers. Copies of the Journals containing the Original Notices, and many hundred others, are on view at Wolburn House.

A SLANDER ON FAT PEOPLE. OBESITY IS NOT THE RESULT OF GLUTTONY.

CAN OBESITY BE REMOVED?

"It is high time that the old and false idea that excessive corpulence is a thing to be endured but cannot be banished, and that it is a danger to the general health should be got rid of once for all. Equally pernicious is the view of those who of our own people and famous patients are partially responsible, that so much remedy of figure adds to the dignity of the person or the cheerful aspect of his countenance. These very notions, considerations are suggested by the perusal of an excellently written and most suggestive little volume entitled 'Corpulence and the Cure.' The book is in its twentieth edition, and the reason of this popularity is not far to seek. Its author, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Wolburn House, Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. (who will send a copy to any applicant who encloses 6d.) has, by the aid of a method of treatment which has clearly demonstrated, in fact, the actual formulae of the remedy which he prescribes. Mr. Russell asks all who are being largely recommended by persons who are suffering from adiposity, Mr. Russell asks all who are experiencing with his remedy to weigh themselves before and after the treatment, and appeals not to the fancied feelings of the patients, but to the hard testimony of scales and weights which cannot be suspected. This is a matter of fact, the loss of from 10 to 15 lb. per day, directly the remedy begins to be taken. This is a perfectly harmless deception, prepared from a few harmless pills, can find in the real lane."—*South Wales Daily News*, June 16, 1900.

Marvellous Results in Curing Corpulence by the "RUSSELL" TREATMENT.

"'Corpulence and the Cure'—This is the title of an interesting volume (200 pages) which has been written by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Wolburn House, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is a most interesting and sensible fashion with a subject which is of considerable moment to a large number of people. Mr. Russell has devoted more study than perhaps any other medical expert to the question of obesity, and his unique experience in the treatment of the thousands of cases that have come under his care has conclusively shown him the falsity of the idea that excessive corpulence is a thing to be endured because it cannot be removed without danger to the general health. He has proved that the contrary is the case, and that the removal of testimonials which are given in the book constitute an unanswerable testimony to the efficacy of his remedy. Mr. Russell handles his subject with the skill of a master, but without he uses such simple language that all may understand, and his book is full of useful information. He points out that in most of the so-called remedies for adiposity the adulteration of the medicine is such that it is either so dangerous to the system, or so objectionable to the stomach or to the system, that it is not worth the trouble of taking. Having given the subject constant attention for many years, Mr. Russell has succeeded in producing, and performing a purely vegetable preparation which is guaranteed to be perfectly harmless, but which he claims that it reduces superfluous fat in such a manner that in about 14 hours is usually a sufficient time to test its efficacy by stepping on a weighing machine. In short, the advantages of Mr. Russell's method may be summed up in the compound is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, it does not demand the self-starvation dietary restrictions which are so weak to the system, it is most efficacious in reducing fat without injury and it seems at times that the cure of obesity, so that when persons under treatment have been reduced to their normal weight the incubus may not return. Moreover, the treatment is as exceedingly pleasant one. The medicine which is prescribed is an agreeable, refreshing, cooling, invigorating tonic, and always there is a marvellous manner. It is purely vegetable, contains no poison, has no pernicious effect of the most delicate subject, is free from objection of any kind, and is neither aperient, constipating, weakening, nor sickly. It is sufficient that Mr. Russell's book has reached its eighteenth edition, and is certainly well read. It can be obtained by sending six penny stamps to the address as above. Amongst the numerous unsolicited letters which Mr. Russell is daily receiving, mention may be made of one from Mr. F. Upson, of Bristol, who says: 'I have over 100 persons here under your treatment, and, without one single exception, all without satisfactory results.' This is a testimony indeed.'—*Extract from The Bristol Mercury*, June 16, 1900.

SPECIAL OFFER.

To all Readers of *The Graphic* suffering from Obesity.
Mr. Russell will be pleased to forward post free a copy of his book, *CORPULENCE AND THE CURE*, 200 pages, in a sealed, plain envelope, to all applicants forwarding 6d. in stamps to Wolburn House, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

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THE LATE SIR H. W. DYKE-ACLAND
Late Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford



THE LATE COLONEL H. A. TREVELYAN
Distinguished Veteran



THE LATE MR. E. E. DE COURCY
Died of typhoid fever at Tientsin



THE LATE GENERAL SIR A. N. STANSHAM
Senior Officer of the Royal Marines

Our Portraits

SIR HENRY WENTWORTH DYKE ACLAND, BART., the fourth son of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, was born in 1815. He was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church. His studies at Oxford were interrupted by bad health, so that before taking his B.A. degree he was obliged to spend nearly two years in the Mediterranean on board a man-of-war. After leaving Oxford he began to study for the medical profession at St. George's Hospital and in Edinburgh. In London he came under the influence of Owen, who was then lecturing on Comparative Anatomy; and this influence, no doubt, greatly determined the course of his future career. In 1841 he was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls', and in 1845 was appointed Lee's Reader in Anatomy at Oxford. On starting his work in connection with the Readership, Acland found that there was in the University absolutely no provision for teaching biological science. To remedy this state of things he gave his whole attention, and at once began to put together an anatomical and physiological museum on the plan of that of John Hunter, which was then under the care of his teacher, Richard Owen. In 1853 Dr. Acland was put into a better position to carry on the work he had begun by his appointment to the Regius Professorship of Medicine. In the same year he was also made Radcliffe Librarian, this latter appointment gave him full opportunity of developing the library and of making it useful to all the departments in the museum. In 1846 Dr. Acland married Sarah Cotton, the eldest daughter of William and Sarah Cotton, of Walwood, Leytonstone. Dr. Acland took a very

warm interest in all matters relating to sanitary science. During the cholera epidemic of 1854 he was indefatigable in his attention to those who were smitten with the disease, and afterwards he published a very valuable memoir on the epidemic. In 1860 Dr. Acland went with the Prince of Wales to America as medical attendant, and on his return was made Honorary Physician to the Prince. Dr. Acland was made a C.B. in 1883, K.C.B. in 1884, and had a baronetcy conferred on him in 1893. He held many honorary degrees, and was also a Knight of the Order of the Rose of Brazil. Sir Henry took no part in local politics until the Home Rule question was adopted by the Liberal party. Then he felt it his duty, although he had been a life-long friend of Mr. Gladstone, to protest publicly against the Irish policy, and from that time he regularly supported the Unionist candidates for the city of Oxford. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Colonel Harrington Asley Trevelyan was one of the few survivors of the Light Cavalry Brigade which made the famous charge at Balaklava, where he was severely wounded, and he was also present at the Alma and the siege of Sebastopol. His promotion was extremely rapid, as he obtained his captaincy at the age of nineteen years, and his twenty-fifth year found him Colonel of the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars. For his services he was awarded the medal with three clasps, the Turkish War and 5th Medjidie medal. Colonel Trevelyan was the son of General Willoughby Trevelyan, Glenfargie, Perthshire, and belonged to the Cornish branch of that family. Our portrait is by Taber, San Francisco.

Mr. Robert Beatty de Courcy, B.A., who died of typhoid fever in the hospital, Tientsin, at the age of twenty-five, entered the service of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs in February, 1899, after a distinguished course in Trinity College, Dublin. He was appointed Professor of English in the Imperial College, Peking. His recent appointment as honorary secretary of the Oriental Society was a mark of the appreciation in which he was held. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Edward de Courcy, Arklow. Our portrait is by Lee, Portrush.

General Sir Anthony Blundell Stansham was ninety-four years of age at the time of his death. He was the senior officer of the Royal Marine forces, and one of the few survivors of the battle of Navarino, which took place more than seventy years ago. He was a native of Norfolk, a son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Anthony Stansham, and received his first commission in the Royal Marines in 1823. In the Chinese Campaign of 1840-41 he commanded the Royal Marines at the storming of the Whampoo batteries and at the capture of a number of other strongly fortified positions. In one of these engagements he was severely wounded. For his services he was mentioned in despatches, and received the brevet rank of major. Shortly before the outbreak of the Crimean War he was promoted lieutenant-colonel, and in 1854 took part in the Baltic Expedition. Subsequently, after serving as Inspector-General of the Royal Marine forces from 1862 to 1867, he was created a K.C.B., receiving the Grand Cross of the Order on the occasion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

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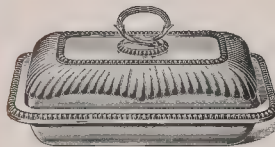
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Dish and Cover .. Prince's Plate .. £3 15 0 .. £16 10 0
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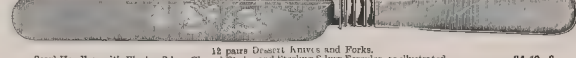
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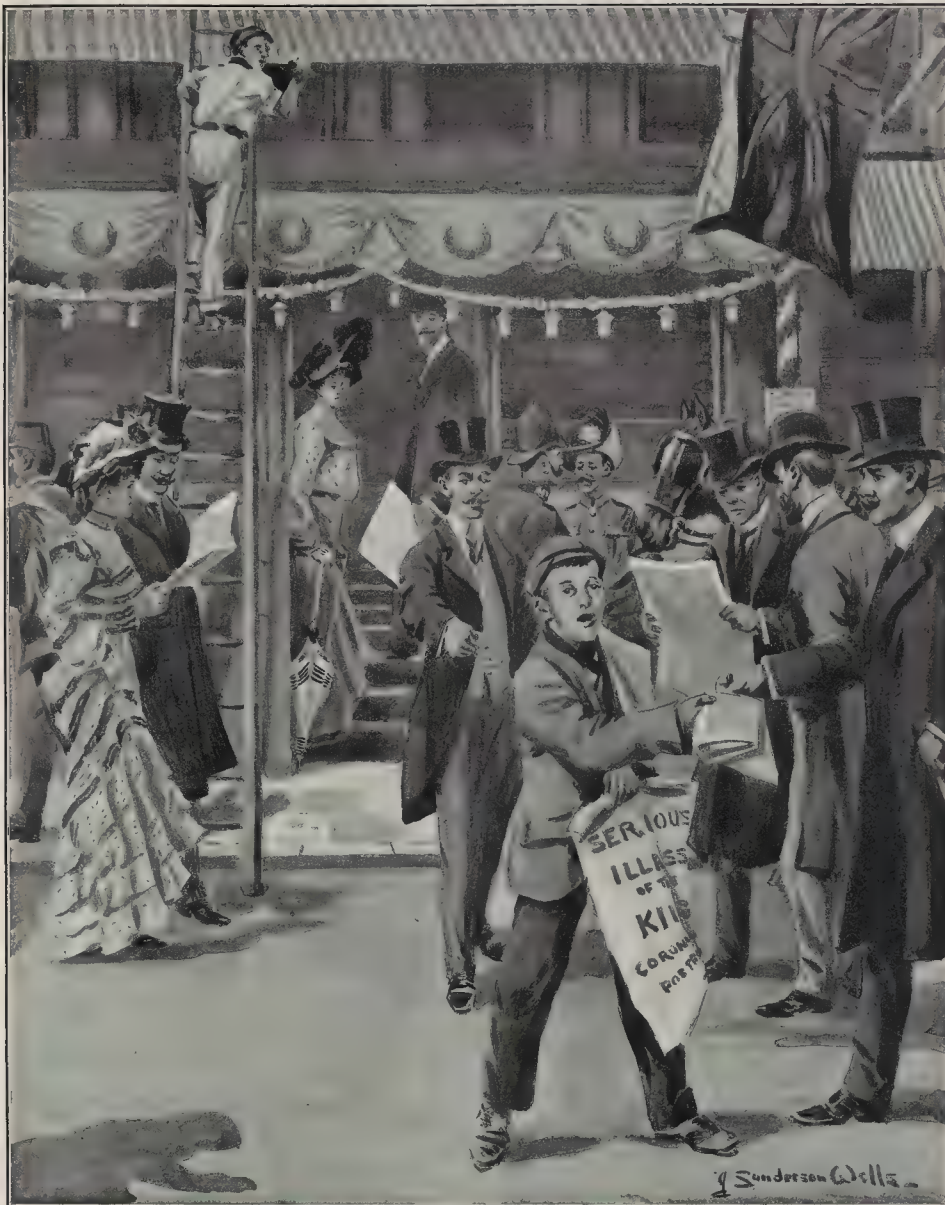
JOHANNESBURG: 8, Von Brandis Square.

CITY (Facing the Mansion House)—
2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

The finger of God has appeared in the midst of national rejoicing and on the eve of what promised to be one of the most splendid pageants in English history. *Cardinal Vaughan*

CONSTERNATION.

The very unfortunate event . . . has cast a gloom which one can hardly describe over the metropolis and the whole of the kingdom. *Lord Spencer in the House of Lords*



DRAWN BY J. SANDERS-N WELLS

June 24.—I have to announce that the solemnity of the coronation of their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra is postponed from the 26th inst. to a date hereafter to be determined.—*NOVOLA.*

June 25.—The Earl Marshal has received the King's commands to express his Majesty's deep sorrow that, owing to his serious illness, the coronation ceremony must be postponed. All celebrations in London will, in consequence, be likewise postponed, but it is the King's earnest hope that the celebrations in the country shall be held as already arranged.

June 24, 11.15 a.m. The King is undergoing a surgical operation (at Buckingham Palace). The King is suffering from peritonitis. The condition on Saturday was so satisfactory that it was hoped that with care his Majesty would be able to go through the coronation ceremony. Yesterday evening a recrudescence became manifest, rendering a surgical operation necessary to-day. (Signed) LISTER, THOS. SMITH, FRANCIS LAKING, THOS. BARLOW, FREDK. TREVES.

June 24, 2 p.m.—The operation on his Majesty has been successfully performed. A large abscess has been evacuated. The King bore the operation well and is in a satisfactory condition.

June 24, 4 p.m. His Majesty continues to make satisfactory progress and has been much relieved by the operation.

June 24, 11.30 p.m. The King's condition is as good as could be expected after so serious an operation. His strength is maintained. There is less pain, and his Majesty has taken a little nourishment. It will be some days before it will be possible to say that the King is out of danger.

June 25, 10.45 a.m.—The King has had a good night and his improved condition is maintained. We are happy that we are able to state that we consider his Majesty to be out of immediate danger. The general condition is satisfactory. The operation wound, however, still needs constant attention, and as much concern as attaches to his Majesty is connected with the wound. Under the most favourable conditions his Majesty's recovery must be protracted. The 2 p.m. bulletin will be discontinued.

SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL DECORATIONS IN LONDON.



QUEEN VICTORIA ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

STATUES, FLAGS, TRIUMPHAL
ARCHES

A LION ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE



QUEEN ELIZABETH ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE



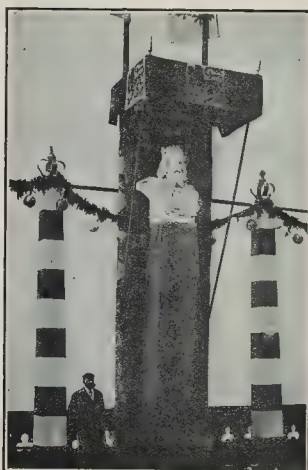
THE CANADIAN ARCH IN WHITEHALL



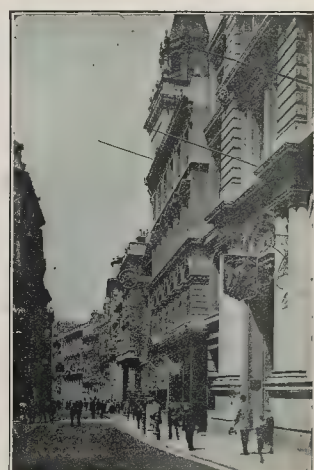
THE WHITEHALL ARCH-SOUTH END



A STATUE IN ST. JAMES'S STREET



KING ALFRED ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE



LOMBARD STREET SIGNS

GUESTS FROM EUROPE WHO CAME—AND WENT.



ITALY—DUKE OF AOSTA
The King of Italy's cousin and heir



FRANCE—ADMIRAL GERVAIS
He came for the Queen's funeral



GERMANY—PRINCE HENRY
Brother of the Kaiser and nephew of King Edward



AUSTRIA—ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND
Nephew and heir of the Austrian Emperor



GREECE—DUKE OF SPARTA
King Edward's and Queen Alexandra's nephew



ROUMANIA—THE CROWN PRINCE
He is married to King Edward's niece



DENMARK—CROWN PRINCE
Christian, Queen Alexandra's brother



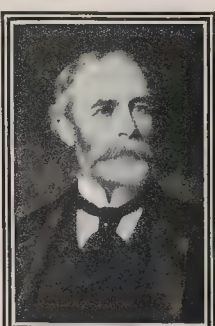
RUSSIA—GRAND DUKE MICHAEL
The Czar's brother and Queen Alexandra's nephew



MONTENEGRO—PRINCE DANILO
Married King Edward's kinswoman, Duchess Jutta



BELGIUM—PRINCE ALBERT
Nephew and heir of the King



THE UNITED STATES
Mr. Whitelaw Reid



HOLLAND—BARON SIEREMA VAN GROVESTINS
Grand Master of Queen Wilhelmina's household



SPAIN—PRINCE OF ASTURIAS
Brother-in-law to the King of Spain



PORTUGAL—CROWN PRINCE
Louis, Duke of Braganza, born 1887



TURKEY—TURKHAN PASHA
State Councillor to the Sultan



SWEDEN—CROWN PRINCE
Gustavus, born 1898

THE DISAPPOINTED VISITORS FROM THE FAR EAST



Prince Komatsu

Viscount Imato

Baron Sannomiya

Prince Chen

China.

Prince Tsai Chen, the special ambassador, is the eldest son of Prince Ching, President of the new Foreign Board and officially the most prominent member of the Chinese Government. His Highness is a young man of about twenty-six years of age and is now for the first time serving his country out of Peking. He is the eldest son of Prince Ching, whose name has been so prominently before the world during the last two years as President of the old Tsungli Yamen and of its successor, the new Wai-wu-pu. He was also Chinese plenipotentiary in the peace negotiations and signed the protocol. Prince Ching is the eldest son of the seventeenth son of the Emperor Chia-Ching, who died in 1821, and he is consequently the nephew of the Emperor Taoukwang, who succeeded that ruler, and died in 1850. Prince Chen thus stands in the same degree of descent from the Emperor Chia-Ching as the present reigning Emperor Kwangsu, both being the great grandsons of that monarch. Both the present Emperor and Prince Chen have in common the name of Tsai, which is the distinctive appellation of the princes of their generation. The Emperor Kwangsu, before his elevation to the throne, was named Tsai Tien, and our visitor is Tsai Chen. Since his eighteenth year he has been, like all the other Imperial

princes on attaining that age, attached to the Emperor's person as a kind of chamberlain. The following are the members of the Prince's suite: Chief secretary and principal adviser, Taotai Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, K.C.M.G.; first secretary (who is a splendid English scholar), Wang Ta-hsieh, 1st class secretary of the Board of Rites; second secretary, Taotai Wong Kai-kah and Yang Lai-chao; third secretaries, Taotai Tao Ta-chun and Tang Wei-chih, 3rd class secretary, Board of Works; aide-de-camp, Commander Woo Ying-foo, I.C.N.; attachés, Pond Sze-chi and Liu Shih-hsun, assistant district magistrates. Also two members of the Prince's bodyguard, a major-domo, a barber, and a chef de cuisine. Mr. J. Duncan Campbell was secretary to the special embassy. The Prince is staying at the Cecil.

Japan.

Japan was to have been represented at the coronation by his Imperial Highness Prince Akihito Komatsu as well as by special representatives of the army and navy. The house of Komatsu has since 1881 been recognised as one of the hereditary branches of the imperial family. The present head is an uncle of the Emperor. He was born on February 11, 1846, and is a councillor of the Board of Decorations, a general of the army, and commander of the Imperial Guards. In the war of the restoration he was appointed commander-in-chief of the imperial troops. In 1895 he became chief of the staff of the army of the Empire, and left Ujina on April 13, 1895, for Port Arthur as commander-in-chief of the expedition to China. His heir, Prince Yorihito, born 1867, is the fourteenth son of Prince Fushimi Kunimi Kuniyoshi. He completed his studies in the Naval College of France and joined the naval squadron in the expedition to China. Prince Komatsu had already been twice in England, first in 1870 when he came to study, and again in 1887. With him are Baron Sannomiya (grand master of ceremony), Marquis Nakayama (councillor to the household department), Mr. Seigo Nagasaki (chamberlain), Mr. Kinnosuke Miwa (master of ceremony), Major-General Fukushima, Rear-Admiral Inouye, I.J.N., Lieut.-Colonel Shiba, Lieut.-Colonel Kurosawa, Viscount Inaba (master of ceremony), Dr. Doi, Major Isogimi, and four servants. Mr. R. F. Syngé, C.M.G., and Mr. J. H. Longford are in attendance.

Korea.

His Imperial Highness Yi-Chai-Kai, Prince of Eu Yang, was the special envoy. He is staying at the Westminster Palace Hotel and is accompanied by Ko Hi Kiung, Kim Cho Hiun, and Yi Chang Eung. He was attended by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby.

Persia.

Prince Moidd-Dowleh of Persia, the Shah's representative for the coronation, is one of the most distinguished princes of Persia, who, though this is his first visit to Europe, is well versed in European politics and of progressive ideas. He is about forty years of age. He is the cousin and brother-in-law of the present Shah. He married early in life, the Afshar-Dowleh, Nasserd-Din's favourite daughter. The famous Nayer-uz-Sulteneh, his grandfather, defeated the Afghans and took Herat, and thus brought about the Bushire War of 1854. Ever since his early days the Prince has filled important offices in the service of his country. He was the Governor-General of Isfahan prior to the Zill-us-Sultan, and recently the governor-general of the southern provinces of Persia, and is a popular prince with all the Persians. He was attended by Sir Thomas Gordon.

Morocco.

Sid Abderrahman ben Abdessadak, Basha of Fez and formerly Basha of Tangier, represented the Sultan. He is a man of large stature and fine presence, and

formed a notable figure among the guests. He was accompanied by two secretaries and a small staff of servants. His appointment to represent the Sultan is stated to be due to his Majesty's high appreciation of the tact with which he carried out his by no means easy duties of governing Fez and the surrounding districts during the long absence of the Court at the southern capital. He is staying at 22, Evelyn Mansions, Victoria Street, and was attended by Major Count Gleichen (who was wounded at Modder River), Mr. Herbert Denning, two secretaries, and an interpreter.

Ethiopia and Liberia.

Ethiopia is the quaint old name by which Abyssinia figures in the official guest lists. It was represented by Ras Makunan, who is staying at the Westminster Palace Hotel and is accompanied by the British Agent and Consul General, Lieut.-Colonel J. L. Harrington, and four officers. From the other side of the African continent we get Baron de Stein representing Liberia.

Siam.

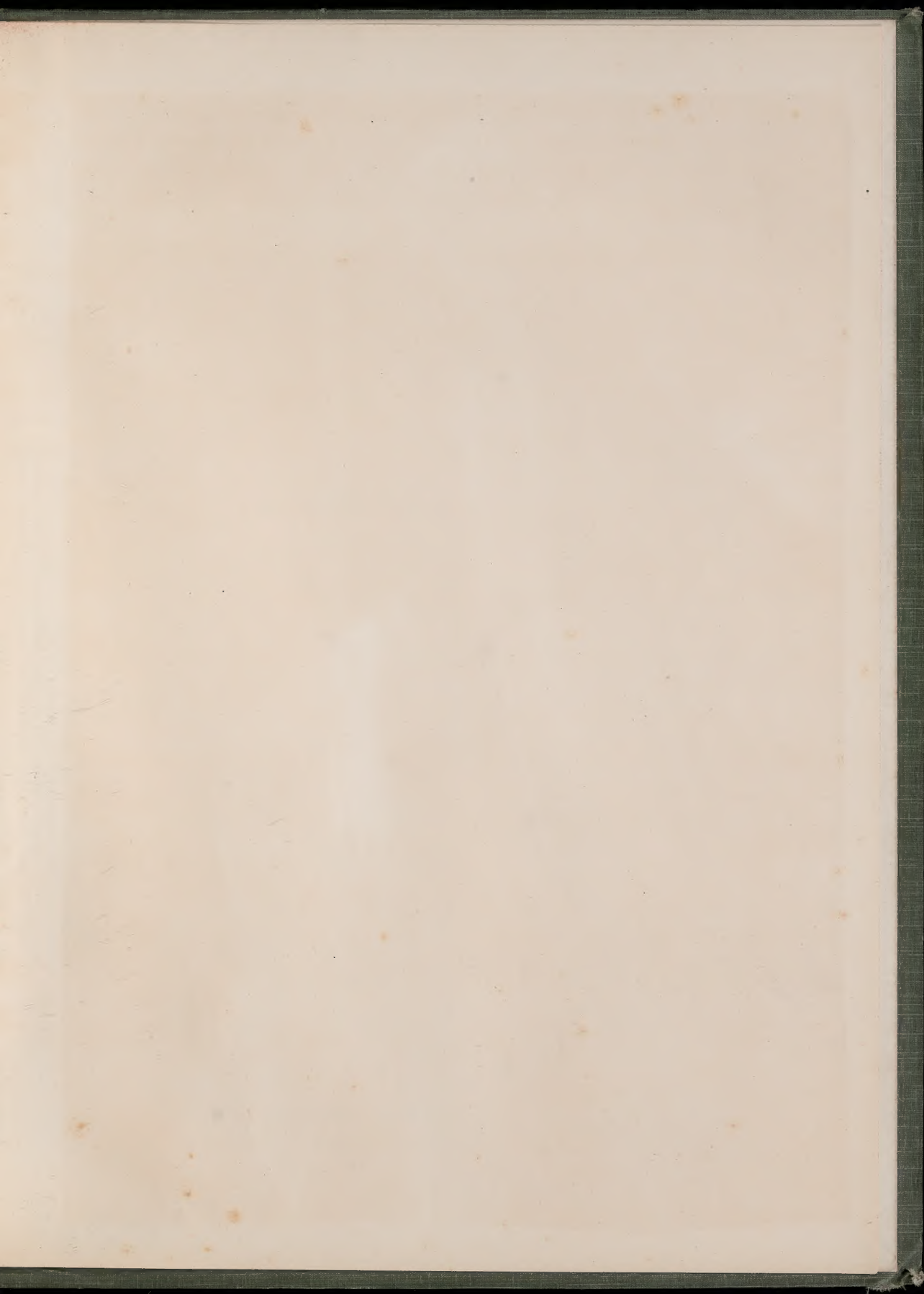
Siam was represented by its Crown Prince, Chwafa Maha Vajiravudh, who was born in 1880, and proclaimed Crown Prince in 1895. He was attended by Major-General E. H. Sartorius, V.C., Mr. Harry L. Vimey, Marquis Colonel Phya Rajavallabh, and Baron Cap.

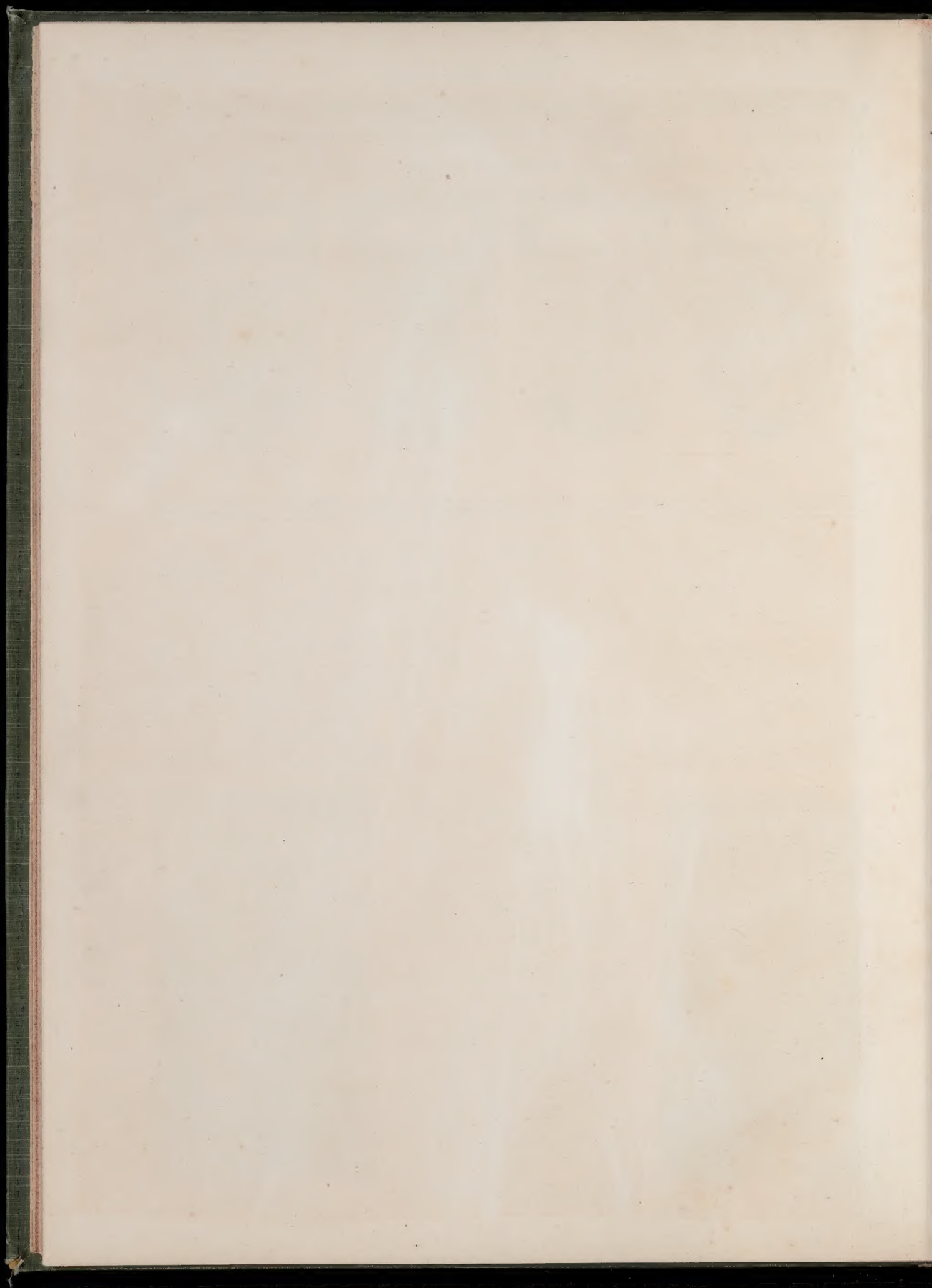


CHINA'S REPRESENTATIVE
Prince Chen landing at Dover



THE SHAH'S REPRESENTATIVE
Prince Moidd-Dowleh





ZZP101 PEKING 1900: SCENES IN PEKING AT THE TIME OF THE BOXER REBELLION. London,
1900. c. 230 pp. B/w illustrations throughout. 41x31 cm. Boards.

A unique compilation of illustrated articles on the Boxer Rebellion in China and the Relief of the Legations taken from editions of the English journals: The Graphic, The Sphere and The Illustrated London News, plus one edition of L'Illustration. The issues date from June - October 1900, with one from 1902. Describes the situation in Northern China in early 1900 of growing unrest and Boxer activity, the Crisis in China - the Siege of the Legations and its relief, the problems in Tianjin and the aftermath. A highly interesting read and full of black-and-white photographs, wonderful sketches and drawings taken from photographs - many fullpage or halfpage in size.



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